★Oct. 7, 1944

THE NEW YORKER

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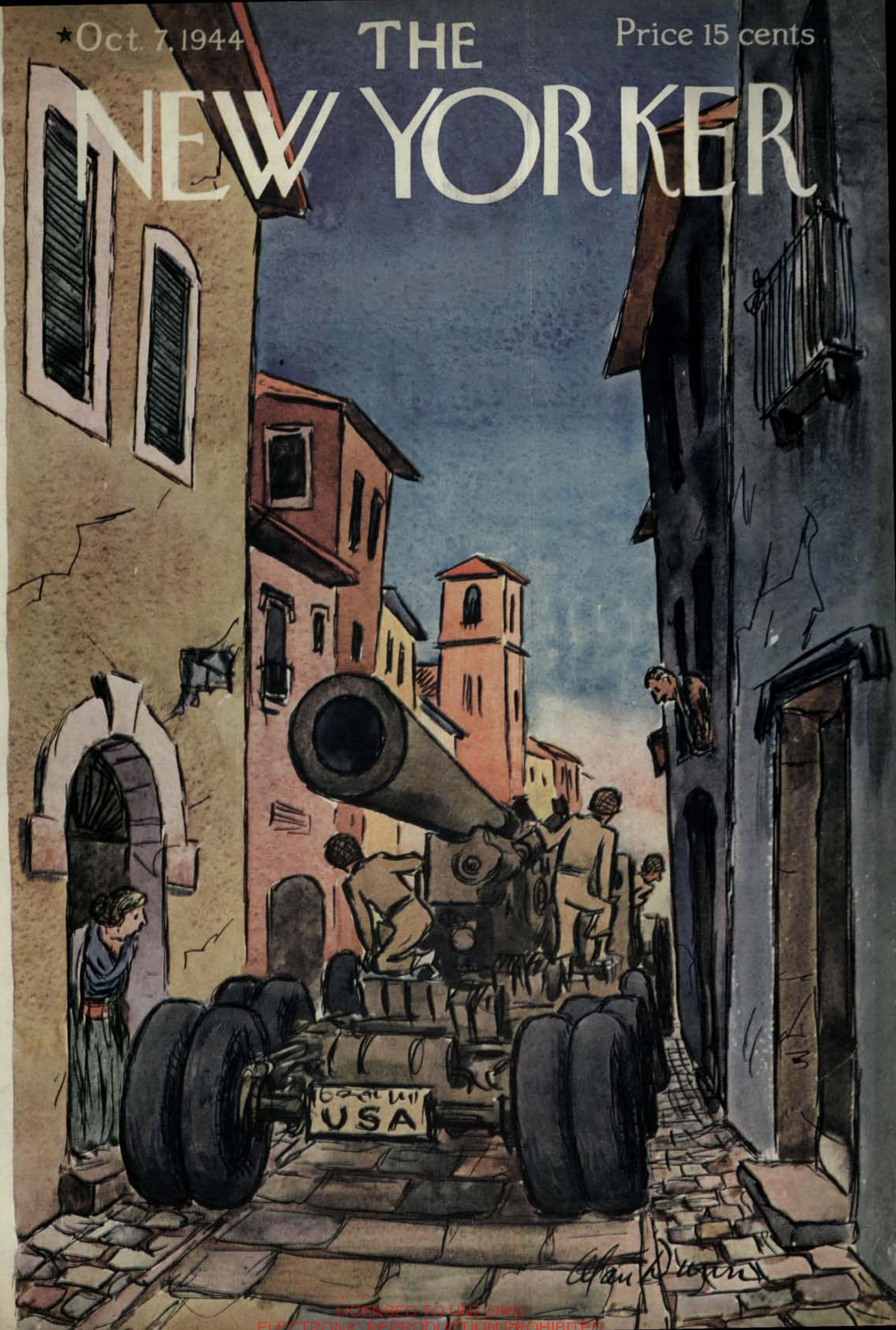

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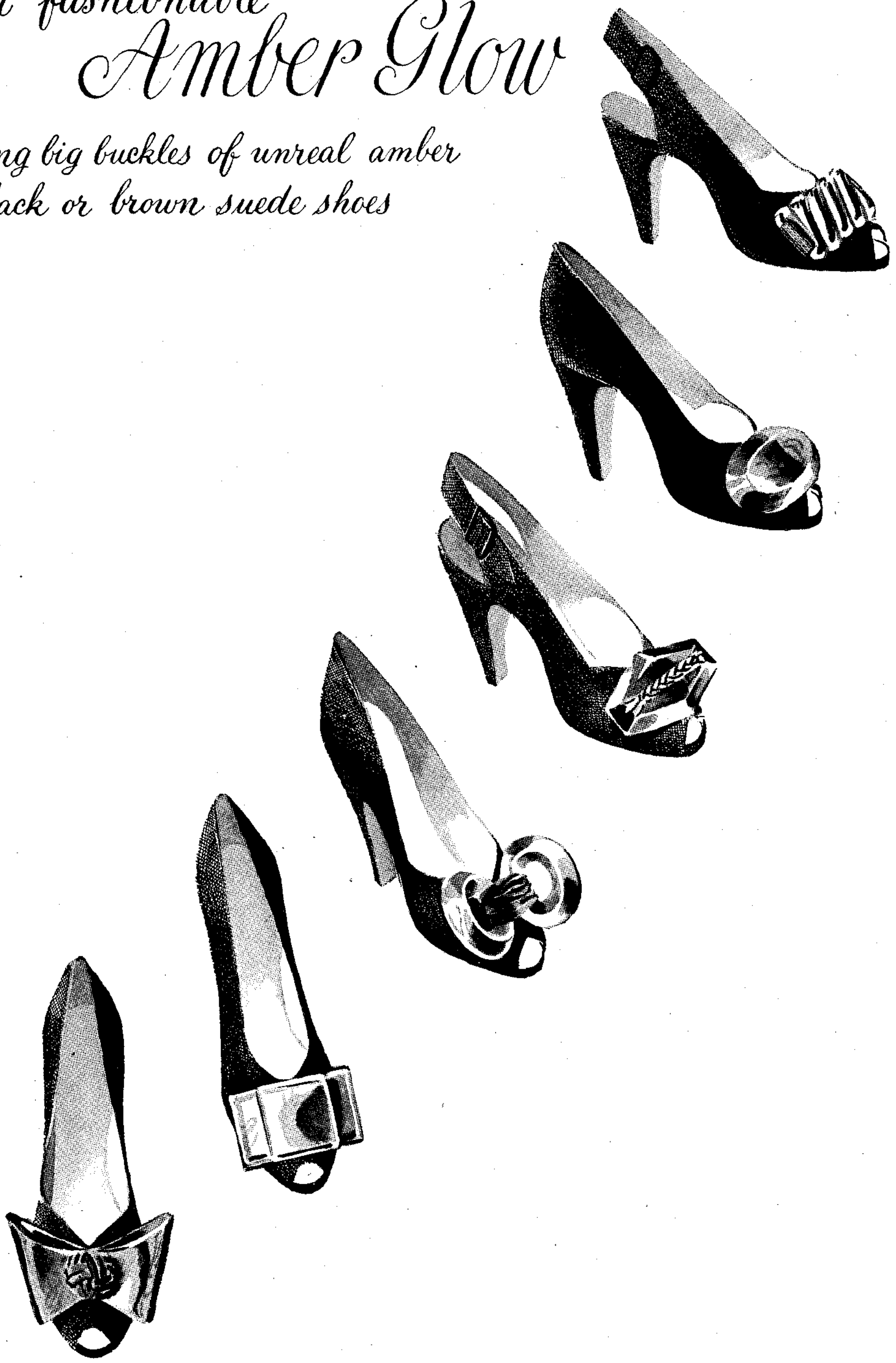

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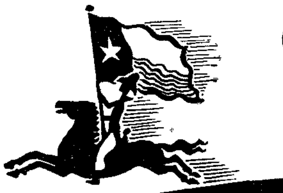
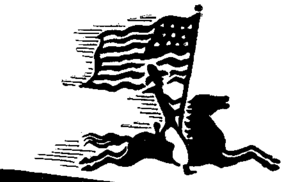


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST



THE THEATRE

(Next week, as indicated below, the regular mid-week-matinée schedule will be somewhat revised because of Columbus Day. There may be further, last-minute changes, so, to be on the safe side, you'd do well to check with the newspapers. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—Very nice Victorian thriller, now in its third year. Viola Keats and Cecil Humphreys are prominent in the dirty work. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Anna Lucasta—Philip Yordan's very impressive play about a Negro prostitute has finally made its Broadway appearance, and is certainly something you shouldn't miss. Hilda Simms and Canada Lee are in the cast and Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Catherine Was Great—Mae West as the author and star of a strange piece of nonsense about the Empress of Russia. Miss West has abandoned Diamond Lil for what looks like a parody of Helen Hayes, and the whole performance is pretty unfortunate. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Chicken Every Sunday—An amiable play about a Tucson landlady and her impractical husband, with a cast headed by Lois Wilson and Sidney Blackmer. You might do much worse. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except Oct. 11, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Oct. 12, at 2:40.)

Jacobowsky and the Colonel—Oscar Karlweis, Annabella, and Louis Calhern in S. N. Behrman's adaptation of a play by Franz Werfel. A really superb play up to the last act, when it succumbs to an attack of melodrama. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Kiss and Tell—A rather frail piece about a couple of adolescents who pretend they're going to have a baby. Directed by George Abbott, with a fine cast headed by Jessie Royce Landis. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except Oct. 11, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Oct. 12, at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is rounding out its fifth year. Nydia Westman and Arthur Margetson play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Pick-Up Girl—An earnest play about how those little girls who hang around Times Square got the way they are. Possibly more interesting as propaganda than playwriting. With William Harrigan and Pamela Rivers. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Searching Wind—Lillian Hellman combines an account of the history of Fascism with a triangular love story, and turns up with a play that may be a little difficult and disappointing to her admirers. Dudley Digges, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Barbara O'Neil, and Montgomery Clift are in it. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Ten Little Indians—Something about a mad assassin and a lonely island. Not quite as good as the Agatha Christie mystery from which it was adapted, but it's still pleasant enough for those who like multiple murder. With Halliwell Hobbes, Estelle Winwood, and Michael Whalen. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except Oct. 11, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Oct. 12, at 2:40.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—Mainly a vehicle for Elisabeth Bergner, who knows her business. The play takes a while to get started but finally develops into something of a thriller. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—An expert comedy with a small, expert cast consisting of Margaret Sullavan, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14.

While the Sun Shines—Terence Rattigan's completely typical English drawing-room comedy, mainly about an earl, the daughter of a duke, and an American bombardier. Stanley Bell and Anne Burr are the titled lovers. George S. Kaufman directed them. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Men to the Sea—Toni Gilman, Maggie Gould, and Randolph Echols in a play by Herbert Kubly. Produced by Dave Wolper and staged by Eddie Dowling. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40; special Mats. Thurs., Oct. 5 and 12, at 2:40.)

The Odds on Mrs. Oakley—Joy Hodges, John Archer, and Bruce MacFarlane in a farce by Harry Segall. Directed by Arthur Sircom and produced by Robert Reud. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Soldier's Wife—Martha Scott and Myron McCormick in a play by Rose Franken. Directed by Miss Franken and produced by William Brown Meloney. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Carmen Jones—A handsome and hilarious version of Bizet's opera, with an all-Negro cast. Oscar Hammerstein II has followed "Oklahoma!" with another tour de force. Produced by Billy Rose. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen in a nice musical about nothing very much. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book, and the cast includes Jackie Gleason, Buster West, and Tim Herbert. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed., except Oct. 11, and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Thurs., Oct. 12, at 2:30.)

The Merry Widow—Jan Kiepura and Marta Eggerth in a four-week return engagement of the New Opera Company's production of this operetta. Opens Sat., Oct. 7. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Mexican Hayride—Bobby Clark in a big, beautiful musical in which both the book and Cole Porter's music seem a little below standard. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed., except Oct. 11, and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Thurs., Oct. 12, at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30. . . . Special Mats. for men and women in the services Tues. Afts. at 2:30, with tickets on sale at the C.D.V.O. Information Center, Park at 42.)

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One Touch of Venus—Mary Martin as a statue that comes to life, to the amazement of John Boles, Paula Laurence, and many others. Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, and Kurt Weill attended to the book and music, and Agnes de Mille has contributed some wonderful ballets. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Song of Norway—The life of Grieg as set to arrangements of some of his own music. Handsome and nice to listen to, but the book is moderately foolish. With Irra Petina, Helena Bliss, and Lawrence Brooks. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Star Time—A vaudeville show with Lou Holtz, Benny Fields, the DeMarcos, Connee Boswell, and the Berry Brothers. A few bright spots but on the whole pretty routine and dull. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Wed., except Oct. 11, and Sat. at 2:30 and Sun. at 3; special Mat. Thurs., Oct. 12, at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Bloomer Girl—Celeste Holm, Margaret Douglass, Joan McCracken, and David Brooks in a musical comedy with songs by Harold Arlen and E. Y. Harburg, and dances by Agnes de Mille. Produced by John C. Wilson and Nat Goldstone. Opens *Thurs., Oct. 5. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990.* Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Rodeo—The yearly visit of the cowboys and cowgirls. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Fri., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30; special Mat. Thurs., Oct. 12, at 2:30.)

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except Oct. 11, and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3; special Mat. Thurs., Oct. 12, at 2:40.)

Children's Entertainment—The Sue Hastings Marionettes in "The Wizard of Oz" and "A Musical Revue with Jerry," Sat., Oct. 7 and 14, and Thurs., Oct. 12, at 10 A.M. and 12:30 P.M. (48th Street Cinema, 347 W. 48. CO 5-9159.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

Ballet Theatre—"Swan Lake," "Graduation Ball," and "Pillar of Fire," Sun. Eve., Oct. 8. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Lilac Garden," "Fancy Free," and "Graduation Ball," Mon. Eve., Oct. 9. . . . "Romeo and Juliet," "Fancy Free," and "Bluebeard," Tues. Eve., Oct. 10. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Waltz Academy," "Judgment of Paris," and "Helen of Troy," Wed. Eve., Oct. 11. . . . "Waltz Academy," "Aleko," "Pas de Deux," and "Fancy Free," Thurs. Eve., Oct. 12. . . . "Waltz Academy," "Petrouchka," and "Graduation Ball," Fri. Eve., Oct. 13. . . . "Peter and the Wolf," "Pas de Quatre," "Fancy Free," and "Barn Dance," Sat. Aft., Oct. 14. . . . "Princess Aurora," "Fancy Free," "Judgment of Paris," and "Graduation Ball," Sat. Eve., Oct. 14. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Eves. at 8:30. Mat. at 2:30.)

Pearl Primus—With her group. Nightly at 8:40, through Sat., Oct. 14. Mats. Sat., Oct. 7 and 14, and Sun., Oct. 8, at 2:40. (Belasco, 44 E. BR 9-2067.)

Ted Shawn—In a solo program. Sat., Oct. 14, at 8:30 P.M. (Central High School, 225 W. 24. ST 9-1391.)

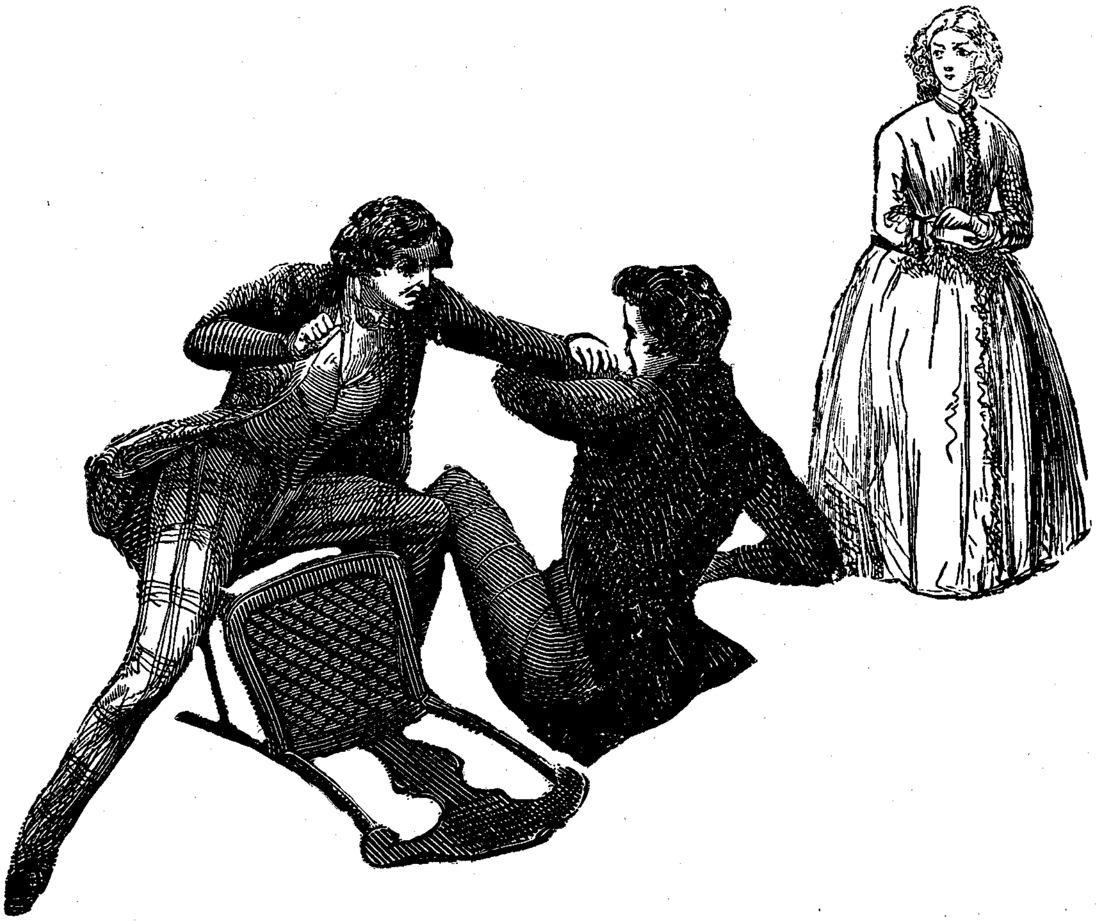
DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music, other entertainment, or both. A few of them are closed or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules

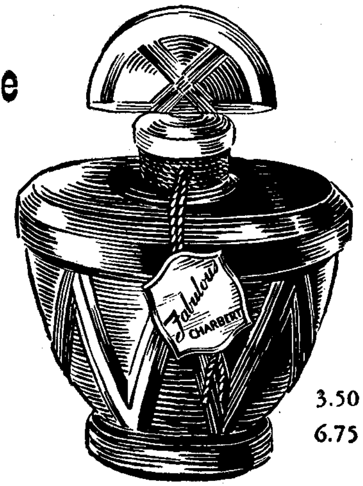
The New Yorker, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; C. L. Cornell, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XX, No. 34, October 7, 1944. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1944, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Canada, $7.00; Other Foreign, $8.00.

Bonwit Teller



Things have come to a pretty pass
They were each like a brother to me
..until I used just a drop of
that tempestuous new perfume

Fabulous
by Charbert



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THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14.

Lande's mannerly orchestra plays in this pleasant and spacious room.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Joan Hyldoft, pink and beautiful, surrounded by a lot of ice show. Enoch Light's orchestra.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo, Burl Ives, Hazel Scott, and Ed Hall's orchestra; i.e., why ever go home?

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—The old, original, down-cellar stand, with solid jazz by Benny Morton's orchestra and solid folk songs by Josh White.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Down among the sweltering palms with Joe E. Lewis and a rather incoherent floor show. Abe Lyman's orchestra and a rumba band.... The gaudy Copa Bar has the Adrian Rollini Trio.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Peacock Alley, Vanity Fair, and Navy Day, all in one small room. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band play for the parade.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—For a peaceful dinner and sedate romping afterward to the music of Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalzo's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Night life as you see it in the movies, Technicolor and all. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Dr. Giovanni, the accomplished pickpocket, and Stanley Melba's orchestra are in the stately Cotillion Room.... Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—The Persian Room offers the genteel but cheerful music of Bob Grant's orchestra and Mark Monte's ensemble.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The handsome Iridium Room is open for the season, with Fred Miller's orchestra and some entertainment.... The Maisonette reopens on Thurs., Oct. 12, with a small show headed by Tommy Dowd, the comic magician; a couple of orchestras will play for dancing.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The Café Lounge, large and dressy, is enlivened by Irwin Fielding's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—Not as old as Groton, but it gets most of its graduates into Yale just the same. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Noro Morales' rumba band. Stan Keller's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Nat Brandwynne's orchestra plays for dinner and supper in the Wedgwood Room; after the theatre, there's Victor Borge, with his entertaining monologues at the piano, as well as Mischa Borr's band. ... Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant after 9:30 P.M.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—At **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Imogene Coca and Irwin Corey operating with both humor and malice aforethought; Cedric Wallace's trio and Dawn, Day, and Dusk are around to help out.... **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): merry lampooning by George and Gene Bernard and merry music by the Herman Chittison Trio, Pearl Bailey, and Stuart Ross. Richard Dyer-Bennet, the eminent balladier, is not especially merry, but he holds his own. Maxine Sullivan is scheduled to join the squad on Tues., Oct. 10.... **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy and her ditties about the horrors of life in the big city.... **1-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Ted Hunter provides a piano obbligato to the young people's subdued table talk.

Miscellaneous—At **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra plays jauntily for dancing after 10 P.M. in a highly decorative setting.... **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): little and lighthearted; George Morris's orchestra plays for dancing after 11 P.M.... **VERSAILLES,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Dwight Fiske (at the supper hour), looking quite pleased at his naughtiness, and a show full of tasty show girls; Maxmillian Bergère's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band.... **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): it's the cotelette à la Kiev, not the goings on in the floor show, that counts here; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra.... **COMMODORE,** Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Vaughn Monroe's orchestra.... **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Harold Stern's orchestra plays for dancing after 10:15 P.M.... **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Johnny Long's orchestra and an ice show. ... **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Frankie Carle's orchestra.... **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. ... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): fairly Spanish, with a show and, of course, a rumba band.... **HAVANA-MADRID,** B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): big and noisy, but Rosario and Antonio are in the show.

●

Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Miff Mole, Peewee Russell, and Muggsy Spanier scorching the midnight air.... **PIED PIPER,** 15 Barrow (CH 3-9274): Max Kaminsky's nimble band, and fine piano playing by James P. Johnson and Willie the Lion Smith.... **ONYX,** 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): nobby jazz by Stuff Smith's trio and Hot Lips Page's quintet.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's full-blown clarinet and Adele Girard's hot harp to keep your feet warm.... **THREE DEUCES,** 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): vivid sound effects by Slam Stewart's trio and Eddie Heywood's orchestra.... **DOWNBEAT,** 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Coleman Hawkins' masterly saxophone, Harry Gibson's delirious piano, Billie Holiday's blue soprano.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Art Hodes' trio thumping away; dancing.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): the Leonard Ware Trio makes this one of the town's best cellars; dancing.

ART

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—About six hundred of the twenty thousand prints made by the Mexican, Posada (through Oct. 15); also, water colors of the oil industry by Reginald Marsh, Adolf Dehn, David Fredenthal, and Millard Sheets (through Nov. 12). Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Jay Connaway—Maine seascapes in the traditional style: Milch, 108 W. 57. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 21.

Oronzo Gasparo—Water colors and a few oils: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 14.

Graphic Art—At the **ST. ETIENNE,** 46 W. 57: French prints from Géricault to Picasso. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 21.... **KLEEMANN,** 65 E. 57: lithographs by Matisse. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 28.

Groups—At the **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 106 E. 57: a pre-season exhibition of seventy-three group members and guest artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 14.... **MIDTOWN,** 605 Madison, at 58: paintings by the gallery's group, including Waldo Peirce, Fletcher Martin, and William Thon. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 28.... **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57: oils and water colors by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 14.... **AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER,** 44 W. 56: recent paintings and water colors by twenty-five or more contemporary artists. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 7.... **BIGNOU,** 32 E. 57: modern French and American paintings. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Oct. 6.... **MACBETH,** 11 E. 57: paintings by Ogden Pleissner, Andrew Wyeth, Peter Hurd, and others. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 14.... **ARTIST ASSOCIATES,** 138 W. 15: pictures by Robert Gwathmey, Helen Ratkai, Zoltan Hecht, and other members of this coöperative gallery. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 21.... **DOWNTOWN,** 43 E. 51: Stuart Davis, Bernard Karfiol, Charles Sheeler, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, and others showing recent paintings and sculptures. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 28.

Impressionists—Sisley, Monet, Renoir, and several others: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 21.

S. Lev-Landau—Paintings: A.C.A., 63 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 7.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—A hundred and fifty paintings of the American scene, from the recent competition sponsored by the Pepsi-Cola Company and Artists for Victory. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Dec. 3.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—American battle paintings, from 1776 to 1918 (through Nov. 12); also, about a hundred water colors and drawings by Soviet children (through Nov. 19). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A loan show of work by thirty-six artists, many exhibiting here for the first time. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 14.

William Palmer—Small oils and wash drawings: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 14.

Karl Priebe—Recent paintings: Perls, 32 E. 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 7.

Abraham Rattner—Recent paintings by an American colorist: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 14.

Kay Sage—Twenty Surrealist oils: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 28.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—A large show of paintings and water colors by Winslow Homer. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 2.

Note—The semiannual outdoor art show in Washington Square will be held daily through Sun., Oct. 15, from 12 noon until dark.

MUSIC

Philharmonic-Symphony—Opening concerts of the season, Artur Rodzinski conducting: Thurs., Oct. 5, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Oct. 6, at 2:30 P.M.; Sun., Oct. 8, at 3 P.M.; Thurs., Oct. 12, at 8:45 P.M.; and Fri., Oct. 13, at 2:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460.)

New York City Symphony—Opening concerts of the season, Leopold Stokowski conducting: Mon., Oct. 9, at 8:30 P.M.; and Tues., Oct. 10, at 6 P.M. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989.)

Saidenberg Little Symphony—Daniel Saidenberg conducting, Sun., Oct. 8, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall. BR 9-9447.)

Salmaggi Opera—"La Traviata," Sat., Oct. 7; "Aïda," Sat., Oct. 14; at 8:30 P.M. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

Don Cossack Chorus and Dancers—Serge Jaroff conducting, Fri. and Sat., Oct. 6-7, at 8:30 P.M. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210.)

Erica Morini—Violin. Sat., Oct. 7, at 8:30 P.M. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16. ST 9-1391.)

Janos Scholz—'Cello. Sat., Oct. 14, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall. BR 9-9447.)

SPORTS

Football—College games—**SAT., OCT. 7:** Columbia vs. Syracuse, Baker Field, at 3 P.M.; N.Y.U. vs. Lafayette, Ohio Field, at 2:30 P.M.... **SAT., OCT. 14:** N.Y.U. vs. Temple, Ohio Field, at 2:30 P.M.

Racing—Daily at Belmont Park at 1:15 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 7. (Champagne Stakes and New York Handicap, Oct. 7.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Thurs. and Fri. between 11:15 A.M. and 1:20 P.M., and Sat. between 10:45 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.... Weekdays at Jamaica at 1:15 P.M.; starting Mon., Oct. 9. (Interborough Handicap, Oct. 9; Continental Handicap, Oct. 12; Correction Handicap, Oct. 14.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. from 11:15 A.M. to 1:20 P.M., and Sat. from 10:45 A.M. to 1:25 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

War Exhibitions—At the **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY,** R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: an exhibition of photographs, charts, and dioramas dealing with the organization and accomplishments of the Polish Underground. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Dec. 15.... **CHRYSLER BLDG.,** 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection, assembled by the Army, of combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, and small arms, including equipment captured from the enemy; also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 P.M., continuous showings of recent War Department films. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.

City Planning—New York City's postwar plans for new health centres, parks, schools, airports, etc., demonstrated by a large exhibition of scale models, maps, and architects' plans: 500 Park, at 59. Mon., Tues., Thurs., and Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; and Wed., Fri., and Sat., 12 noon to 9 P.M.

Planetarium—"Stars of the Autumn" is the title of the October lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81. Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. and Columbus Day at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—French and English furniture, early American silver, and objects of art, owned by Leonidas Westervelt, Mrs. Richard M. Tobin, the late Mary G. Carroll, and others: Thurs. through Sat., Oct. 5-7, at 2 P.M.... Books from the libraries of J. Woodward Haven, the late George H. McCall, and others: Mon. and Tues., Oct. 9-10, at 2 P.M.... The Americana collection of the late Mrs. J. Amory Haskell, including furniture, glass, silver, and pottery: Wed. through Sat., Oct. 11-14, at 2 P.M.

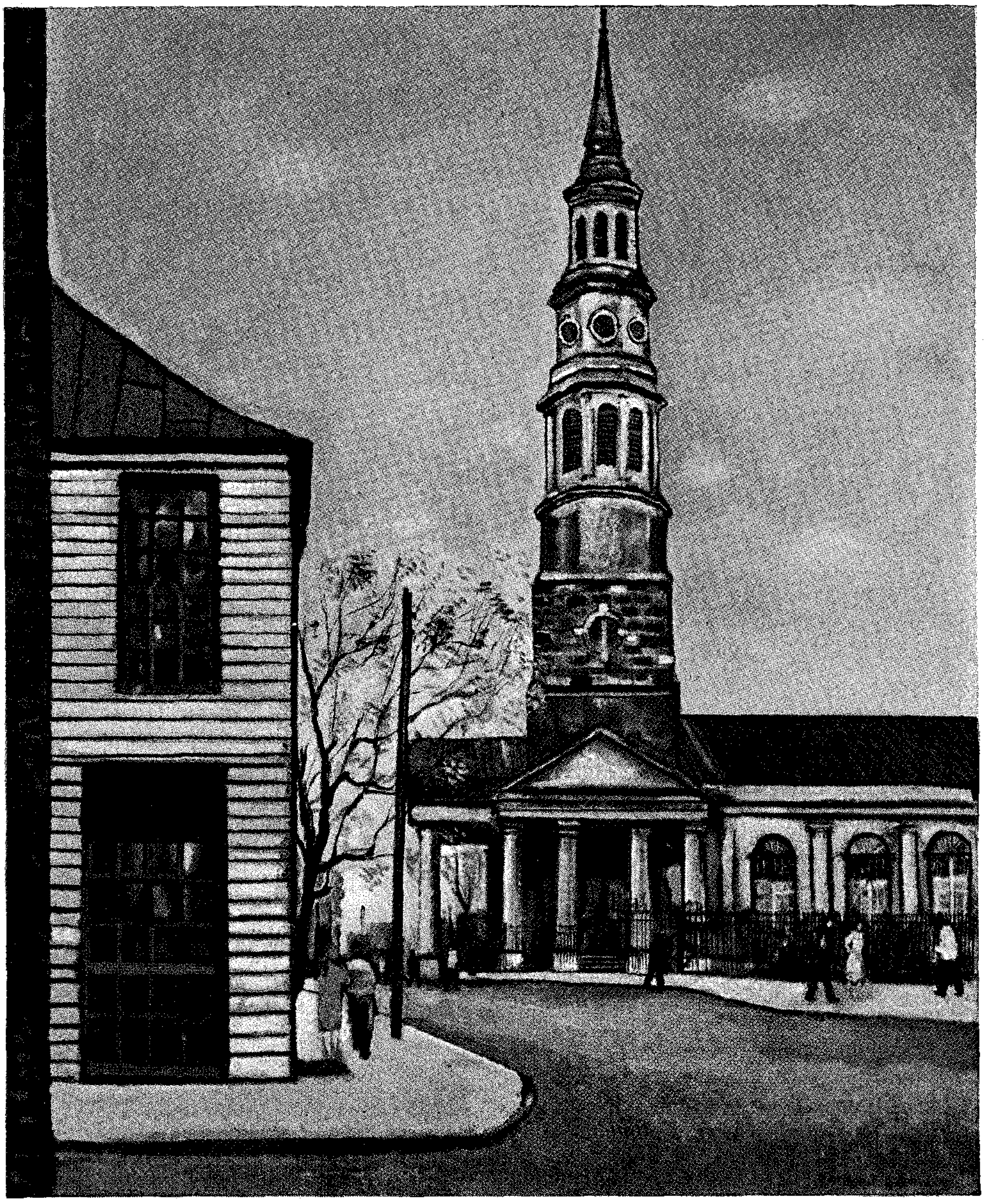
Notes—Registration places for voting in the November elections will be open Mon. through Fri., Oct. 9-13, from 5 to 10:30 P.M., and Sat., Oct. 14, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.

The Post Office is now accepting Christmas packages, without a letter of request, for service men overseas. To assure delivery by Christmas, gifts for men in all branches of the service must be mailed by October 15. Parcels must not exceed fifteen inches in length and thirty-six inches in length and girth combined; the weight is limited to five pounds.

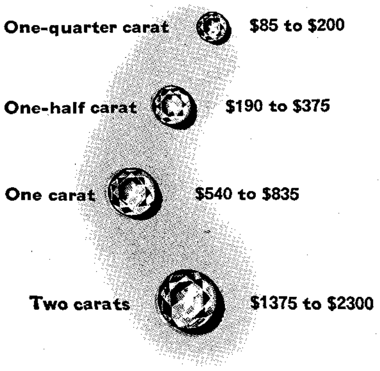
ON THE AIR

Campaign Speeches—President Roosevelt, in a program with several other speakers: Thurs., Oct. 5,

Immortal Instant It has been said that the moment when she turns from the altar of her faith to stand radiantly poised between her two lives is the most important instant in a woman's lifetime. It is a memory that each man owes the girl he marries despite all wartime haste or circumstance. And he will be glad forever also if he has placed upon her finger in advance the gift a man can give but once — her engagement diamond — to light with shining recollection all the days of her new life to be.



Saint Philip's, Charleston, has welcomed brides of five wars. Painted by Bernard Lamotte for the De Beers Collection.



One-quarter carat	**$85 to $200**
One-half carat	**$190 to $375**
One carat	**$540 to $835**
Two carats	**$1375 to $2300**

Facts About Diamonds: These are average current prices for unmounted quality diamonds. Add 20% for federal tax. (The exact weights shown occur infrequently.) Size alone does not determine diamond values. Color, cutting, brilliance and clarity have an equally important bearing. You should have a trusted jeweler's best advice at all times when buying diamonds.

Industrial Diamonds — a key priority for high-speed war production — come from the same mines as gem stones. Millions of carats are used in United States industries today. The occasional gem diamonds found among them help defray production costs for all these fierce little "fighting" diamonds. Thus, there are no restrictions on the sale of diamond gems.

N. W. AYER & SON

DE BEERS CONSOLIDATED MINES, LIMITED, AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

EXTRA BEDS TO MAKE IN WARTIME

In peacetime, multiple-berth rooms were often taken by single occupants. Now, many business associates patriotically arrange to share such accommodations to save war-vital train space.

SAFETY FIRST, LAST, ALWAYS!

Brakes are thoroughly tested twice at the yard, and again at the station before the train starts its run. No shortage of manpower interferes with that strict safety rule.

WOMEN AT WORK

With 25,600 New York Central men in uniform, thousands of women help keep wartime traffic moving. Car service is among the many railroad jobs needing more women *now.*

THEY MAKE A CLEAN SWEEP

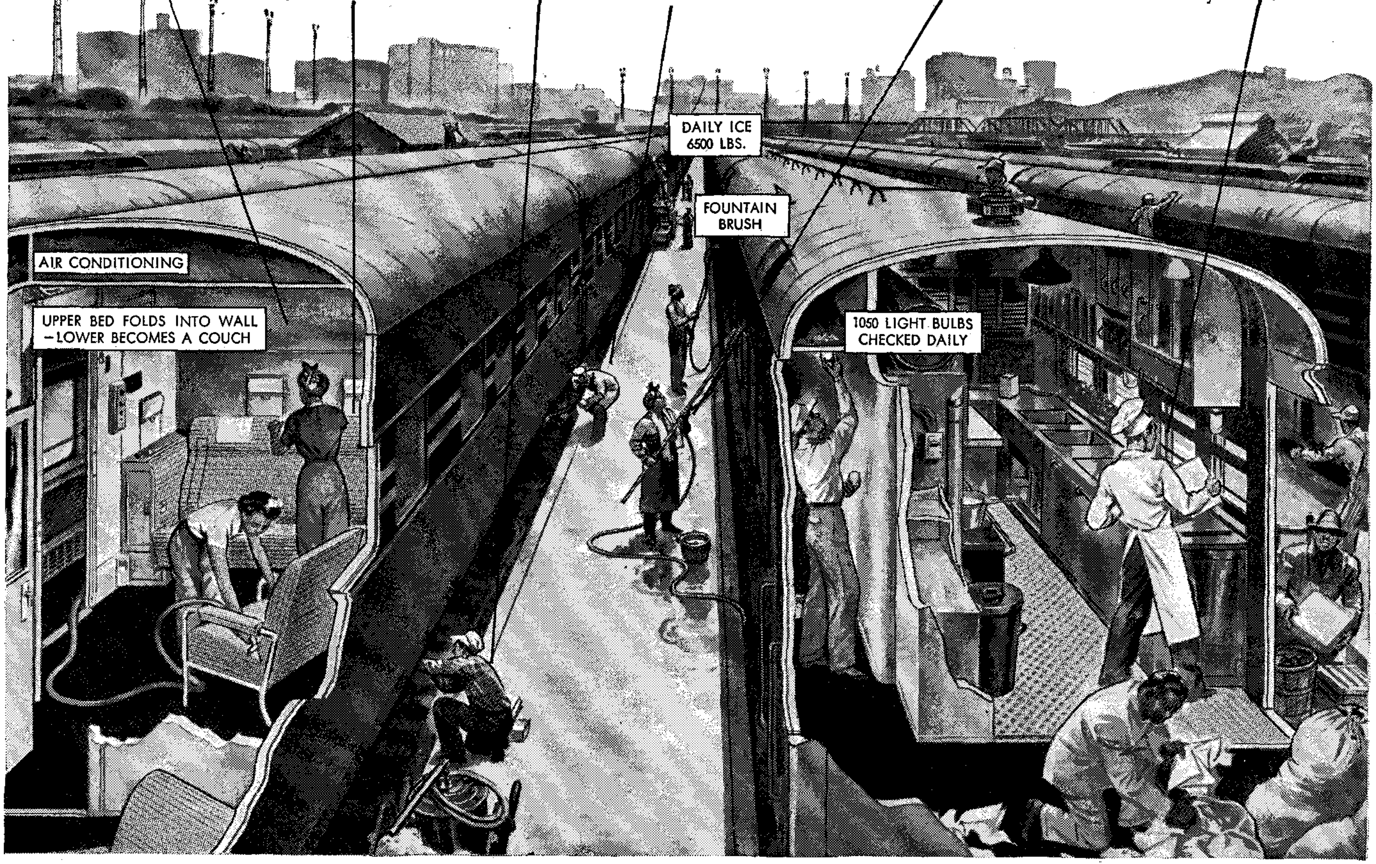
Rooms on the 20th Century are vacuumized and thoroughly cleaned daily in addition to periodic washing of rugs and upholstery.

SEVENTEEN INSPECTIONS

New York Central cars get 17 safety inspections at the yards... plus frequent shop check-ups by mechanical and electrical testing devices.

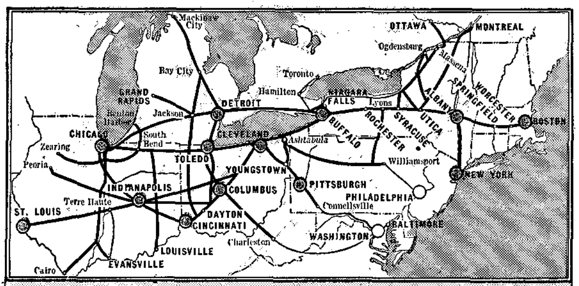
GETTING IN THE GROCERIES

Dining cars are rationed by their volume in past months. So, with travel growing, Central's meal-planning is even harder than yours at home.


DAILY ICE
6500 LBS.
FOUNTAIN BRUSH
AIR CONDITIONING
UPPER BED FOLDS INTO WALL —LOWER BECOMES A COUCH
1050 LIGHT BULBS CHECKED DAILY

Housekeeping headaches of the "CENTURY"

Principal Cities where most of the 3,500 passenger cars on New York Central are serviced daily.


Mackinaw City
OTTAWA
MONTREAL
Ogdensburg
Massena
Bay City
Toronto
GRAND RAPIDS
Hamilton
NIAGARA FALLS
Lyons
DETROIT
Jackson
Benton Harbor
CHICAGO
South Bend
CLEVELAND
Ashtabula
BUFFALO
ROCHESTER
SYRACUSE
UTICA
ALBANY
SPRINGFIELD
WORCESTER
BOSTON
Zearing
Peoria
TOLEDO
YOUNGSTOWN
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NEW YORK
INDIANAPOLIS
COLUMBUS
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PHILADELPHIA
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DAYTON
CINCINNATI
BALTIMORE
WASHINGTON
Charleston
LOUISVILLE
EVANSVILLE
Cairo

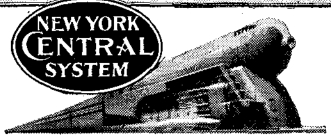
***NEW FREE BOOKLET** with fascinating, cutaway pictures that take you into a locomotive cab, troop train, caboose, hospital car, Grand Central Terminal, and other places "BEHIND THE SCENES OF A RAILROAD AT WAR." Write to New York Central, Room 1221G, 466 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.*

Travel Volume up...Manpower down... and the 20th Century Limited plus 800 other New York Central trains to service every day!

HALF AN HOUR AGO, some 200 wartime passengers stepped off the 20th Century Limited. Already a switch engine has hustled the empty train out to the yards. And now New York Central service crews swarm over it. Hammers clink against steel. Fountain brushes spurt against windows. Electric trucks bustle about with fresh ice and linen and groceries.

War adds both urgency and difficulty to the daily servicing of more than 800 New York Central trains. Travel has doubled. Supplies are scarce. And manpower is even scarcer.

But essentials still get 100% attention. And shorthandedness has even taught new short cuts... new methods... new ideas that will mean greater efficiency when Victory frees America's railroads to bring you the finer travel of tomorrow.


NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM

New York Central

ONE OF AMERICA'S RAILROADS—ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at 10 P.M., WABC, WOR. . . . Governor Dewey, Sat., Oct. 7, at 9:30 P.M., WABC.

Music—Philharmonic-Symphony, Artur Rodzinski conducting, Sun., Oct. 8, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sat., Oct. 14, at 5 P.M., WABC. . . . Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., Oct. 7 and 14, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . Fritz Kreisler, Mon., Oct. 9, at 9 P.M., WEAF. . . . Jazz concerts, directed by Eddie Condon, Sat., Oct. 7 and 14, at 1:30 P.M., WJZ.

Sports—Football: Yale vs. Cornell, Sat., Oct. 7, at 2:15 P.M., WOR; Army vs. Brown, Sat., Oct. 7, at 2:30 P.M., WNYC; Notre Dame vs. Tulane, Sat., Oct. 7, at 3:15 P.M., WABC. . . . Baseball: World Series, Thurs. and Fri., Oct. 5-6, at 2:45 P.M., WOR.

News Commentators—George Hicks (from Europe), Sun. at 1:15 P.M., and Tues. and Thurs. at 10:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues. through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Edward R. Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Paul Schubert, Mon., Tues., and Wed. at 10:15 P.M., WOR. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Leland Stowe, Sat. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 8:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Sumner Welles, Wed. at 10 P.M., WOR.

MOTION PICTURES

Arsenic and Old Lace—Pretty much as funny as ever. Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane, and Raymond Massey, plus the most important members of the original cast. (Strand, B'way at 47.)

Casanova Brown—Gary Cooper, Teresa Wright, and Frank Morgan in something which proceeds comically enough up to, but not including, its climax of baby snatching. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Wed., Oct. 11.)

Double Indemnity—How to chisel an insurance company. Good strong murder tale, with Fred MacMurray, Barbara Stanwyck, and Edward G. Robinson. (Paramount, B'way at 43; through Tues., Oct. 10.)

48 Hours—One of those fine, underplayed British hair-raisers. This one's about an imaginary invasion by German paratroops. Leslie Banks, Frank Lawton, and others. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Wed., Oct. 11.)

Hail the Conquering Hero—A Preston Sturges picture of Marines and small-town daffiness, interpreted with skill and humor by William Demarest, Eddie Bracken, Freddie Steele, and other Sturges troupers. (State, B'way at 45; through Wed., Oct. 11.)

The Hitler Gang—Some realistic portrayals of the Nazi hierarchy during their roughshod rise to power. Robert Watson, Roman Bohnen, and others. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Wed., Oct. 11. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Tues., Oct. 7-10. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., Oct. 10-14. . . . Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Wed. through Fri., Oct. 11-13.)

Home in Indiana—Trotting horses and young love, mildly and rather pleasantly portrayed. Walter Brennan, Lon McCallister, and Jeanne Crain. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., Oct. 6. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; through Mon., Oct. 9. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Fri. through Wed., Oct. 6-11. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sun. and Mon., Oct. 8-9. . . . Art, 36 E. 8; Sun. through Wed., Oct. 8-11.)

Kismet—Marlene Dietrich and Ronald Colman make decorative gestures in a not too heavy costume piece about old Bagdad. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

The Mask of Dimitrios—An Eric Ambler novel about underworld doings in Europe, slower on the screen than they were on paper but still with traces of excitement. Peter Lorre, Sydney Greenstreet, Zachary Scott, and Faye Emerson. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs., Oct. 5. . . . Art, 36 E. 8; through Sat., Oct. 7. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Sat. and Sun., Oct. 7-8.)

Mr. Skeffington—Once more Bette Davis puts some punch in a long and often foolish picture. Claude Rains plays the title rôle and she plays his giddy wife. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Fri., Oct. 6. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Wed., Oct. 11.)

Once Upon a Time—Cary Grant, Janet Blair, and James Gleason in some whimsy about a dancing caterpillar. It's funny but not so funny as you might think. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 10-12.)

The Pearl of Death—Mildly engaging item in the Holmes-Watson adventure cycle of Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce, with the usual deviations from the gospel according to Doyle. (Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., Oct. 9. . . . Lexington, Lexington at 51; and Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., Oct. 11.)

The Seventh Cross—Swift and well-acted melodrama about a fugitive from a pre-war German concentration camp. From the novel of the same name, with Spencer Tracy, Signe Hasso, and Hume Cronyn. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14.

Thunder Rock—The British offer a sharp improvement on a fantasy that failed on the stage here. With Michael Redgrave. (World, 153 W. 49; Thurs., Oct. 5.)

Two Girls and a Sailor—A variety show featuring Gracie Allen, José Iturbi, Ben Blue, Harry James, and Xavier Cugat, but mainly Jimmy Durante. (Normandie, Park at 53; through Fri., Oct. 6.)

Wilson—The League of Nations and its sponsor co-starred in a big, gaudy show that will entertain many and offend very few. Alexander Knox as Wilson, supported by almost everybody. In Technicolor. (Victoria, B'way at 46.)

Note—"Battle for the Marianas," a short Marine Corps documentary film, made up of terse and vivid action pictures photographed by combat cameramen, is being shown at the following theatres—77th Street, B'way at 77; through Mon., Oct. 9. . . . Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Wed., Oct. 11. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57, and Carlton, B'way at 100; Fri. through Mon., Oct. 6-9. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Fri. and Sat., Oct. 13-14.

REVIVALS

Adventures of Tartu (1943)—Sabotage in a German munitions factory. Robert Donat and Valerie Hobson. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., Oct. 10-11.)

Bachelor Mother (1939)—Ginger Rogers as a misunderstood shopgirl. With David Niven. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; through Sun., Oct. 8. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Mon. and Tues., Oct. 9-10.)

A Bill of Divorcement (1932)—Problems arising from insanity in the family. John Barrymore and Katharine Hepburn. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Oct. 7. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. through Mon., Oct. 6-9.)

Blackout (1940)—Spies and romance in London. Valerie Hobson and Conrad Veidt. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; through Fri., Oct. 6.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with Louis Jouvet. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; through Fri., Oct. 6.)

Dead End (1937)—The Sidney Kingsley play, with Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea, and Humphrey Bogart. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Fri. through Mon., Oct. 6-9.)

The Great McGinty (1940)—Brian Donlevy as a crooked politician. With Muriel Angelus. (Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Mon. and Tues., Oct. 9-10.)

I Dream Too Much (1935)—Lily Pons, Henry Fonda, and Jerome Kern music. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Mon., Oct. 9.)

In Name Only (1939)—Kay Francis, Carole Lombard, and Cary Grant in the usual triangle mess. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., Oct. 9-10.)

Love Affair (1939)—Romance starts at sea. Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sat. through Mon., Oct. 7-9.)

M (1933)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. German film, now with English dialogue. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 10-12.)

The New Gulliver (1936)—The Russian picture with 3000 puppets and one human being. (Stanley, 7 Ave. at 41; starting Sat., Oct. 7.)

Nothing Sacred (1937)—Ben Hecht's drollery of Manhattan life. Carole Lombard and Fredric March. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., Oct. 10-11.)

The Ox-Bow Incident (1943)—A lynching in the West, with Henry Fonda and Dana Andrews. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 10-12.)

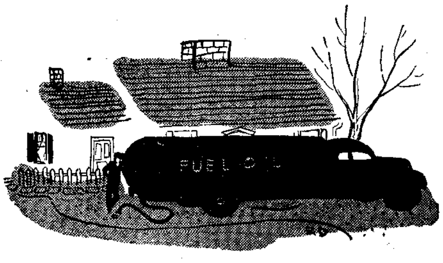
Rembrandt (1936)—The artist's later days. Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, and Gertrude Lawrence. (Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., Oct. 11-12.)

Roberta (1935)—The old musical comedy, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, and Irene Dunne. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., Oct. 13.)

Top Hat (1935)—Another of the old Ginger Rogers-Fred Astaire shows. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Oct. 5. . . . Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., Oct. 8-9.)

Winterset (1936)—Margo and Burgess Meredith in an adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Fri. through Sun., Oct. 6-8. . . . Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., Oct. 8-9.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing films weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. and Columbus Day at 1:30, 3:30 and 5:30 P.M., on the following schedule: THROUGH SUN., OCT. 8: "She Done Him Wrong" (1933), with Mae West. . . . FROM MON., OCT. 9: "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" (1935), with Gary Cooper and Franchot Tone.



CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

Volunteer Work—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Four organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE, 707 5 Ave., at 55 (PL 5-7300): women to work three hours a week in Department of Health clinics, assisting in vision tests, etc.; men and women who, after taking a short training course, can work five hours a week for the Office of Price Administration, checking prices in neighborhood stores. . . . RED CROSS, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to spend as much time as they can spare during the day making surgical dressings, and filling kits for service men to take overseas; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, 11 E. 58 (PL 3-6487): women to spend several hours a week, during the day, in A.W.V.S. workshops making layettes and children's clothes for Army, Navy, and foreign relief; women to put in about three hours a week preparing and serving refreshments in war-plant cafeterias. . . . UNITED HOSPITAL FUND, 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): women to work in hospitals at least six daytime hours a week as aides in clinics, wards, offices, and libraries.

National War Fund—The annual fund-raising campaign for war charities is on, and the C. D. V. O., 707 5 Ave., at 55 (PL 5-7300); and the A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58 (PL 3-6487, Ext. 17) are recruiting volunteers who can work one or two afternoons or evenings a week canvassing or doing clerical work in connection with the drive.

Salvage—Wastepaper (very important right now) and tin cans of all kinds should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily-handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments. Your butcher will give you two ration tokens for every pound you turn in to him. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

Suburbs and Country—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instructions to the War Council at your county seat.

Gifts, Loans, Etc.—The Red Cross is greatly in need of Type O blood, to be flown overseas in whole-blood form. Volunteers who are Type O, as well as all other donors, whose blood is needed for plasma, are urged to call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . The Army and the Marines have appealed for dogs to be trained immediately for overseas service. The Army wants good-sized dogs, from fourteen months to two years old, and gray or tan in color. The Marines need Doberman pinschers and German shepherds, males only, between one and four years old and weighing at least sixty pounds. Owners who wish to donate such animals should get in touch with Dogs for Defense, 22 E. 60 (PL 9-6470). . . . A drive is on to collect practical clothing, in good condition, to be sent to the liberated countries of Europe; contributions will be accepted by all churches and synagogues, which will turn them over to the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration for distribution. . . . The A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58 (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), has issued its annual appeal for pocket-size books, hard candy, cigarettes, toilet articles, and other items for overseas Christmas kits. . . . Musical instruments, especially brasses, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centres. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60 (RE 4-2410). . . . Books are needed for service men in American hospitals; contributions should be sent to the Manhattan C. D. V. O., 155 E. 44 (MU 2-7370).

Germaine Monteil

fulfills your quest for beauty

CLEANSING CREAM and
SKIN FRESHENER

liberate your skin from daily grime;
rouse it to *living* loveliness.

ASTRINGENT and
PLASTIC CREAM

foundations for classic beauty.

POWDER

quickly vanishes leaving only beauty in its wake.

NIGHT and ROSE SKIN CREAM

soothe and lubricate your skin while you sleep.

BEAUTY BALM

protects your skin, gives it young translucency under your powder.

LIPSTICK

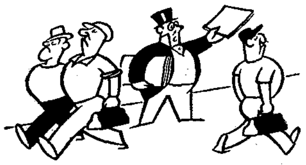
animates your own skin tone
with the very pulse of color.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

LOCAL 65 of the Wholesale and Warehouse Workers' Union, we read, is planning to give a column of space in each issue of its biweekly newspaper, *New Voices*, to the organization of employers in the industry, the Association of Uptown Converters. The column will be entitled "Our Employers Say—." It will "give the employers an opportunity to express their opinions and make suggestions and criticisms," and will, the union assures them, be uncensored. Here, it seems to us, is the most patronizing condescension toward what were once laughingly called "the bosses" we have yet seen, and we don't think they should take it lying down. With Sewell Avery still functioning and Tom Girdler only temporarily eclipsed, it is unlikely that employers can have become *that* oppressed and battered a minority. If the members of the Association of Uptown Converters have an ounce of spunk in them, they will start a paper twice as big as the union's paper, call it *Old Voices*, and devote it to a passionate campaign for the twelve-hour day and ten minutes for lunch. Anyone caught reading the union's paper is immediately sacked, see, and if his careworn wife and ragged tots come around to plead for the old man's job back, they get kicked down the stairs.



OWNERS of small boats know that yachting on Long Island Sound has its perilous moments—the sudden squall, the untried guest, the parted halyard, the accidental jibe, the overshot mooring, the eagle-eyed audience on the clubhouse porch. It has its terrible overheated days, too, when the sail mildews because nobody is there to dry it, afternoons when the wind dies and the tide runs foul at the harbor mouth. Having come safely through a summer of trials and dangers afloat, a lady we know, captain of an eighteen-foot sailboat, sat down the other evening in the lee of her radio to refresh her memory by reading over the insurance policy she had blithely taken out last spring. For twenty-seven dollars the company had watched over her all season and would continue to watch until the policy expired. "Touching the adventures and perils," she read, "which we, the Assurers, are contented to bear, and do take upon us, they are of the seas, men-of-war, fire, enemies, pirates, rovers, assailing thieves, jettisons, letters of mart and countermart, reprisals, takings at sea, arrests, restraints and detainments of kings, princes, and people, of what nation, condition, or quality soever, barratry of the Master and Mariners, and of all other like perils, losses, and misfortunes that have or shall come to the hurt, detriment, or damage of said yacht or any part thereof." Well, it had been quite a summer. The detainment of a prince, she decided, must have been the day she took that Rye man for a sail and his right arm became unmanageable.

HONEST TOM and Wise Old Franklin had their go last week, turning their phrases on the lathe of autumn, plucking the rusty strings of partisanship. All pompous things, all past things, all smug and smart and irrelevant issues suddenly appeared in the ring as thousands cheered—the Republican throats hoarse with the promise of release from bondage, the Democratic throats hoarse with incumbency and the rough fellowship of the common man and the articulate teamster. Many of the voters for whom this show was staged were absent from the country on a matter of considerable urgency and had no time to listen. All over the earth, sons and lovers and young green voters were bringing into clear shape and inescapable form the question which both candidates ducked in its entirety—ducked and ducked and ducked. They were bringing into being the peace, which Mr. Dewey seems to think is largely a matter of the liberation of American enterprise and which Mr. Roosevelt seems to regard as essentially a private affair between old cronies—those called "Big." All in all, a discouraging week for citizens who have, as we have, an unshakable faith in popular government, in democratic processes, in the right of the people to be informed, and in the future. It was also the week in which we received a letter from a soldier in the Pacific containing the following passage: "Another exciting thing that arrived in the mail was my war ballot. It is an exciting thing to receive. . . . It is now lying on my desk in front of me, looking big and official as hell and very much of a challenge to this young voter."

God bless you, faraway voter, and may the coming weeks be more helpful to you.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT reported that the Dumbarton Oaks people had agreed on ninety per cent of the problems before them. There was nonagreement, he said, on only ten per cent. This ten per cent of non-agreement, according to the Associated Press, "is understood to be primarily on the question of whether a powerful nation can veto international action against itself." But that, of course, isn't ten per cent; it is about 99.44 per cent. It is, specifically, the question of sovereignty, which makes everyone gulp, as well it might. A league of sovereign, independent nations faces a problem of police control which is insoluble. It may define aggression, draw rules, and agree on a means of enforcing the rules, but it still must founder on the ledge of sovereignty and on the test of whether, in a pinch, a nation shall control its own destiny and act as it pleases. If you like, you may call this ten per cent, but at a place like Munich (which is where it lands you eventually) it looks bigger than that, and tougher.

Trees

AS Mayor LaGuardia announced recently on the radio, the number of trees lost in the city in the recent hurricane has finally been estimated at eighteen thousand. Upon investigating this figure, we found that it includes three thousand trees that are still standing, but at such peculiar angles that they probably won't live long. As for the trees that are down, you are, as far as the Parks Department is concerned, welcome to all the firewood you can take away. If you have any serious intentions, however, you'd better hurry up. The corpses are to be hauled away and burned as soon as possible, because if they were left around they would breed parasites that would attack healthy trees. As always, most of the trees that were damaged were well along in years; they weren't as resilient as the smaller ones, and they had more foliage and so, naturally, offered more resistance to the wind.

Many of the casualties were poplars, silver maples, and willows. The Parks Department won't pretend that it's terribly sorry about this, since these varieties are short-lived and susceptible to disease. Most of them were planted before the present city administration came into power. Mr. Moses' arboriculturists prefer the London plane tree, the pin oak, and the elm. As for replanting, trees in the parks and on the parkways will be replaced by the city, but the decision on whether or not to replace any fallen or damaged sidewalk trees is up to the owners of the abutting property, and they will have to choose from a list of varieties the Parks Department provides. No applications for permission to replant have been received yet, but the city experts are confident that the spring-planting urge will do the trick. Year in and year out, hurricane or no hurricane, the mortality rate among city trees is high. In addition to the obvious menaces, including small boys with new pocket knives, there is the custom of throwing rock salt on the sidewalk to melt ice in the winter; the salt seeps into the earth around the roots and acts as a very effective poison.

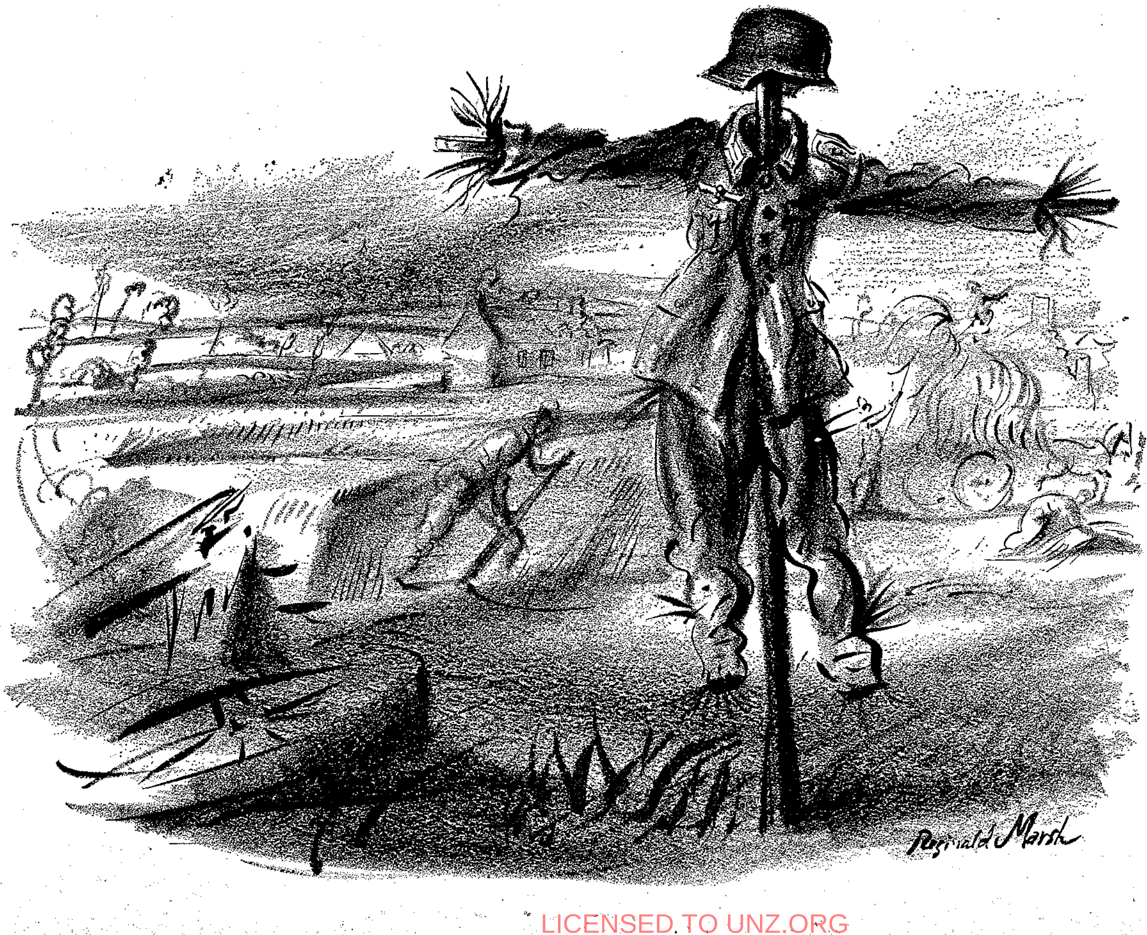
The city buys its trees from nurserymen in Jersey, Connecticut, and Long Island, but in a few years it will be producing its own. Four years ago a nursery was started on Riker's Island, the idea being to make the city eventually self-sufficient in the matter of trees and also to provide healthful outdoor work for the inmates of the penitentiary. There, on reclaimed land that assays a high percentage of ashes and broken beer bottles, are row after row of young London plane trees, honey locusts, lindens, ginkgoes, oaks, and dwarf pines. Tending plants, it is hoped, will have an ennobling effect on the penitentiary set, like listening to chamber music or fondling a child. This arrangement is probably sounder from an arboriculturist's point of view than from a penologist's, since most of the men serve short terms of the kind doled out in Magistrates' Courts and leave before they are molded much by the influence of trees. The trees are attacked by the Riker's Island rats, which still aren't completely under control, and the prisoners by the black-widow spider, which has become uncommonly and unaccountably plentiful of late. Just a week or so ago one of the men was bitten by a black widow. Fortunately, he was an alcoholic and threw off with ease a dose of venom that would probably have destroyed an abstemious man.

Philadelphia Story

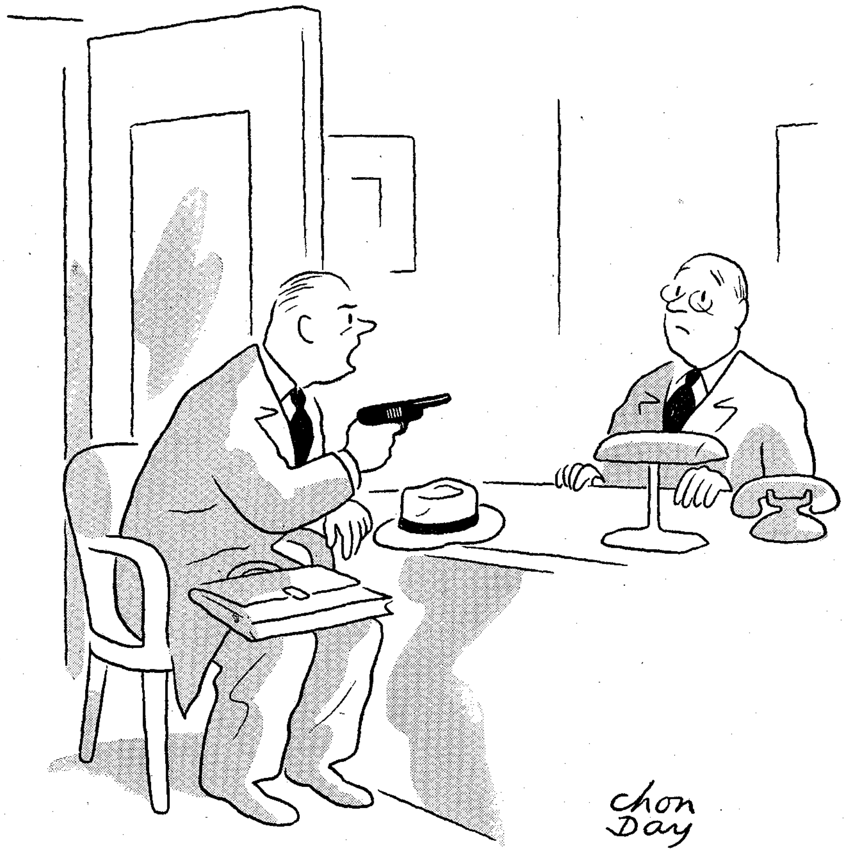
THIS doesn't sound like anything that could be made up, and we pass it along in complete confidence that it really did happen. A correspondent of ours was in a shop in Philadelphia when one old lady in a funny hat said to another old lady in a funny hat, "Mildred, how do you work this thing?" The thing in question was a pay-station telephone.

From Home

THERE were just under two hundred thousand German prisoners in this country at the time of the last announcement, in some three hundred scattered camps. Lord knows what the figures are now. Whatever the number, the German Red Cross has been making a considerable effort to send the prisoners what pass for



minor luxuries by German standards. The traffic in prisoners' packages is rather one-sided; the American prisoners in Germany get, per capita, fifty times the volume of gifts the Germans get here. The food shortage in Germany and the relative plenty in this country are indicated by the contents of the packages, all of which are handled by the International Committee of the Red Cross in Geneva. We're speaking only of the bundles made up by the German Red Cross, not those sent by the prisoners' families. A great deal of food is sent to the American prisoners of war and almost none to the Germans here. The Germans get mostly such things as razor blades, sewing kits, toilet articles, cigarettes, and what is called "intellectual relief"—escapist reading matter. The idea of the Germans seems to be to keep the prisoners' morale up by implying that everything is going fairly well on the home front. Hence, fantastically, the cigarettes. The tobacco in them is Turkish or Balkan. Some of the American M.P.s have been surprised to see that the brand of cigarettes most commonly sent over is Waldorf-Astoria. Their surprise is probably no greater than that of the German prisoners who arrived here and learned about Rheingold beer.



"Suppose I should bump you off right now—just think of the mess your family would be in with the paltry insurance you're carrying."

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Although the Geneva convention stipulates that the "detaining power" must clothe prisoners of war, a number of German Army uniforms of fairly good quality have been sent here: again, a matter of morale. The books which come in are new (as they are required to be), on good paper, well printed, and well bound. They are most likely to be costume fiction, by writers unknown here. No American Wild West stories, which is rather a pity, since these used to be a staple item of the German literary diet. The Germans distribute a monthly magazine called *Universitas,* which is edited to pass our censorship and to entertain the more intellectual prisoners, men who go for such topics as Herder's philosophy of history, heredity, the chemistry of chlorophyll, and Beethoven.

What little German food is sent consists of candies and pumpernickel, which comes lavishly wrapped in tinfoil. The German Red Cross also sends photographs and prints of familiar country and city scenes in Germany, to relieve homesickness. Some movie films have been sent, and the prisoners are also shown all the old German films which are left over from before the war—"The Blue Angel" and the like. American films are shown too, of course, and are explained to the audience by bilingual prisoners. Some P.W. camps have small, spring-driven phonographs which were sent from Germany and at some of the big ones the men have chipped in to buy more modern equipment. Shipments of German-made records arrive regularly. About a third of them are classical and the rest run to popular songs and bouncing waltzes. No "Lili Marlene," naturally.

When Germany held all of France and Italy, the International Red Cross Committee used to pick the packages up at Genoa, Marseille, and other convenient ports. As things tightened up, the Nazis started shipping via Lisbon and Barcelona. One shipment has come via Sweden. The I.R.C. thinks the Germans soon will just ship everything into Switzerland and let its men take over from there. Packages for American prisoners in Germany have always gone via Switzerland. The interruption of French railroad service during the invasion didn't deprive the Americans in Germany of packages or force the I.R.C. to switch to another route, because the Red Cross had a big reserve in Switzerland. This became so depleted, however, that a few weeks ago the I.R.C. landed a fleet of trucks at Barcelona and started them across Spain and France with packages. That was but a temporary expedient, for ships are already docking at Marseille, and it isn't far from there to Switzerland.

Secret Weapon

ONE of the big, bright stores has been pushing ivy bowls—deep, globular dishes of sparkling blue glass to be hung on the wall with ivy or other plants in them. As ivy bowls go, these have quite a history. They were made to government specifications, and presumably many of their kind saw action on D Day as light-dimmers on invasion barges. A surplus was somehow produced, and so we've got ivy bowls.

Knots

WE had a talk the other day with Raoul Graumont, a merchant seaman, who retired five years ago in the classic forecastle tradition to enter the writing game and has already produced, as at least thirty thousand readers can tell you, "Encyclopedia of Knots and Fancy Rope Work" and "Square Knot, Tatting, Fringe, and Needle

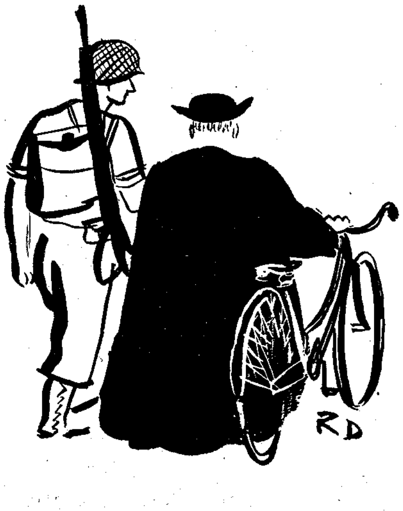
Work," both in collaboration with a disciple, John J. Hensel. Graumont was born in Algiers in 1896, the son of a colonel in the French cavalry. He drifted into the United States by way of Texas shortly after the last World War, having been, up to that time, a harness braider, an apprentice on one of the last of the great French sailing vessels—the five-masted bark France—and a sergeant major in a French colonial regiment. In Texas, he told us, he devoted himself single-mindedly to learning the American language. "I stopped associating with French elements," he said. "It was easy to cultivate the American way of expression. I picked up the lingo in no time." After mastering our language, Graumont turned restlessly back to sea, this time in the American merchant marine, and began to fiddle around with odd pieces of rope. Most seamen, he informed us, specialize in one certain type of knot. "One old skipper I had," he said, "all he would tie was monkey fists." Graumont developed an ambition to learn to tie every knot that had ever been tied. It was tough going. "By golly," he said, "those old-timers sure were jealous of anybody who wanted to learn their special knots. I'd have to show a guy a hundred different knots before he'd break down and show me one. I'd have to be tactful." Before long, however, Graumont had the three hundred and twelve so-called orthodox knots down pat and had, among other things, worked out fifty variations on the rose knot. "I reckon there are about forty-two hundred different knots that are dead ducks to me now," he said.

As you might imagine, the combination of all those years at sea and all those knots has given Graumont a philosophical turn of mind. "By golly," he said, "knots have played a vital part since the dawn of creation. I'd hate like the dickens to see the state civilization would be in if nobody had ever learned to tie a knot." He recited a long list of industries that are based on knots of one kind or another, or at least were in their earlier stages—clothing manufacture, transportation, building construction, fishing, and so on—and said that surgery is still as much a matter of knot tying as anything else. He has occasionally been sought out by surgeons who wanted pointers. Knots have caused man a lot of trouble, too. Graumont's head is full of lore about secret knots that used to put people under spells and into trances. He told us that Plato was scared to death of certain magic knots. We asked him what he thought was the first knot man ever tied and he replied instantly that it was the granny, which, as any Boy Scout knows, is what is called a square knot in most homes. Graumont has resigned himself to the persistence of the granny. He doubts that civilization will ever outgrow it. Another knot that disturbs Graumont is the hangman's noose. "It doesn't fit as snug as it ought to," he said, and added that he had invented several superior nooses.

Graumont, who is a big, hulking fellow with a square, guileless face, said that most people don't know beans about tying a necktie properly. "They just make one loop around a standing part and then put the running part through its own bight," he said. "That's no good, because a knot like that jams and won't slip good enough to take the tie off over your head. The only folks I know who do it right are the up-to-date matinée idols. They make a loop around a standing part and then put the running part through its own bight, *but on an overhand base*. Like mine." We examined his tie. All we can tell you is that it was brown with a swirling pattern in orange and green and that it didn't seem jammed.

Irons

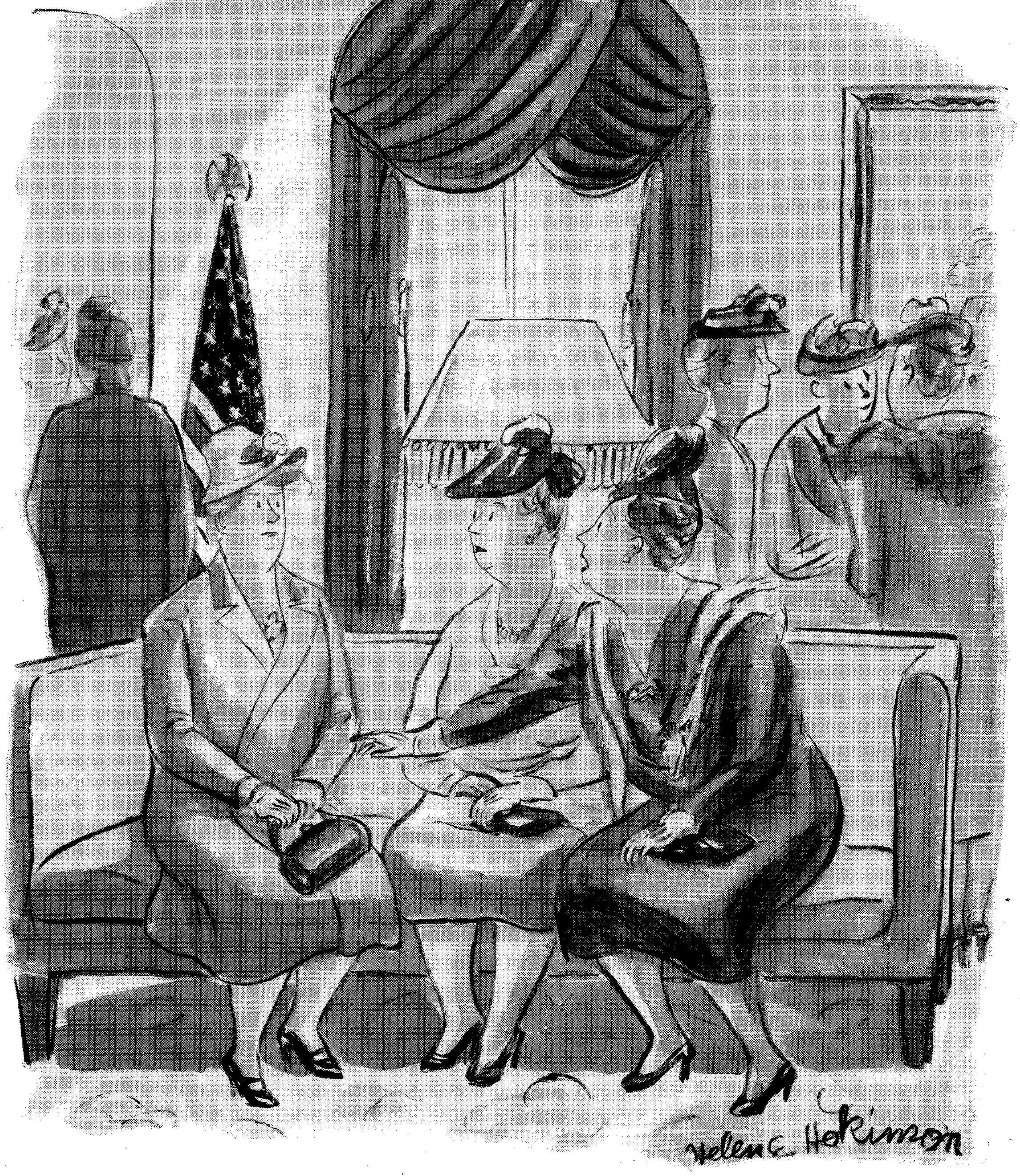
NOT long ago members of an American military organization stationed somewhere in Russia found that the facilities of the local village, or populated place, didn't extend to pressing and cleaning service, so they sent a requisition through military channels for some flatirons. The requisition specified hand irons, because the boys didn't want to get mixed up with professional tailor-shop equipment, but this led to a pretty bad mixup. The requisition was handled in England, and the Americans received a shipment of what the English call hand irons: handcuffs.



Our Own Baedeker

THIS week's report concerns the Republic of San Marino, which, as you will find if you look closely at a map of Italy, lies in the southern foothills of the Apennines, a hundred and twenty-five miles north of Rome. It is said to be the oldest independent state in Europe and is certainly the second smallest to Monaco—the area is thirty-eight square miles, the population in the low thousands, and the capital city hardly big enough to rate listing in an atlas. Soon after the war started, San Marino went in on the Axis side, but in 1943 the Fascist faction was kicked out and the state asserted her neutrality. Lately she has been invaded by the Nazis—who, even with their depleted forces, could manage this handily—has reportedly declared war on Germany, and has been liberated by the British. San Marino has a tradition of neutrality that dates back to the fourth century A.D., when Marinus, a Christian refugee from Dalmatia and a stonecutter by trade, came to work in the quarries of Mount Titano, where stone was being cut for the boom town of Rimini, fourteen miles away. Later he became a hermit, and a firm-minded one at that. Like for instance, one time when a bear ate his mule he tracked it to its lair and made it put on the mule's harness and pull a plow. Since Marinus was plainly on his way to becoming a saint, the owner of Mount Titano, a rich lady of Rimini, gave it to him as the site for a monastery. A town grew up around the monastery, and that's more or less what San Marino is today. It just never happened to get absorbed into Italy. Marinus became a saint after his death, and his dying words to his followers, "I leave you free from all men," have since then been taken literally by the Sammarinesi.

Until 1920, San Marino functioned as a loosely organized patriarchy; it was governed by the decrees of the Arengo, an assembly of the heads of families. In 1920 a democracy was established, or something that passes for a democracy. Administrative power is vested in two Captains Regent, whose names are drawn by lot by a little child from three pairs duly chosen by an elected council. All this is done with a maximum of fancy dress and medieval pageantry. San Marino has been invaded before, but never for long; one of the Borgias moved in with his army for a couple of months, and that's about the whole story. It early became a popular sanctuary for people who were for one reason or another on the lam. Under the present constitution, all but political refugees can be extradited, but you never used to know whom you might meet up a dark Sammarinesian alley. From time to time, high-powered promoters have had the idea that San Marino would be a likely place for a big gambling casino, but they always have been firmly turned down. However, the ethics of the Sammarinesi were not too rigid to permit them to make a little something on the side, by conferring on wealthy foreigners such titles as duke, patrician, marquess, count, baron, and vicomte, not to mention the Equestrian Order of San Marino. The government also has issued a fantastic number of kinds of postage stamps, which are sold in quantity to philatelists at about a ten-thousand-per-cent profit. The state's main export is stamps, and until fairly recently the only publication issued within its borders was a philatelic journal. It has no customs dealings at its frontier. The Italians collect duties on their own behalf at the borders and give San Marino a cut. This is in return for its pledge not to distill spirits or grow tobacco. What with this and that, there is no national debt.



"I want you to give me your solemn promise not to bolt the Republican Party without having a heart-to-heart talk with me first."

The inhabitants of San Marino are mostly peasants. They devote themselves to quarrying, raising grapes, and grazing cattle. Professional men are so scarce that occasionally it becomes necessary to import them. Once, for example, San Marino brought in from the outside world a judge, four doctors, and eight cops. Before 1932, there was no way of getting into San Marino except by automobile. Then, in return for being allowed to put up a radio transmitter on Mount Titano, Mussolini built an electric railroad from Rimini to San Marino. The Sammarinesi are picturesque, and it's hard to believe that they don't know it. Conspicuously lazy citizens are punished for their failing by being driven through the town on muleback, wearing nightshirts and carrying umbrellas. The Sammarinesi enjoy tobogganing and have a fairly steady supply of good snow-train weather. One of the Popes once sent an emissary there in the dead of winter on a tour of inspection, and his report said simply, "All is horror." The Army, at the outbreak of war, included a regular force of eighty men, two thousand militia, and a fifty-piece military band.

Sanctity

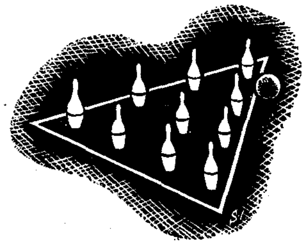
"YOU know, Harry is really very religious," said a girlish voice somewhere in the back of the bus we were on. "He's been three times to see 'Going My Way.' "

THE SINGLE PURPOSE OF LEON BURROWS

Leon Burrows was deferred from military service until the summer of 1944 because he was the sole support of a maiden aunt. He clerked in a grocery store in Philadelphia, lived with his aunt, and went to the movies three times a week, eating a bar of candy as soon as he was seated and saving a second candy bar for the feature. Once or twice a year he would drink himself into a frenzy and wake up in some hallway with a black eye and a cut hand. In the spring of 1944 his aunt died, and at a time when his life was at its most unsettled, the draft board ordered him to report for induction. He sold his aunt's furniture, was accepted by the Army, and was assigned to an Infantry-Replacement Training Center in the South. He was thirty-one years old at the time.

Leon became a neat and obedient soldier. He was a thin man with reddish, curly hair and a mouthful of false teeth. The lines on his face were so deeply cut that they appeared to be scars. On the little finger of his left hand he wore a brass ring. The brass left a bright stain on his skin. His part in the life of his company was unobtrusive and secure. He played poker in his underwear, drank beer on Saturday nights, and joined in every crap game. He was sometimes mistaken for a soldier of the old Army.

Burrows put on a uniform lightheartedly because he had been drafted so late in the war that he never expected to see action. He thought he would be assigned to troops of occupation and he imagined himself billeted in a small French village near a trout stream, drinking wine by candlelight and talking French like a native with a pretty, white-skinned girl. But the optimism that Leon had brought from civilian life had not penetrated to the backwaters of Georgia Army camps. "It's either kill or be killed," Burrows' lieutenants told him. "There's still a lot of this war to be fought. Any of you guys think you're going to be used for occupation troops will find yourselves sewed up in a sack, occupying some lousy graveyard." Leon came to believe his lieutenants.



One day Leon's platoon was marched some distance from the camp for an exercise in river crossing. It was a broad river and the water was the color of yellow clay. The men were to ford the river with full field packs and rifles. As they advanced into the water, they yelled and hollered like kids in a swimming hole. Leon was very quiet. He couldn't swim and water frightened him. He noticed that the water was up to the shoulders of the men who had gone ahead of him. He moved cautiously, trying to find a secure footing in the slippery clay. The water was so cloudy that the bottom could not be seen at all and he imagined it as an evil morass of rubbish and treacherous roots. When the water was nearly up to his chest, he stumbled on a root and the river closed over his head.

He dropped his rifle and thrashed around insanely with his arms, but his foot was caught in the root and he could not free himself or regain his balance. As he went down, he could see the color of the yellow water, lighted by the sky, deepen until it was mud-brown and then black. The water burned as it forced its way into his throat and nostrils, and the harder he struggled to free himself, the more securely he seemed trapped by his wet pack and the root. Then he saw a searing corona of light in front of his eyes and tasted what seemed like blood mixed with the water in his nose and mouth.

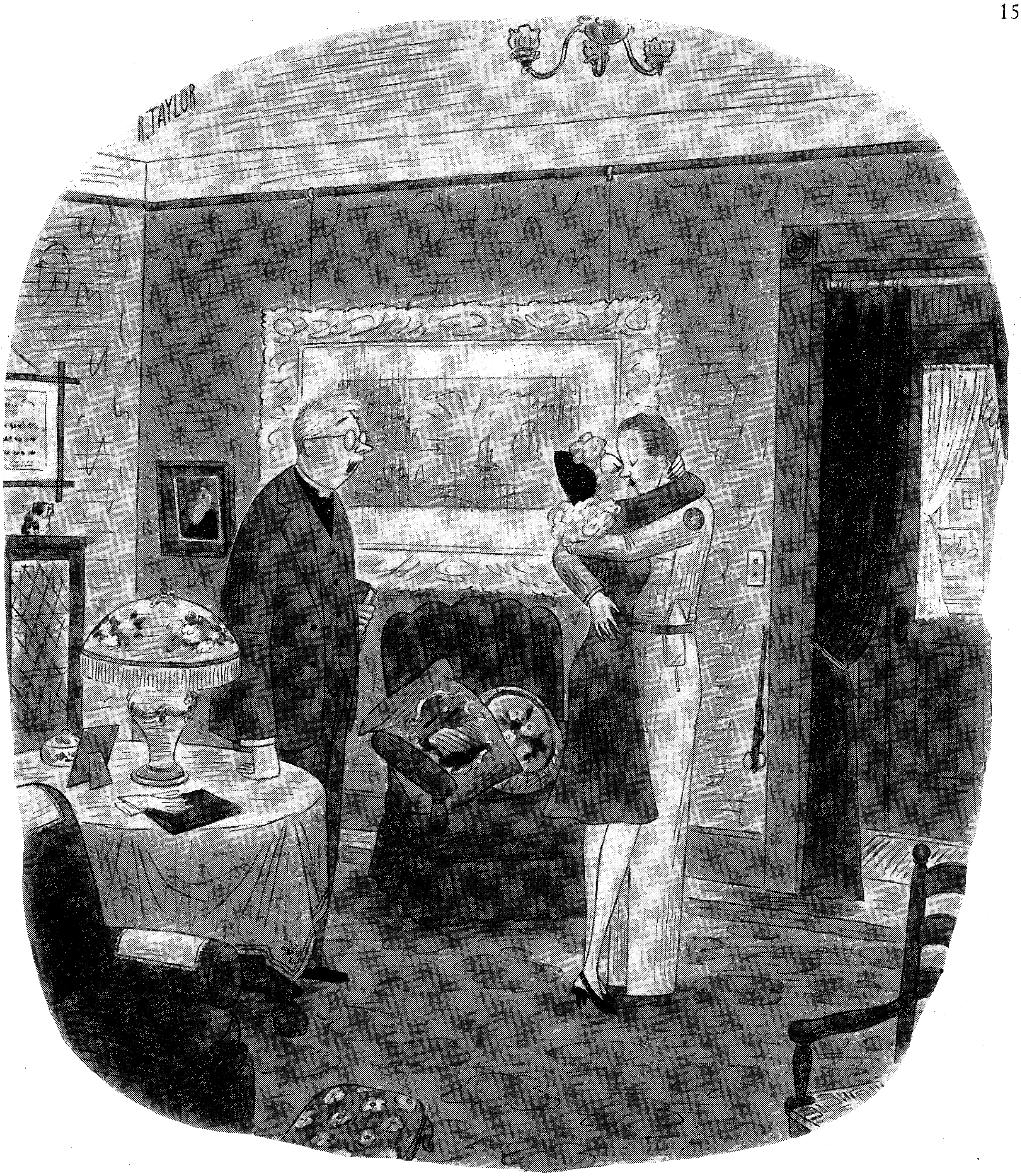
The men on either side of him got a grip on his arms at last and pulled him to the surface. Water spilled out of his mouth. He thrashed his arms like a windmill, broke from the grasp of the men who were holding him, and headed for shallow water. The lieutenant ordered him back, but Leon paid no attention to him. His panic was like insanity, and on his way to the shore he stumbled and fell a number of times. He reached the bank, sat down, and held his head in his hands. The air, when he began to breathe regularly again, seemed very sweet. "I nearly drowned," he told the lieutenant when the officer came up to him, carrying Leon's rifle and helmet. "I went down three times. I saw my whole past life in front of me."

The lieutenant listened sympathetically. He was hardly twenty. He looked behind him. No one was watching. No one would ever know, and so he broke all the iron laws of war and told Leon to rest. "Take it easy for a while, Pop," he said. "We're coming back the same way. Take a rest and you can pick us up on our way back."

The lieutenant waded back across the river and Leon sat on the bank, watching him go. He was still profoundly shaken. Those few seconds under muddy water had given him an insight, he thought, into the confusion and disorder of death in battle, and he didn't want any of it. That was the way you died. You tripped on a root or walked into a sniper's sight. It was not that he was afraid of dying, but he had discovered under the water an intense desire to live, a desire so passionate and strong that it still left him trembling. He lit a cigarette and filled his lungs with tobacco smoke. The smoke tasted very good. He noticed then how much like mountains the clouds above the parched fields around him seemed. He noticed the uneasy sound the September wind made in the stands of holly along the river and he remembered a vacation he had once taken at a mountain lake in September. He remembered sitting on the pier in a rented bathing suit, fishing for rock bass. He remembered the sound of oarlocks from a passing rowboat and the noise of a hunter's gun on the hill behind the hotel. Then Leon's platoon returned and he joined it and marched back to barracks. He was very quiet for the rest of the evening.

Anti-Tank training was announced a few days after the river crossing. The few old soldiers in the company knew what the announcement meant. They said the men would dig five-foot slit trenches and remain in them while heavy tanks drove over their heads. On the morning for which anti-tank training was slated, Leon went to the orderly room. He knew that what he was about to do was wrong, but he could not have stopped himself any more than he could have kept himself from whiskey when he had a thirst. He told the first sergeant he was sick. "You're not sick, Burrows, you're goldbricking," the first sergeant said, "and if you're not out there for the training this morning, I'll see that you get court-martialled for the deliberate evasion of arduous military duty."

The men fell out with packs and entrenching tools. Leon joined them. They marched into a valley where the ground was sand and hard clay. A light tank was parked on the crest of a hill. The sight of the tank excited Leon. A lieutenant—the young lieutenant



"Er—if you young people don't mind, I have a few things to do now. Perhaps you have a hotel or somewhere to go?"

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who had forgiven Leon at the river—formed them for a lecture. "Infantrymen can protect themselves from tank attack," he began, "by digging narrow slit trenches to a depth of five feet, the length of the slit trench to be at right angles to the front or to the direction of the approaching tank. An enemy tank can destroy a slit trench and crush a soldier by spinning its tracks, but more often than not a tank driver will not notice a well-concealed slit trench." He talked by rote, stumbling over the involved language of the manual.

When the lecture ended, the men were given a ten-minute break. "They won't dare drive tanks over us," Leon said. "Too many guys would get killed. They won't dare drive tanks over us."

After the break the men were assigned an area in which to dig their trenches. Leon took off his pack and his helmet and unstrapped his short-handled trench shovel. He had come to know the soil of Georgia very well. There would be a foot of loose sand, then hard clay in strata, some of it as white and as hard as caked salt. Leon dug slowly and wondered about the tanks.

It was hard work and he began to sweat. He made some effort to make the trench neat, strong-walled, and deep. He had always been a conscientious soldier who prided himself on his work, but digging a hole strong enough to bear the weight of a tank seemed hopeless to him. The edges would crumble as they crumbled under the light touch of his shovel, and the sand and the clay would pour down and bury him alive. The lieutenant came by to inspect the trenches. "Good work, Burrows," he said. Leon's shoulders were level with the edge of the trench.

When the officer completed his inspection, he shouted, "The tanks are coming through in three minutes! Get into those trenches! Sit on the floor of the trench and keep your head down between your legs!"

Leon was standing beside his trench. Suddenly the sweat came out of his body in such quantities that he could feel his mouth go dry. "Get into that trench, Burrows!" he heard the officer yelling. "Get into that trench, you god-damned fool!" He saw that he was the only man who had not taken cover. He didn't move. "Get into that trench, Burrows!" the officer shouted again. Leon dropped into his trench. A lip of the trench broke and a lot of sand and clay followed him down, spilling onto his head and shoulders. He felt then that he was surely going to be killed. He would be sitting there with his head between his legs and the tank would crush him as easily as he would crush a roach with his shoe. "If any of you men want to pretend that you're throwing grenades," the officer shouted with a forced cheerfulness, "pick up a rock or something and throw it at the tank before it comes over!" Leon's clothes were black with sweat. He thought his heart would burst. All the strength had gone out of his legs. He thought of the reasons he should not be killed. For one thing, it should not be an ordinary morning in Georgia after a breakfast of heavy wheat cakes. For another, there were a lot of things he had to do. He had to go to night school and study mechanical drawing. He had always wanted to go to night school and study mechanical drawing. He wanted to get married. He had to get married. He wanted to see the Painted Desert. He had always wanted to see the Painted Desert. He wanted to buy a tuxedo and wear it to a night club. He wanted to have children. He wanted to come home from work and have his children go through his pockets looking for presents.

The tank had to turn in order to face the line of trenches. The motor backfired like a cannon and the tracks clanked as the vehicle pushed through some underbrush to make the turn. The tank siren moaned a little. Now Leon was thinking about the color of the sky at seven o'clock in the morning when he had walked to work in Philadelphia. He could remember the hearty singing at beer parties, picnics at beaches, a trip in a rented canoe, the strange color of the grass at a night ball game, and a waitress in a lunch cart who had once told him she loved him. The tank completed the turn and began to pick up speed, mangling the saplings and young pines in its path at the edge of the clearing. Leon looked over the rim of the trench and saw the tank coming down in a cloud of dust. As the tank went faster the siren began to shrill. He saw the tracks bear down on the trenches ahead of him. Then it seemed as though his heart exploded and as though the concussion wrung his bowels pitilessly, forcing the bitter remains of his breakfast up his dry throat. Just before the shadow of the tank touched his trench, he scrambled out, ran a few yards, and fell. The tank passed at his back. The young lieutenant ran over to where Leon lay. He was sobbing convulsively and chewing the knuckles of his right hand.

"Don't cry, Pop," the lieutenant told Leon, and he put his hand on the man's thin back. "Everybody gets a yellow streak once in a while. Don't worry about it. You'll be all right next time. Once when I was playing football I felt like that. I should have tackled this man, but I was afraid of the spikes on his shoes and I fell a couple of feet short, on purpose. Everybody could see what I was doing and he made a touchdown." Leon had never played football and he didn't understand what the lieutenant was talking about. It was decided that he had been taken sick. A friend walked him back to barracks, where he took a shower and lay on his bed.

Leon felt well enough to get up for retreat and evening chow. His friends treated him considerately, as though his cowardice had been some misfortune beyond his own power, like a death in the family. He remained very quiet. After chow he went to his foot locker and took ten aspirins from a jar there. Then he went to the latrine, swallowed the aspirins two at a time, and washed them down with water. He lit a cigarette and waited there in the latrine until he thought he could feel the effect of the pills on his heart. The beating of his heart seemed to have become slower and louder. He walked over to the dispensary, where a medic and another soldier were playing checkers. "Sit down," the medic said. "I'll be with you in a minute."

"It's my heart," Leon said, and he put his hand over his heart. "It hurts. I feel dizzy."

"Then why in hell didn't you come here for sick call?" the medic said. He was losing the checker game and the interruption irritated him. "There's no doctor here now. They have sick call every afternoon, but there's always some dumb son of a bitch who comes here about half past nine."

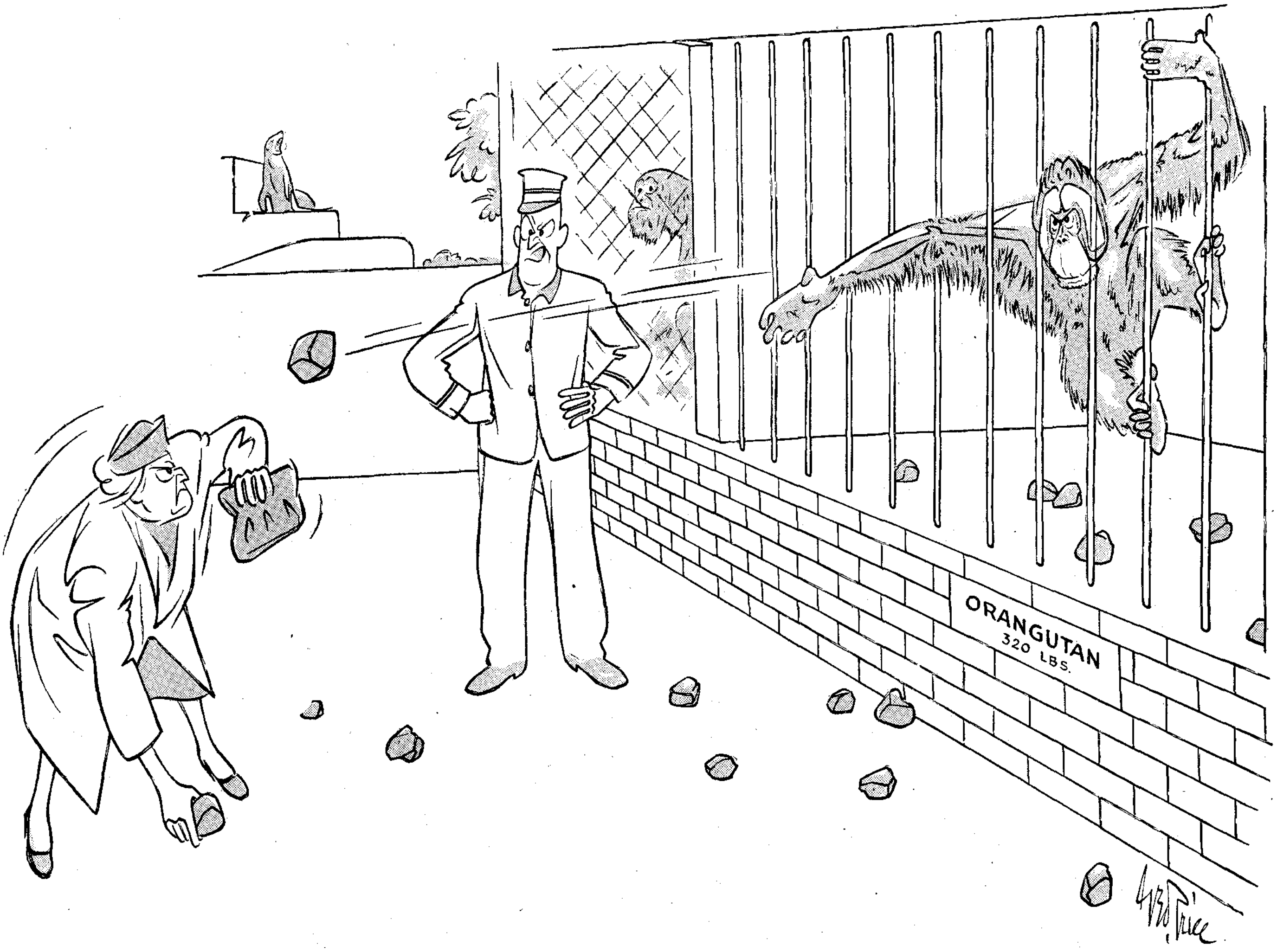
"My heart didn't hurt until after chow," Leon said.

"All right, all right," the medic said. He left the checker board, took a small white pillbox from a cabinet, and tossed it to Leon. "There's some pills for your heart," he said. "They're officers' pills. Take them three times a day before meals. I'm doing you a big favor. If the captain knew I was giving you officers' pills, he'd ream me a couple new eye sockets."

"It's my heart," Leon said. "It sounds like a hammer."

"Take those officers' pills," the medic said. "You take one of these pills and you'll feel like a chicken colonel. They'll put curl in your hair." Leon left the dispensary, dropped the pills into an ash can, and went to bed.

The next day at noon, when the rest of the company lined up for chow, Leon



"I don't care who started it."

* *

went to the latrine and took ten more aspirins. At one o'clock he signed the sick book and went up to the dispensary. He waited in line for nearly an hour before he was examined by the doctor. "It's my heart, sir," he told the young captain. "It hurts me. I can't sleep at night." The doctor listened briefly to his heart, took his pulse, looked into his mouth, and gave him a bottle of yellow medicine. Leon threw this into an ash can as he left the building.

On the following day he took aspirin before lunch again and returned to the dispensary.

The doctor recognized him and listened more carefully to his heart this time. "Have you ever had trouble with your heart before?" he asked.

"I've always had trouble with my heart," Leon said. "I faint a lot."

"Has anyone else in your family ever had heart trouble?" the doctor asked.

"I don't remember. My people are dead," Leon said.

"What's your serial number, Burrows?"

"Three, two, three—" Leon began. "I can't remember," he said.

"Has there ever been any insanity in your family?" the doctor asked.

"I can't remember," Leon said.

"What did you do before you came into the Army?"

"I can't remember," Leon said, and he looked squarely at the doctor.

"Repeat these numbers after me," the doctor said. "Seven, four, three, two, one, zero, eight, four."

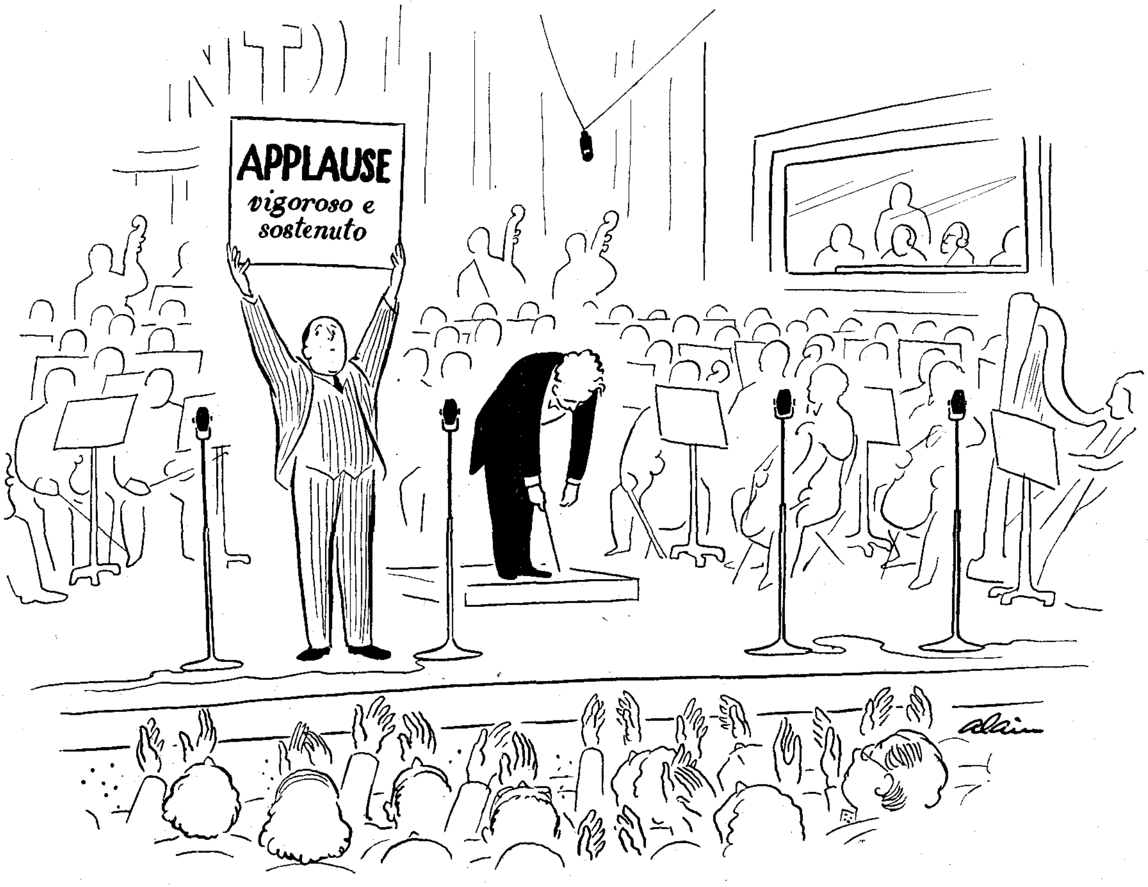
"Seven, three, two—" Leon began. "I can't remember," he said.

The doctor wrote something on a slip of paper and told him to go into another room. They drove Leon to the hospital in an ambulance that afternoon. He sat up in front with the driver. Before they committed him to a ward they took away his shoe laces, his belt, and his necktie.

NO one in the company knew what had happened to Leon. He returned from the hospital in ten days, looking thinner and older, but when his friends asked him why he had been sent there, he did not reply. Then, on the afternoon of his second day back in the company, Sergeant O'Neil, his section sergeant, was called down to the orderly room. "Get into your O.D.s," the first sergeant told him. "Burrows is bucking for a section eight and the board is meeting in the day room. They want to ask you some questions."

O'Neil reported to the day room and was told to wait outside. It was the end of a pleasant, cool afternoon. Smells of cooking came from the mess hall. The sky was green. The company areas seemed deceptively less like emergency billets than like a country village—contrite, provincial, and contented. "You are my sunshine, my only sunshine," the mess sergeant sang loudly as he threw open the screen door and dumped some coffee grounds. In the distance the regimental band played "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas" while the officer of the day inspected weapons.

O'Neil could hear nothing through the closed door of the day room. He



didn't know what was expected of him, he didn't know the officers of the board, he didn't know Burrows well, and he was nervous. He was kept waiting for so long that he went over to the mess hall and got something to eat. It was beginning to get dark when a lieutenant opened the door and told him to report to the board.

O'Neil stepped into the room and saluted the officers. They sat at a covered pool table.

"You're Private Burrows' section sergeant, is that right, O'Neil?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know this sergeant, Private Burrows?"

O'Neil noticed Burrows then. He was sitting to the right of the table. His hair had been cut very close. He had left his false teeth out and this made his face look drawn and foolish. Burrows usually dressed himself carefully, but the fatigues he had on that day were rancid and black and there was dirt on his hands and his face. He grunted his reply and let a little saliva leak over his chin.

"Would you say that Private Burrows is clean?" one of the officers asked O'Neil.

"Yes, sir."

"Has he many friends?"

"He keeps to himself."

"You'd say he was a solitary, then?"

"He keeps to himself," O'Neil repeated. He didn't know the meaning of "solitary."

"Can he learn what you have to teach him?"

"He hasn't qualified on none of the weapons," O'Neil said.

"Can he memorize things?"

"Yes, sir," O'Neil said, "I mean no, sir."

"Which do you mean?"

"No, sir," O'Neil said.

"You say that he's a solitary and that he can't memorize. Have you anything else to say? Do you remember any incidents that might prove his mental unfitness for military duty?"

"No, sir."

"That's all, Sergeant."

LEON sat with his head hung between his shoulders. He could tell that the interview was going his way. He had been interrogated for nearly three hours and he was very tired. He wanted a cigarette. The dirty fatigues he had dressed himself in stank of gun oil and sweat, and he was a man who liked to be neat. The members of the board were whispering. Then the ranking officer turned to Leon.

"What is the range rule for the M1 rifle?" he asked.

"I can't remember," Leon said.

"What is your sixth general order?" another officer asked.

"I can't remember," Leon said.

"What is your first name?"

"Burrows," Leon said.

"Your first name, your first name. Burrows is your last name."

"I can't remember," Leon said.

"Why can't you remember your first name?"

"They took it away," Leon said.

"They took what away?"

"They took my name away," Leon said.

Two of the officers smiled. The ranking officer lighted a cigarette. "That's all, Burrows," he said. "You're dismissed."

Leon shuffled past the officers and went out the door. Once he was out of the day room he straightened his shoulders and wiped the dirt off his hands and face. He knew that he had succeeded. In another two days he would be in civilian clothes. He was free. But now that he was free of his fear he did not understand why that freedom should have seemed so desirable. He did not understand why he had dressed himself in filthy clothes and rubbed dirt on his face. He did not understand why he should be so depressed. He had followed his passions before, but no vice had ever left him so weak or so filled with self-loathing. When he had awakened on a bench in some Philadelphia subway station after a night of drinking, he had been a prouder man.

—JOHN CHEEVER

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VERMIN

The mouse of Thought infests my head,
He knows my cupboard and the crumb.
 Vermin! I despise vermin.
I have no trap, no skill with traps,
No bait, no hope, no cheese, no bread—
I fumble with the task to no avail.
I've seen him several times lately.
He is too quick for me,
I see only his tail.

—E. B. W.

BE STILL, SHE SLEEPS

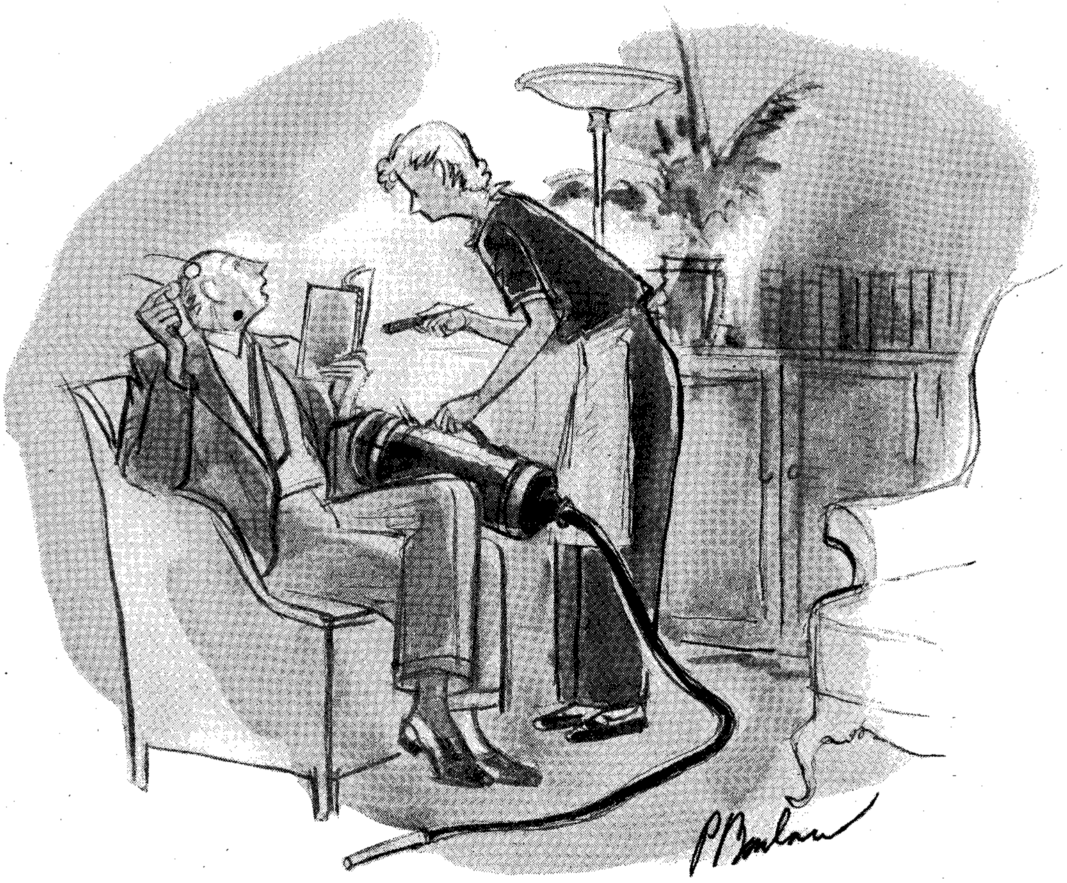
MONGHYR used to be a garrison town on the Ganges, in the Province of Bihar, in India. On the outskirts of the town, there still stand the great houses of Englishmen who have long since gone away; a few preferred to live out their lives and die in these big mansions, which, even two generations ago, were no more than ancestral shells, and their grandchildren and great-grandchildren survive in the region as planters or *rentiers*, living in less pretentious houses on a dwindling scale of wealth and vitality. When I was about fifteen, a friend of my parents offered us her house in Monghyr for the winter, and we children saw the place for the first time. We had often heard about it, because my grandfather had been stationed in Monghyr as a subaltern in the Indian Army, in 1860.

My brother and I came to Monghyr filled with anticipation, for, young as we were, antiquity held for us an especial attraction; we moved on tiptoe, with what Flaubert has called "the historic shudder." Although no more than three or four hundred miles from our own home in the north, this was like a new country. The vegetation was more tropical and the natives talked an unfamiliar tongue. Our friend's house was made of brick, with deep, cool verandas, and although of fairly recent origin, it seemed already part of the pervading atmosphere of decay. It was surrounded by a magnificent garden, and from the front veranda we could see the river and the opposite shore, greenish yellow, topped by dark toddy palms. Looking eastward from the garden, we saw palm trees rising from level to level in darkening greens and blues, until their outlines were lost in a line of little plum-colored hills.

At night we listened to the jackals as they shrieked and fought among the cold funeral pyres down on the shore, and one morning we discovered a human skull which the creatures had carried into our shrubbery. With the exception of a few incongruous Americans employed by the local tobacco factory, the white population of Monghyr was composed almost entirely of descendants of that original ancient garrison. They moved in an element peculiar to people who are consciously *descendant*, with a pathos, a dignity, a quietness that made us think of ghosts.

My brother and I shared a passion for exploration, and a few weeks after our arrival we got on our bicycles and started off. I remember that it was an afternoon late in February and that the heat of midday still clung to everything. Already the air smelled of summer and we heard the green barbet crying, "Kutur, kutur, kutur!," followed by the loud "Tonk!" of its cousin, the coppersmith. We pedalled along a dusty road, past the old cantonments, past the bazaar and the railway station, then turned to follow the river southward. As we rode, we talked about our grandfather's stories of the old days in Monghyr, of the indigo planters and the Mutiny of 1857, of our grandparents and their friends. We joked rather heartlessly about the antediluvian cousins whom we'd met—tall, pale old men, with faded eyes and long, white mustaches, who spoke a strange, courtly English, and who smelled, said my brother, like the insides of old books. "We'll be like that someday," I murmured, feeling a bit guilty. "Oh, no, we won't," replied my brother. "I don't intend to let white ants nest in *my* insides!" His face was freckled and his eyes a vivid blue under the brim of his khaki helmet, which was decorated with the wings of bright-colored birds and looked like the war bonnet of a Red Indian.

Presently we came on a little side road, which branched off at right angles under a tunnel of trees, and, obeying an infallible instinct, we wheeled into it and pedalled along in a pleasant shade. Wheat was ripening in the fields on either side, but we saw no one and heard nothing except the chirrup of birds and squirrels. Our road began to climb suddenly and we were obliged to dismount and push our bicycles. Now a sort of plan became visible in the lay of the land: rough terraces, worn by neglect and weather, trees which once wore formal shapes. At last we saw a house rise up before us—a great, red-brick castle, or so it seemed in our eyes, with a central dome flanked by two smaller ones, a circular veranda supported on sandstone pillars, and tall, pointed windows, from which shutters hung askew. We climbed to the top terrace and found ourselves amongst a confusion of trees and vines, broken-down pomegranate and custard-apple trees, expiring in the shade



"Couldn't you just use a broom until reconversion sets in?"

of the sturdier banyans and palms. In the strong afternoon light the house stood impressive, silent, deserted, and for several moments we did not move, staring around us in wonder. To our right, the tangle of trees opened a little and we could see the river; to our left, trees and plain stretched for miles and we could see nothing else, not even a rooftop.

We left our bicycles propped against the veranda steps, and found ourselves facing an enormous door, fastened with bits of rotting string. For a moment we hesitated, listening, then cried together, "*Quai hai?*," which means "Anyone home?" An echo answered us and we heard a bat flying about behind the great door.

"There's no one here. Let's go in," said my brother. The string powdered away under our hands and the door opened ponderously. We stepped into a huge, bare room whose ceiling soared upward like the arch of a cathedral. Light from the tall windows fell across the floor, which was littered with dead bats, dead insects, leaves, and heaven knows what—all the weird accumulation which sifts through the crevices of an empty house. The walls were stained and peeling, except for one corner, where, for some reason, the vegetable paint survived in an oblong of startling, ardent blue. We walked about cautiously, examining a variety of objects stacked against the walls: massive pieces of furniture, crumbling with age and mildew and the forays of white ants. There were trunks, boxes, bundles which, when we touched them, parted softly at their seams and exuded a sort of liquid dust. We found two huge saddles, from which the leather had peeled like wet paper, a bundle of hog spears, and a set of pistols in embossed holsters. Excited and frightened, we ventured into another room, then another, discovering pictures from which the paint had moldered away, more trunks, more books, strange, personal, forgotten accoutrements.

No one had told us about this house and, as children will, we wondered whether we had made a unique discovery. Might we perhaps stumble on a skeleton or unearth a treasure? Dared we explore further? Dared we make off with any of these fascinating, unguarded, and apparently unwanted objects? My brother eyed the ancient pistols. For my part, I'd noticed an Indian violin, made of polished wood inlaid with mother-of-pearl and enamel. It was stringless, the seams had burst, and as an instrument for making music it was clearly worthless. But I wanted it.

"Let's make sure there isn't a watchman or someone about," whispered my brother, and his whisper ran round the room like a flutter of dead leaves. "Yes," I whispered back, and "Yes!" whispered the silence round us. We walked from room to room in the shadowy light from the tall windows. We poked into cupboards which gave forth pathetic odors; we peered round corners and down passages and into black, airless godowns. Everything seemed in the act of dying—visibly, inexorably dying. Suddenly glancing at my brother, I saw that his face had a rigid expression; his eyes were staring and colorless. As a very small boy he'd had a terror of darkness and of closed places, and now I saw that terror in his face and saw it grip his body so that he stood transfixed, hardly able to breathe. I was afraid then—not of this great, empty, sad house, but of him and for him, and I knew that we must go at once, away from there, into the sunlight. I took hold of his sleeve and dragged him to the door and down the veranda steps onto the terrace. Outside, the natural world rose bright and reassuring, the sun felt warm on our faces, and we heard the barbet crying, "Kutur, kutur, kutur!"

The color came back into my brother's face and he said, rather defiantly, "Pretty smelly in there, wasn't it? But we might as well see what's on the other side."

We wheeled our bicycles round to the rear of the house, and from there the ground fell away in a long slope, at the foot of which we saw a small white building, like a well house or a summer house, with a door set in one wall. The slope was smooth and inviting, and my brother, swinging onto his bicycle, cried, "Race you!"

We sped down the hill and dismounted beside the building. Set into the door was a plaster plaque, protected by a piece of glass now stained and broken. On the plaque was a single sentence which admonished us simply, "Be still, she sleeps." Inside the door, we found a grave made of whitewashed masonry, no longer white, crumbling a little at the edges, and with no headstone, no inscription, no clue to the sleeper buried there.

LATER we heard the story. About the middle of the last century, the house had belonged to an English officer who had married the daughter of an Indian noble. She was sixteen, high-spirited, and a fine horsewoman. They had not been married long when one day her husband laughingly challenged her to race with him, as a test of her horsemanship, down the slope and to jump a gate at the bottom. She accepted the challenge and they raced together down the hill. At the gate her horse fell and she was thrown and killed. Her husband buried her where she had fallen. He had loved her very much and could not forget her, so he resigned from the Army, left his house exactly as it was, and disappeared. No one ever heard what became of him. No one came to claim the house or its contents. One by one, old friends and servants died or went away, and people said that no thief had ever touched stick or stone. The place just stood there as we had found it, empty, silent, waiting for him to come back and for her to awaken. —CHRISTINE WESTON

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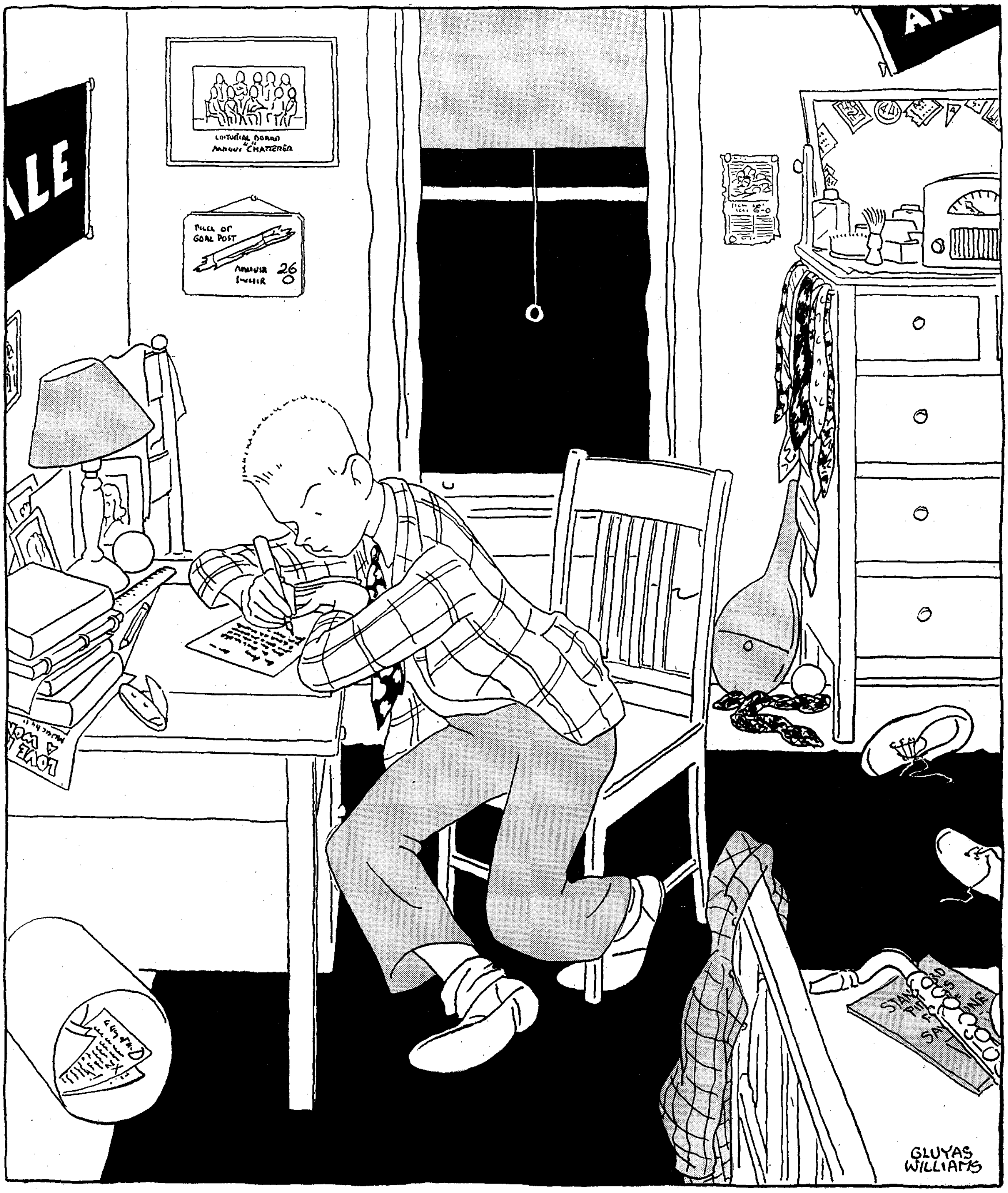
As for consonantal phonemes two forces have brought considerable change from the Standard French phonemic structure. These are the assibilation by a following high-front vowel or semi-vowel of the dantal stops, and the palatalization of the velar stops by the mid-front and high-front vowels and by the high-front semi-vowels. However, the situation here is not as simple as in the case of assibilation for the voiceless velar stop is generally not palatalized before the non-rounded front-vowels and semi-vowel, whereas the voiced velar stop is palatalized in most cases, by both the non-rounded and the rounded mid- and high-front vowels and semi-vowels.... On the whole, the French spoken at Brunswick is remarkably like that spoken in France.—*From Culture.*

Why didn't you say so?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GLUYAS WILLIAMS

THE WRITING PUBLIC

"Dear Mary:—I'll bet you don't remember the man with the crew haircut that stayed with Ted Fitz last Labor Day weekend, but if you do you will remember that you said you bet I wouldn't remember to write, and I bet I would remember, because I had a better time at the Country Club dance than any other dance I ever was at. Well, in only eleven months I will be off to Yale, and I wonder if you will remember what I said when you said what you said about Yale men . . ."

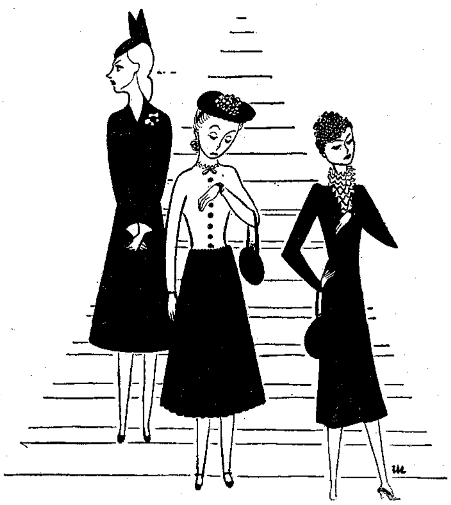
A REPORTER AT LARGE

A STRANGE PLACE TO BE GROWING THINGS

UNTIL the end of the nineteenth century, the quiet little city of Kingston, some eighty-five miles up the Hudson, was the centre of two now almost defunct industries. One of these was the mining of bluestone, a hard, slatelike rock much used for flagstone sidewalks. The other, which also involved the mining of bluestone, was the production of limestone cement. This was made from stone pulverized and burned in kilns, and it had one unfortunate characteristic: it was very slow to harden. When the modern, quick-drying cements were developed, they not only drove the Kingston cement off the market but, being cheaper and easier to handle, soon ruined the flagstone industry as well. Kingston's mining days were over, but the mines remained—great caves dug deep into the hills along the river. They might have gone unused forever after if, eight or ten years ago, two fellows of the locality, brothers named Herman and Henry Knaust, hadn't had what proved to be a brilliant notion. Almost everybody with a house of his own has at one time or another been tempted to try growing mushrooms in his cellar. The Knaust boys, who had been growing mushrooms in cellars for about ten years, went a long step further with the idea. They tried the abandoned mines on the Hudson, and their experiment worked so well that they are now by a very wide margin the largest mushroom producers in the world. Mushrooms have no season. They grow as well in February as in August or September; all they need is a moist, dark place and a temperature that remains fairly constant around fifty-five degrees. These are conditions that the mines fulfill perfectly. The Knaust brothers' production has gone down recently, because they simply can't get enough men to work all their holdings. Even so, their output still runs well over six million pounds of mushrooms a year.

I had heard of the Knaust brothers' mushroom mines, and when I was in Kingston not long ago I arranged to visit one of them. The Knaust headquarters are in Coxsackie, some distance farther up the river, and they have four mines between Kingston and Rosendale, in addition to a cannery, a spawning plant, a laboratory, and a few other buildings above ground. The mine, or cave, I visited was on the outskirts of Kingston, at the base of a bluff overlooking the Hudson. I arrived at about two o'clock in the afternoon. What I saw was not quite what I had expected. I had made my appointment by telephone with Mr. Raymond K. Myer, the foreman, and I had for some reason or other assumed that his voice, at the other end of the wire, had come from aboveground. All I could see, however, was a cliff perhaps a hundred feet high, with a weatherbeaten shack at its base, boarded up and obviously deserted, and back of that a dark hole in the rock face which, by contrast with the size of the cliff above it, seemed hardly large enough for a boy to get through. The whole place looked abandoned, and I was just beginning to wonder if I hadn't got mixed up on my directions when a man in blue overalls and workshirt appeared at the mouth of the hole. "You the man that was coming to see Myer?" he called. When I told him I was, he waved me over to him. "You picked the back way. Lucky I happened to step out here," he said. Though he'd come from underground, he had a farmer's voice, I noticed—a fact which shouldn't have surprised me but did. "Not that you can't get in this way all right," he went on, as he started to lead me into the mine. "You can. But there's a truck entrance farther over that's bigger and more convenient."

The tunnel was larger than I had thought; it was big enough to stand in without stooping, but it had the disadvantage of sloping downward so steeply that it was hard to keep from slipping. We descended for perhaps thirty feet; then the floor levelled off, the tunnel widened, the ceiling soared, and we were in a cave. I stopped to take a look around. We were standing in the main part of the mine—one huge cavern, really, about fifty feet high and some hundreds wide—which has an area of roughly five acres, or about four times the size of the concourse in Grand Central Terminal. There are smaller caverns, or galleries, opening off it that add considerably to the mine's dimensions. These details I learned later. All I could see was the part of this area nearest me, but even that was impressive. I could make out a double row of massive pillars of rock, left unquarried to support the great vault of the ceiling and stretching off into the distance. A line of electric-light bulbs had been strung beside one of these rows to illuminate a rough roadway leading in from the truck entrance. Otherwise, the cave was in gloomy darkness—darkness which, where I stood, had a slightly milky tinge from a faint mist in the air and which deepened as the huge pillars marched away until they and everything else were swallowed in complete blackness. It had been fairly warm outside, but as we reached the floor of the cave we came suddenly into an air so cool and so definite in its boundaries that it was exactly as if we had walked into the chill waters of a lake. As I stood there, I became aware of a tinkling sound, sometimes near, sometimes farther away, but as regular as the ticking of a clock; it was the drip of water from the ceiling, and I heard it the entire time I was inside.



My guide, noticing that I had stopped, halted too. "Looks big, don't it?" he said. "Don't you worry, though. Won't no rocks fall on you here. They've got men come around every month or so, tap the ceiling all over with long iron rods. They can tell if there's loose rock anywhere." I asked him what happened if they did find a loose spot. "Well, they clear things out from beneath it, of course," he said. "Say a rock should fall and there was mushroom beds underneath it, it'd make a nice mess, wouldn't it? There's your mushrooms now," he went on, pointing ahead as we started forward. We reached the roadway, and on the other side of it I noticed long rows of wooden boxes filled with earth, piled in tiers to a height of five or six feet and stretching down the dark aisles between the pillars and the walls. There were upright wooden sticks, which I learned were called spacers, between the tiers, so each box, which was about five by three feet and two feet deep, had perhaps a foot of air space above and below it, and the effect was something like bunks in a dormitory. I could see the mushrooms now—little spots of an almost ghostly white against the black earth in the boxes. Farther on, where the rows disappeared into darkness, I caught glimpses of specks of light, moving fireflylike here and there. "Them's the pickers," my guide explained. "Can't see the men, of course, but you can see their lights. We use miners' lanterns to work with down here. Have to. Here's my light right here." Stepping over to the end of one row of boxes, he picked up a small metal battery case from which hung a length of cord attached to a bulb in a cup-shaped reflector. He clipped the reflector to his hat and hung the case from his belt. Switching on the light, he stooped over a wicker basket half full of mushrooms. "I been picking here," he said. "But you want to see Myer, don't you?" He glanced up and down the roadway, then pointed to a man talking to a group of workmen a short distance away. "That's him," he said. "Better catch him while you can see him."

CAFE DU MARC
MP
MP
OFF LIMITS
Robt Day

"Keep your fingers crossed, Henri."

• •

MR. MYER turned out to be a quiet, raw-boned man with a heavy jaw and a mild voice. He was wearing overalls and he had a miner's lantern in his hatband. The effect, at first, was curiously disconcerting; he looked like an electric-lighted Cyclops, and when he talked I found myself gazing at the glaring circle above his forehead instead of at him. Whenever he turned his head, my eye automatically followed the beam of light, which was like a pointing finger. He explained that the cave we were in was not the largest the Knaust brothers operated; that was at a place called Binnewater, a few miles the other side of Kingston. The one we were in, however, contained, at the time of my visit, fourteen thousand mushroom beds, or boxes, under cultivation and produced eight or nine hundred thousand pounds of mushrooms a year. "That's figuring on four crops a year," he explained. "We allow about ten weeks to a crop, from the time the boxes are brought in till they've finished bearing, and between crops all the boxes have to be taken out and cleaned, the cave fumigated and cleaned, and so on. Mushrooms are a kind of fungus, and they're liable to a number of fungus diseases themselves. The commonest is a growth we call cotton because it looks a little like cotton batting, only finer, and once it gets into a bed it spreads all over. So between crops we fill the whole cave with chlorine gas, seal the entrances, and leave it for a day or two. Then we spray the walls with formaldehyde. That way we get rid of the diseases, or at least we keep them under control. It all takes time. You can figure a fair three months from the time one crop starts till the next one. Look," he said. "Come on up to the packing shed, will you? I'll get you a lantern and then we can look around."

The packing shed was a small, peak-roofed structure set between two huge pillars some distance farther along the truck road, like a cottage between two trees—a cottage magically transported underground. There was a porch on one side of it, piled high with crates holding boxes of mushrooms ready for shipment. Inside, in a light so bright after the gloom that it made me blink for a while, three girls at a long pine table were packing mushrooms into the small, square boxes in which they would reach the consumer. In one corner of the room, a radio, turned low, was playing dance music with that air of weary persistence that radios have. Near it, on the wall, I noticed a photograph of

Tami Mauriello, the boxer, in fighting clothes. Walking closer, I saw that it was inscribed, "To my pals for years, with good wishes. Tami." One of the girls had been watching me, and as I caught her eye I asked if Mauriello had worked in the cave. "Not in this one," she said. (She had a short-bladed knife, and as she picked up the mushrooms she sliced off the tiny, dirt-crusted roots at the end of their stems.) "He worked in the cave near Glasco, farther up the river."

Mr. Myer took a battery and reflector from a rack near the door, helped me put them on, and picked up a basket. Then he turned to the nearest of the three girls. "Listen, Kathie," he said. "If anyone wants me, we'll be up toward the Crow's Nest or maybe in Number Eleven. Anyway, somewhere out in the west end of the cave. . . . We've got names for most parts of the mine," he remarked as we went out. "Mostly they're just names that the boys thought up, but they're helpful if you're looking for a certain man, say, and don't know where to find him. That's what we waste more time on here than anything else, anyway, just looking for each other. You can't see a man—I mean, see him to recognize him—if he gets more than twenty or thirty feet away from you. All you see is his light. And if you try to yell for him, well . . ." We were past the end of the truck road and getting deep into the cave, but the great double row of stone pillars still marched with us. All the spaces between were filled with tiers of mushroom boxes. Suddenly Mr. Myer shouted a name. Since I was right beside him, I heard it fairly plainly; it was something like Mallon. But as soon as the syllables were out of his mouth, the sound began to reverberate, ricochetting from the ceiling to the walls and among the pillars until the cavern was filled with a hollow, meaningless booming. As the echoes died away, they rose in pitch, ending as a series of distant, staccato hoots that seemed to come from everywhere at once. It was apparently a stunt that the mushroom people liked to try on visitors, for I saw that Mr. Myer was watching me expectantly. "Quite an echo we got here, eh?" he said. "But you can see, you could be in the next gallery from me and not know who I was calling or from where."

We walked on till we came to a row of mushroom boxes filling one of the side galleries. "You wanted to know how we grow mushrooms, didn't you? I guess it's about time we started." He paused and looked at me uncertainly. "How much do you know about mushrooms, anyway?" I had to tell him that I knew very little. As it turned out, I came away from my visit to the cave hardly wiser than I had been before. Growing mushrooms, like growing any vegetable, is not an exact science. It's a form of husbandry, and the principles governing its proper practice are not well defined.

THE mushroom beds for the Knaust brothers' caves are prepared at the spawning plant in Coxsackie and sent into them filled with the earth, the spawn, and the manure that is essential to the spawn's development. Besides fumigating and cleaning the mines between crops, the men in the caves tend the beds during the growing period—mostly a matter of keeping the moisture of the soil just right—and harvest the plants when they are ripe. Both jobs are complicated by the extraordinary fragility of mushrooms and the rapidity with which they grow. Corn, for example, ripens in from seventy to ninety days, and if you don't pluck the ears on the first day of ripening, or the next, or the next, there is still no great danger of deterioration. Mushrooms, on the other hand, have a growing cycle of less than two weeks, and at their maturity a delay of only a few hours can be important. There are four grades of mushrooms, Mr. Myer told me: "Buttons," which are the small, solid-headed, not quite full-grown ones; "fancies," or plants which have reached their maximum growth; "specials," really just extra-large fancies; and "opens," or "canneries," which are plants that have grown too large, thus losing some of their roundness, firmness, and smooth texture, and are only worth sending to the Knaust cannery to be packed for use in soups, stews, and so on. Very often a delay of one day can mean the difference between a button and a fine, meaty, swollen-to-bursting special, or between a special and a nowhere near as valuable cannery. As we walked through the cave, Mr. Myer spent some time trying to teach me how to judge those differences. About all I learned, however, was that the mushrooms are judged more or less on the fly. He scanned each tier of boxes carefully from top to bottom. It was like gardening by flashlight in the middle of a very dark night, for the beds had that damp, loamy smell that soil rarely has by day, and the plants, as our lanterns played over them, had the same startled look that most growing things have at night when a bright light is cast on them.

The majority of the beds we passed contained nothing but a scattering of immature plants, for the pickers had just

THE ARCHITECTS

Every soldier is his own architect, a specialist
In the small home constructed reasonably
Along pretty traditional lines, complete with
Smiling wife at ease on screened veranda.

So the world is full of vine-covered cottages,
With foxholes for foundations. In one sense
These show a discouraging lack of originality
And are weak in detail. Some lack plumbing.

Certain features, however, are well conceived:
Slippers await constantly on the hearths,
Children are blond, blue-eyed, behaved,
Hearts are pure, life good, love endless.

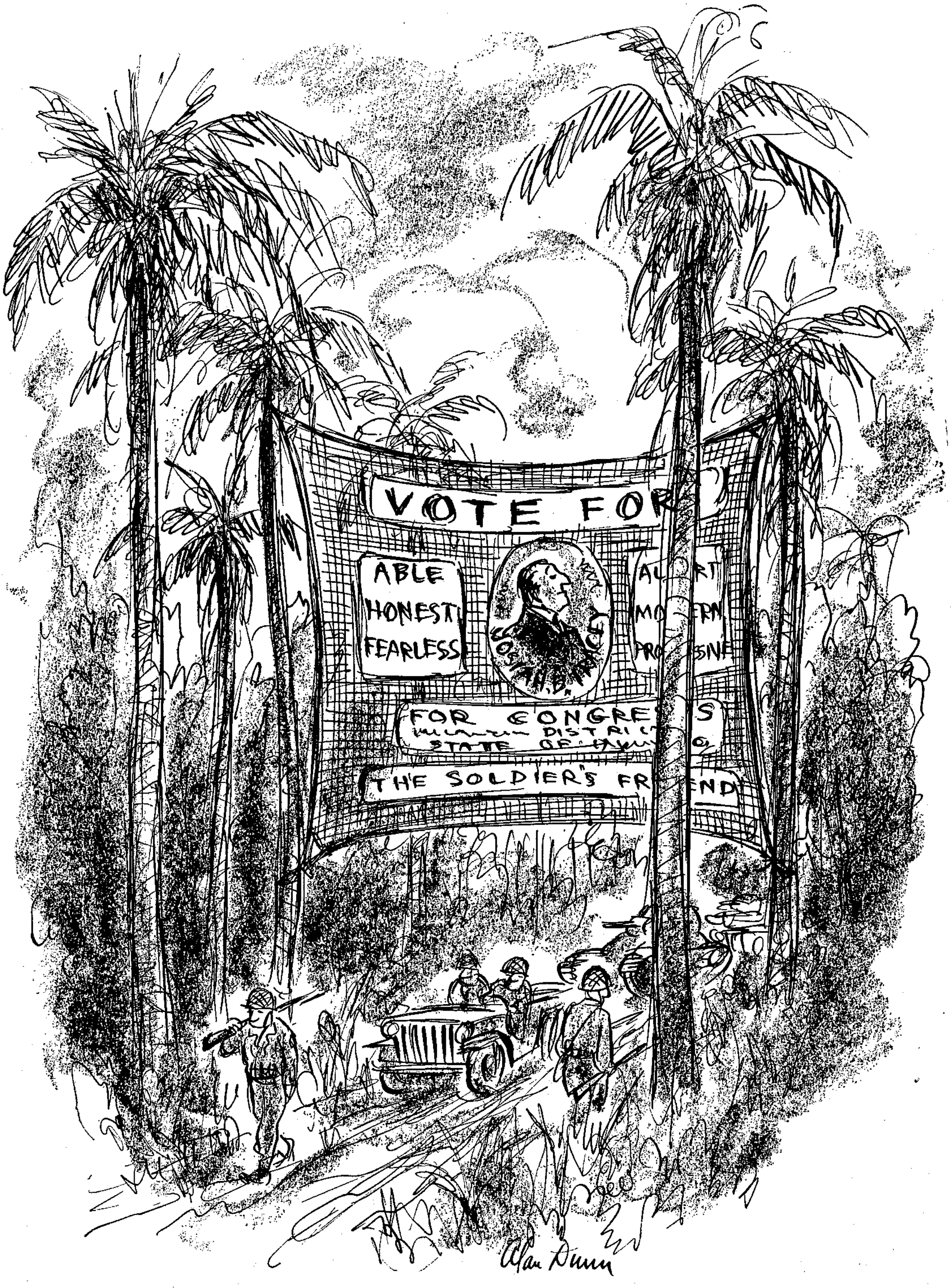
They talk of the home of the future with
Movable walls. But it is the home of the
Present that every soldier's mind inhabits,
Built on the clouds over post, camp, or station.

—W. W. GIBSON

• •

been through this section. Now and then, however, Mr. Myer would pause and the beam from his lamp would fix itself on a larger specimen. "Take that one," he'd say, and he would reach out and feel it gently. "Looks as though it was ready to pick right now, doesn't it? Feel the head, though—how solid and springy it is, and a kind of plump smoothness to the skin? Well, the boys done right to leave that one. It can wait till tomorrow for picking and be all the better for it." I would feel the head too, as directed, and agree. The trouble was that when, a few minutes later, I was told to feel another mushroom, a plant that was ready to be picked immediately, the sensations my fingers registered—of springiness, plumpness, smoothness, and so on—were exactly the same.

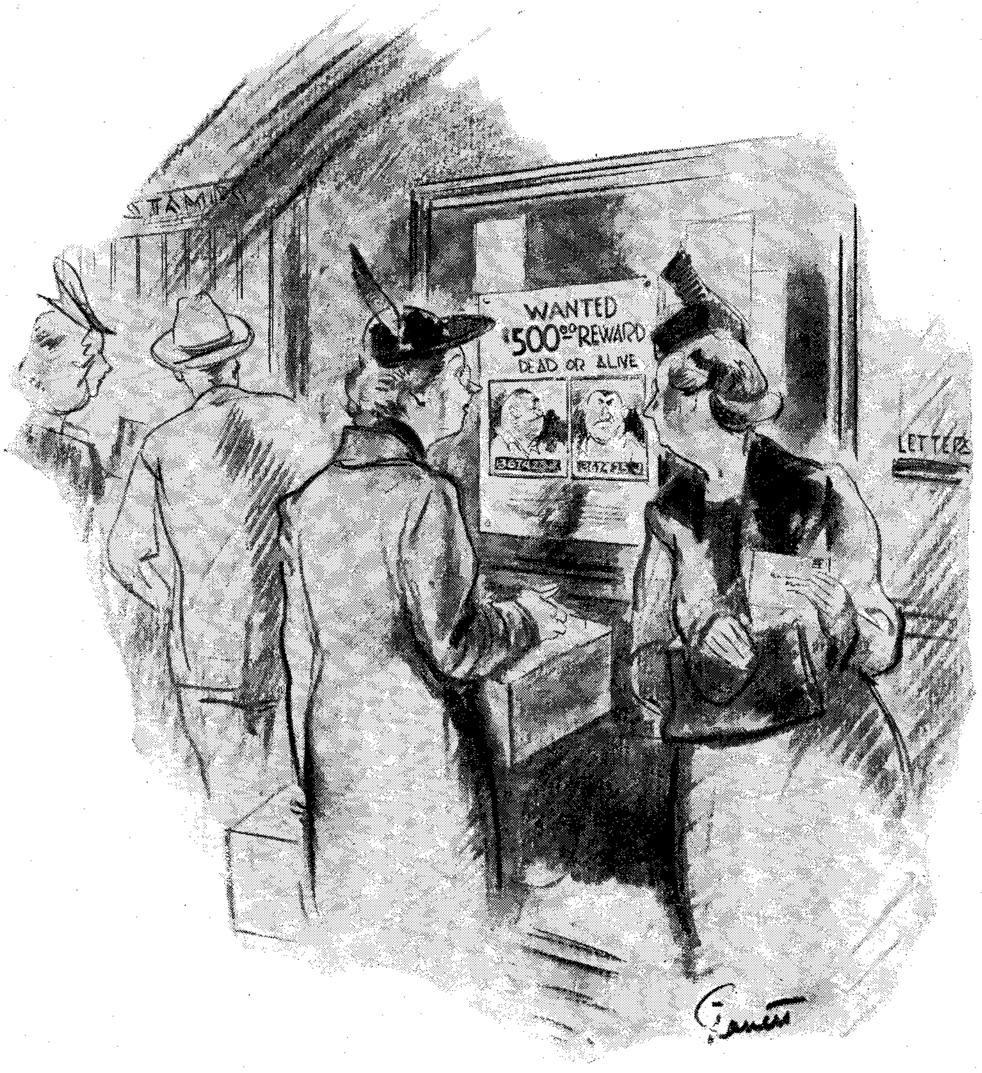
"Well," Mr. Myer said at last, "I suppose it takes time to get on to it. But that's the main trick a man has to know around here—when to pick and when not to. Otherwise he just tends his patch, like any other farmer, except that down here he hasn't any weeds to worry about. Down here, there is nothing at all grows but mushrooms. We've got twenty-two men on the job here now. We've had up to fifty, but the war took a lot of them away, and it isn't a trade you can get the hang of overnight. This cave isn't anywhere near planted full, but even so, with about fourteen thousand boxes under cultivation, each man has six or seven hundred of them to take care of. When the plants start popping up, that's enough to keep anyone busy. It's a good thing all the plants don't come up at the same time. The darn things are so delicate you would hardly believe it, and the least little difference in the way the spawn lies in the soil makes a big difference in the time it takes to come up. The way it works out, we can generally count on four or five blooms, as we call them, to each planting. What I mean, about a week or ten days after the boxes come in, we get one crop of mushrooms, and that's the biggest and richest of them all. Then when that's pretty well died out, we get another one, and so on for a couple of months, and by that time the growth is finished. Then we dump the boxes, clean the cave out, and start over again."



WE went along one of the side galleries, with a row of pillars on our left and on our right a wall of solid rock. The wall was rough and irregular, sometimes bulging out in massive, buttress-like formations, sometimes retreating into deep niches and crevices, just as the rock had broken under the miners' tools. One could even make out the marks of the drill here and there, and it occurred to me to ask Mr. Myer if he knew anything about the history of the cave. "No, I don't," he said. "Except I know that it goes away back. And of course there are all sorts of stories. Why, there's even a story that there is another cave, even bigger than this one, underneath here, only they say that the entrance was blocked by a big fall of rock long ago. I don't know as I quite believe it. Seems to me it would be a wasteful way of mining, with one cave on top of the other. Not to mention the danger of cave-ins. But there's no denying that there's places here where if you pound the floor hard you get a kind of hollow sound."

He paused for a slow look around him. "But it's a strange kind of place just the same, isn't it?" he said. "A strange place to be growing things. I was fresh off a farm when I came to work here, in this mine, and I want to tell you the first few weeks I did a lot of exploring. Not that there's much more to see than you're seeing right now. But you can poke around, and in the darkness, with only a flashlight to see by, things can look pretty mysterious. There's a lake here, an underground lake, that I'll have to show you. It's a little way farther on. And there's a place, it's right over there"—he pointed toward a cavity in the wall, so deep that it looked like the entrance to a tunnel—"where they say they found a skeleton when they came to open up the cave again. Some say it was the owner of the mine, who had got caught in here some way and died, and that's why the mine closed down. Some say it was just a tramp. I don't know. I don't even know if there ever was a skeleton. It's just one of the stories." He looked at me and grinned. "But we told it to a night watchman we had here once. We've had to have a night watchman ever since some kids sneaked in and wrecked a lot of mushroom beds. Well, we told him the story, and next morning he swore he had seen the ghost, and next night he didn't show up at all. Here's the lake."

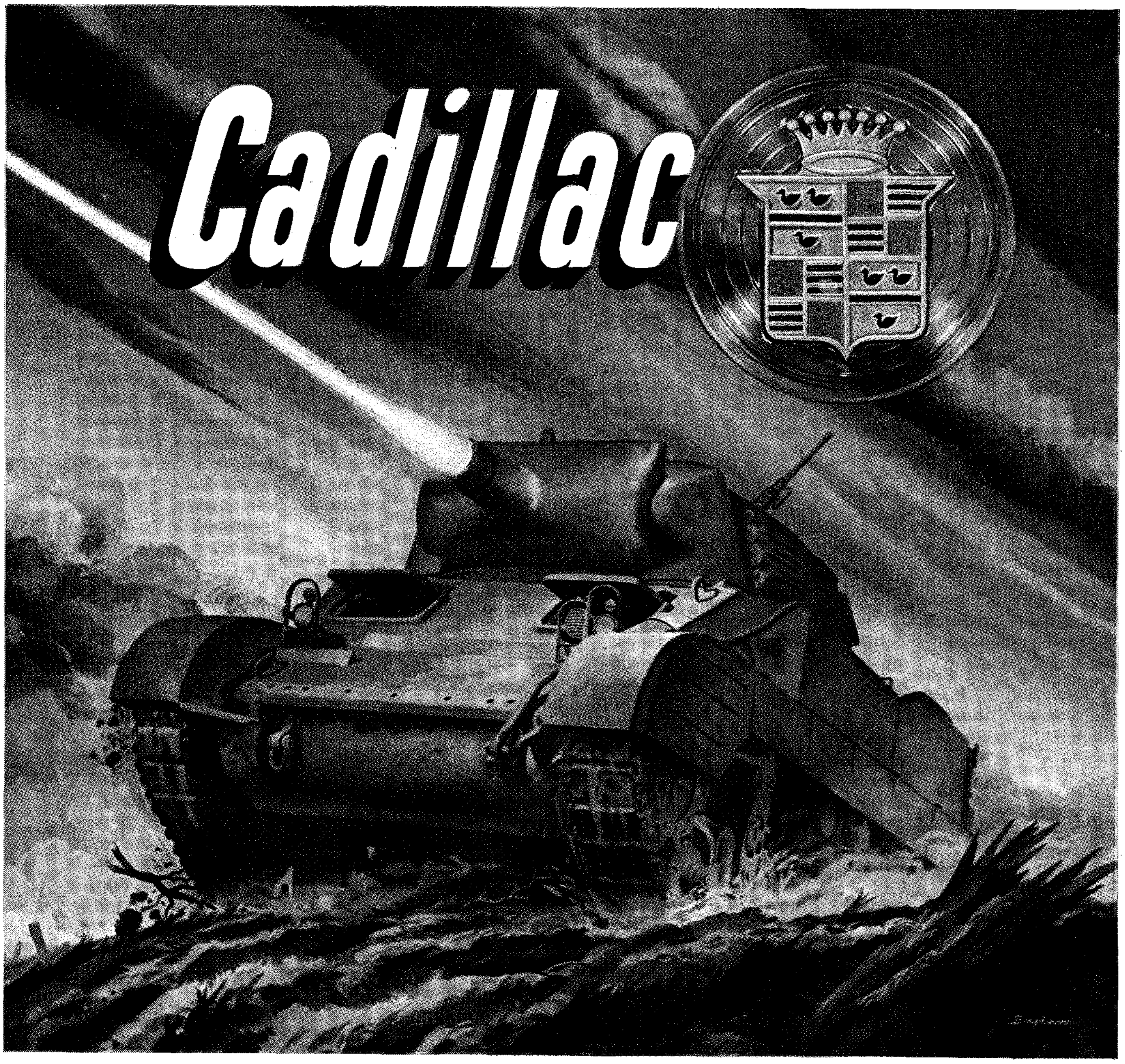
When we halted, I realized that we were standing at the edge of a body of water. What I saw of it was limited by the scope of my lantern, and since I'd been walking with my eyes on the ground, the first thing that came into the lantern's beam as I raised my head was a bit of the shore line—the sharp slope of the rocky floor, gray and curiously dead, like all the rock in the cave, and the sinuous curve of the waterline as it followed the floor's irregularities. The water was pitch-black, and as the beam of my lantern shot out across the surface I saw that there was no trace of movement on it, not even of that hardly perceptible heaving that disturbs the quietest pond in the open, and the blackness of the water and its utter stillness gave it a menacing appearance. I couldn't see how far it extended. I could see that the ceiling of the cave swept downward and the walls came toward each other a hundred feet or so from where we stood, as if the end of the cave were not much farther, but beyond that the light from my lantern petered out in the darkness. When I asked Mr. Myer about the size of the lake, he said he didn't know.



"*I could certainly* *use* *five hundred dollars.*"

"Not for sure, anyway," he said. "When I came here that was one of the things I explored, of course. Another fellow and I, we knocked together a kind of raft out of some old lumber that was lying around, and we paddled out as far as we could go. But the trouble is, you get out just so far—oh, not far; maybe a couple of hundred feet beyond what you see here—and the roof narrows down till you just can't go any farther. But if you lean down and peer ahead, you can still see the water, as far as your torch will reach. There's a story, too, that it's supposed to be bottomless. I don't know about that. We let down about fifty feet of line we had, with a stone on the end, and there were places where we didn't hit bottom. But that don't prove that it's really bottomless. The funny thing is that it changes level. It's low now, but sometimes it will rise as high as where we're standing, or even higher. Then it drops down again. It's just seepage from the rains up top that does it, I guess, or else maybe some spring that feeds it and then stops. But it's kind of mysterious, just the same." He looked silently at the water for a moment. "Maybe there *is* a cave under this one, at that, and the water filled it, and that's why you can't strike bottom," he said.

I had been looking at the water, too. I'm not troubled particularly by claustrophobia, but earlier I had had a moment—not just as I had entered the cave but as Mr. Myer and I had come out of the packing shed at the start of our tour—when a sense of the weight and threat of the rock piled over our heads had borne down on me, and to feel comfortable I had had to remind myself of the years that the cave had withstood that weight. Now that feeling came back, even stronger, and somehow the water had something to do with it. The water looked mean, it looked wicked, it meant something that I wanted no part of, and almost before I knew what I was doing I was glancing at my watch and saying something like "Well, I must be get-



Cannon on a rampage ... at 30 miles an hour!

Here's a picture of something that the enemy doesn't like! It's a 75-millimeter cannon—roaring along at thirty miles an hour—maneuvering for position from which to pour its high-explosive shells on a moving target.

Utilizing a Cadillac-built tank chassis—which is powered by two Cadillac V-type engines with Hydra-Matic transmissions—this M-8 Howitzer gives to demolition artillery a degree of mobility it has never known before. For the M-8 is not only *fast*—it is highly maneuverable as well.

This is but one of the weapons Cadillac has built for the Allied arsenal. Cadillac also helped to design the M-5 light tank—and produced it in quantity. And, for more than five years, Cadillac has built, in great volume, many precision parts for the Allison engine.

"Victory is our business" here at Cadillac. In 1939 we began working in co-operation with Army Engineers on our first wartime assignment. And since that time we have labored night and day to help give the world's finest fighting men the world's finest armament.

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BACK THE ATTACK
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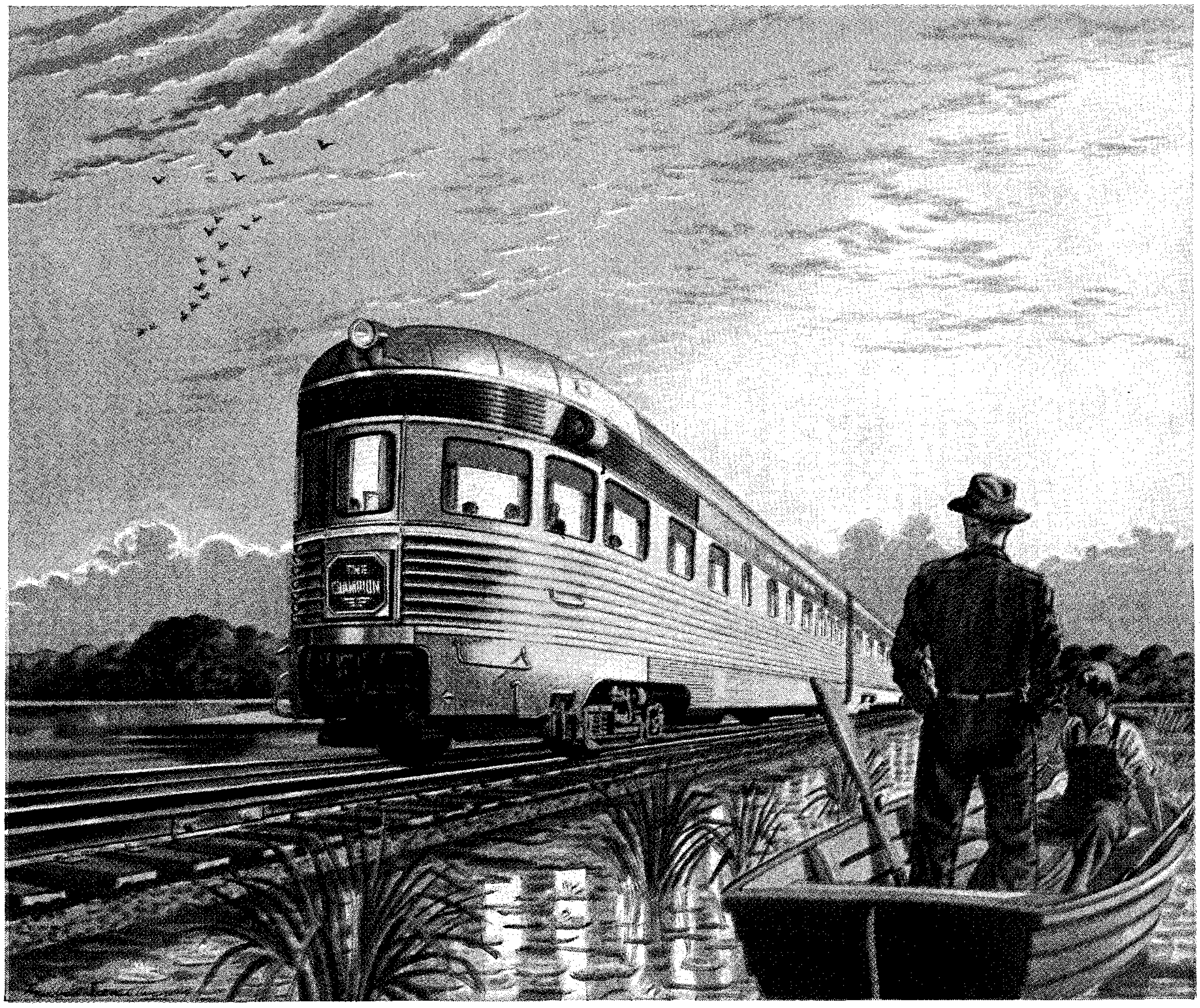

The Champion, Florida-bound through Carolina marshes

TRAINS OF THE MODERN WORLD

Along the sun track to Florida, through historic tidewater country, the Atlantic Coast Line's Champion links southern resorts with populous cities of the north.

Budd-designed and Budd-built of gleaming stainless steel, the Champion is truly a modern train. Its coaches, with reclining chairs and individual lighting, are comfortable by day or night. Dining and observation cars are beautifully decorated and appointed. Genuine air-conditioning assures comfort in Winter or Summer.

The Champion is one of a fleet of trains, now running on America's foremost railroads which, through the war emergency, are demonstrating the superiority of stainless steel and soundness of Budd construction. When materials and men are released from war production, their building will be resumed, with still more advanced ideas for the comfort, convenience and safety of the traveling public.

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*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Budd

ting on." Mr. Myer may have had an inkling of what was in my mind. He saw me out of the cave, by the same route I had followed coming in, and when we reached the sun and the warmth and the spaciousness of the outside world, he turned to me almost shyly and said, "It's a safe place, you know. Maybe you had a feeling it wasn't, but it is."

I said I was sure of that, but he went right on. "We've been there a good many years now and never had an accident," he said. "The funny thing, too, is it's healthy. When I first went to work there, I used to worry. You know, working in a cave like that, I thought I'd catch colds, maybe even worse. But I've been here about six years now and I haven't had even so much as a cold." We were standing at the base of the cliff, near the tunnel entrance, and he glanced at the rock face and then reached out and touched it gently. The rock was brown and deeply weathered, and in the crevices you could see some patches of moss and lichen growing. "Funny, isn't it?" he said. "The rock up here looks so different than it does down below." With a thumbnail he pried off a bit of lichen and laid it in the palm of one hand. "Even this stuff don't grow down there, did you notice?" He stood staring at the fragment for a moment, then flipped it away. "Well," he said, "I guess I better be getting back down."

—Robert M. Coates

•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT
(WHEREAS DIVISION)

[*Resolution adopted at the 1944 convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs*]

International Coöperation for Peace and Post-War Planning.

Whereas two world wars in a single generation have brought upon humanity immeasurable death and destruction and have demonstrated the urgent necessity of international collaboration for the maintenance of peace and justice among the nations; and

Whereas the United States, after attempting to remain apart from each of these wars, has, in defense of its own security and freedom, been drawn into them at heavy cost in human lives and material wealth; therefore be it

Resolved, That the General Federation of Women's Clubs in convention assembled, April, 1944, requests the President of the United States, the Governors of the several States, and each Member of Congress to use their best efforts to advance the present price of crude oil 35 cents per barrel, and thereby create an incentive for drilling an adequate number of exploratory wells, which will increase our rapidly dwindling crude oil reserves...

LISTEN: OCTOBER 7, 1944

The other day Jim Shattuck, now Lieutenant USNR, formerly of the CBS department of editing and copyright, heard Admiral Stark in Europe say to his face:

"It appears that during the planning and execution of radio coverage of the operation (the invasion of Normandy) you discharged your duties with unusual energy and ability. In making arrangements for the first use, under operational conditions, of film recording provided by the Navy Department, and in results you achieved, you drew extensive praise from the radio industry...you are hereby commended."

Opposite Shattuck on the globe George Hayward, a former apprentice technician around CBS, was one of 8 men who landed with equipment for an Armed Forces Radio Station to be set up on a South Pacific Island. The $15,000 transmitter had a thick crust of salt, the dials were unreadable, the knobs wouldn't turn, half the parts were missing. So the boys patched it up, turned on the current, and blew out the transformer. They threw it away, dug up some tin cans and some wire, tied them together, spit down wind for luck, and started broadcasting. Today they're on the air 90 hours a week. Private First Class Hayward won a Battle Star in the Southwest Pacific Theatre.

Now, here are a few other CBS people whose overseas service has been honored:

DAN MAZER, usher in a CBS Playhouse, *Technical Sergeant*, AUS: Silver Star. Purple Heart with Oakleaf Clusters. Presidential Unit Citation. Paratrooper's ribbon for 100 jumps.

HOWARD MILLER, production department, *Captain*, USAAF: Distinguished Flying Cross.

FRED GOLD, auditing department, *Captain*, USMC: Presidential Unit Citation.

FRANK MCGOWAN, auditing department, *Corporal*, AUS: Soldier's Medal.

WALTER BAILEY, traffic department, *Staff Sergeant*, USAAF: Air Medal.

JOE SHARP, mail room, *Gunner's Mate* 3/c: Purple Heart.

EDWARD NIESTUCHOWSKI, purchasing department, *Captain*, AUS: Purple Heart.

CHARLES VANDA, program department, *Major*, AUS: Legion of Merit Medal.

WARREN WAGENSEIL, mail room, MM *Seaman:* Combat Bar with Star.

STANLEY FRANKEL, press information, *Captain*, AUS: Presidential Unit Citation.

CLARENCE WORDEN, press information, *Major*, AUS: American Theatre Ribbon (World War II) Victory Medal, Army of Occupation Medal (World War I).

ROBERT EDGE, sports announcer, *Lieutenant*, USCGR: Bronze Star.

★

Letters still trickle in applauding that broadcast. Maybe you heard it. The forenoon of the Fourth of July. The program *Invitation to Learning* on CBS at 11:30. The topic: The Constitution of the United States. No fusty rehash this. A voice—the live rich voice of Jose Ferrer, in the words of Alexander Hamilton himself:

"The people, sir, are turbulent, changing. They seldom judge or determine right."

His adversary at the microphone is Thomas Jefferson—as Raymond Edward Johnson recreates him:

"The years, Mr. Hamilton, have not enriched your judgment in this matter. I have unlimited faith in the people—in their common sense. I believe that human nature is indefinitely perfectible!"

There was a perfect example of radio's ability to leap the hurdle of time. For the unseen voice of the competent actor lends plausibility to the speaker, and vitality and conviction to his words—and above all, immediacy to his ideas. It's hard to fan this spark even in the readable history books—though upon the printed page radio freely draws, and to it adds new power.

Invitation to Learning does this every Sunday morning. It's a steady demonstration of the new partnership of ink and the electrons. Seeing how far radio has come in how short a time, CBS can't help believing that radio is as "indefinitely perfectible" as human nature.

★

This is
CBS
the COLUMBIA
BROADCASTING SYSTEM

How's your Libra today?

HE-MAN
COMICS
G-MEN
COMICS
COMICS

IT MUST be pretty good, because . . .

You men born under the sign of Libra* are gracious, kind, friendly, and gentle. You have extremely fine judgment . . . so fine, in fact, that people bring their problems to you for solving.

Naturally, if they have shirt trouble, you'll tell them to buy a few Arrow Shirts. For Arrows are flatterers from the word go. The Arrow Collar fits swell, and looks better. The buttons *can't* pop off. And the Sanforized label won't allow more than a niggardly 1% shrinkage. $2.24 up, at your dealer's. Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

Don't blame your Arrow dealer if he happens to be out of your favorite Arrow Shirt. Considering all the war restrictions, he's doing a swell job! Try him again, later. Arrows are worth waiting for!

Arrow Shirts

*Libra period—Sept. 23 to Oct. 23 (A great time to buy War Bonds. Buy an *extra* one today!)

OF ALL THINGS

ONE can understand why the fourth birthday party of the Tripartite Pact was such a gloomy affair. Hitler and his friends devised a wonderful axis, but the world stubbornly refused to revolve around it.

•

Churchill warns us that the Nazis may surrender a little at a time instead of all at once. It would be just like them to spoil the Allies' plans for a big V-Day celebration.

•

Latest reports from the western front indicate that the weather is lending Germany a helping hand. Our soldiers are finding that the holy soil of the Fatherland is just a lot of unholy mud.

•

Secretary Morgenthau is said to believe that the Reich should not be allowed to rebuild its heavy industry after the war. His program would require the Germans to spend the next thousand years making butter instead of guns.

•

The Republican high command is hoping that many independent voters were offended by the facetiousness in Roosevelt's Washington speech. We may therefore assume that even if the G.O.P. happens to know any jokes, it won't crack them until after election.

•

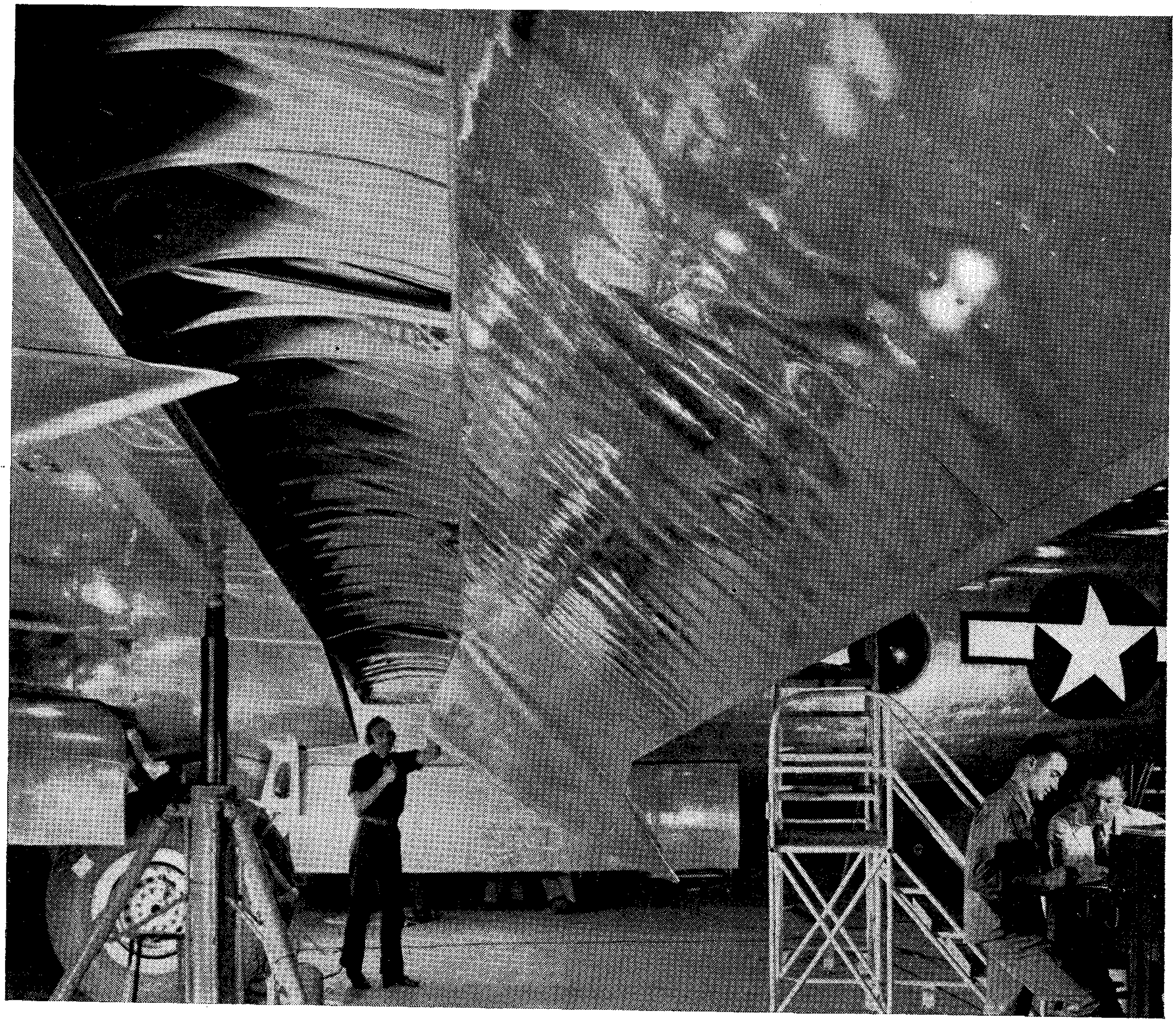
Red herrings were never more plentiful than in this campaign. An innocent bystander might easily get the impression that Harding and Hoover were running against Hillman and Browder.

•

Analyses show that Dewey needs to carry only nine key Eastern and Midwest states, in addition to the ones Willkie got in 1940, to win the election. In other words, all he needs to put him into the White House is a landslide.

•

Frank Gannett's Committee for Constitutional Government has refused to give the House investigators a list of its financial backers on the ground that it is an educational, not a political, organization. No doubt any resemblance to other anti-New Deal outfits is purely coincidental. —HOWARD BRUBAKER



It's One of the "Brakes" on the Boeing Superfortress

The new Boeing Superfortress is capable of speeds that compare favorably with pursuit planes. It carries the largest bomb load in the world, has unprecedented range, and can wage war at altitudes higher than any other bomber.

How can such an airplane take-off and land on any ordinary airfield?

You're looking at one of the reasons: The wing-flap of the new Boeing B-29 wing. In effect, this gives the Superfortress *two* wings . . . one for flying, and one for take-off and landing.

In order to decrease the take-off distance and landing speed, the flaps roll back and down, increasing the total wing area by 19% and changing the whole flying characteristics of the plane. Though half again as big and considerably faster than the Flying Fortress, the Boeing Superfortress requires a runway of just about the same length.

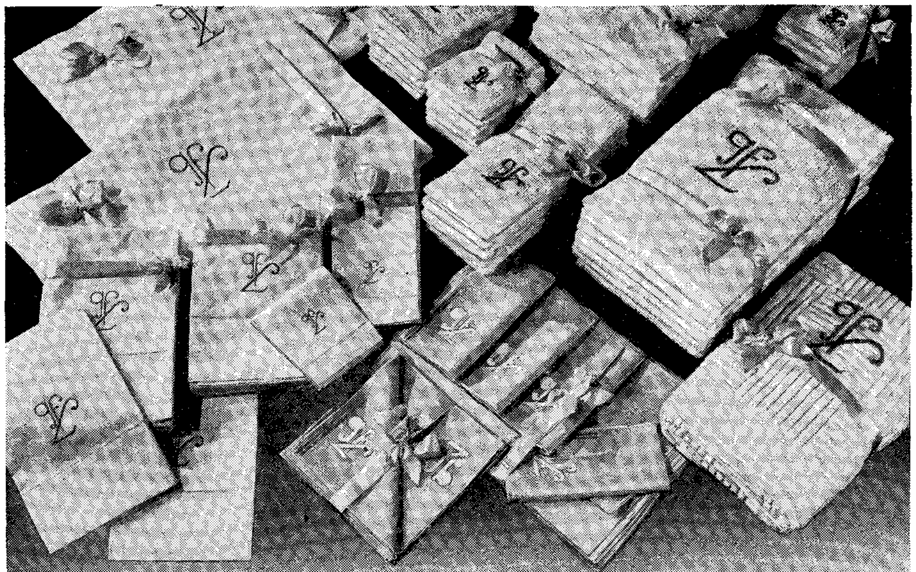
The new Boeing B-29 wing is considered one of the great engineering achievements in aircraft history. Usually you have to compromise between *load* and *performance;* sacrifice one in order to get the other. But the new Boeing wing gives both! It has more aerodynamic refinement than ever before achieved in a wing of its type and magnitude.

As the world well knows, the first production Superfortresses already have entered combat. They are taking their place along with the famous Flying Fortresses as Boeing's effort to provide the Army's great bombing crews with the best possible airplanes to accomplish their hazardous and important missions.

• • •

When the war is over, Boeing research, design, engineering and manufacture will be turned once more to products of peace. Of any such product you can be sure . . . if it's "Built by Boeing" it's bound to be good.

DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE NEW B-29 SUPERFORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS **BOEING**



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"*Flexaire*"

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The BRA for Bosom Beauty

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LETTER FROM LONDON

OCTOBER 1 (BY CABLE)

IT was bad luck that the Government happened to issue its long-awaited White Papers on social security and demobilization at a time when everybody's attention was painfully fixed on Arnhem. This past week was not one in which many Englishmen could turn their attention to a design for Britain at peace. Words of any kind were difficult to utter and countless English families paid the story of the courageous stand at Arnhem the tribute of saying absolutely nothing as they sat at their radios listening to the tired broadcasters who had come back to tell what happened. The story of Arnhem, which already has become a proud part of English history, was being read to school children before the week was out. Even though people had gone around for weeks saying that the battle would get tough when it got near Germany, it was a jolt when they realized how right they had been. One immediate reaction seems to be that nobody is as eager now to trot out his hunch about when the war will end as he was a while back. Those who do make predictions tend to be as cautious as Mr. Churchill was the other day. The Prime Minister's speech, even though he refused to be over-rosy, made everybody feel better, because it did the job of bringing Arnhem and the rest of the war picture into the proper perspective. Many people here were especially glad that he dealt with the Burma campaign and with figures on British casualties and the percentage of British troops in the Allied armies, sore subjects that have long provided the Nazis with fine material for propaganda in their little tries to split the Allies. Now that the Prime Minister has given the facts on these matters, the folks at home, not to mention the boys over there and particularly the forces in Burma (who sometimes bitterly speak of themselves as "the forgotten men"), should feel relieved.

BECAUSE of all these disturbing preoccupations, there has been remarkably little excitement over the Government's remodelling of the Beveridge Plan—nothing, at any rate, that can be compared with the enormous surge of public interest over the original

Pictures carry him back...

2X Minicolor Print, from a miniature Kodachrome transparency. Reduced in size.

Kodacolor snapshot, reduced in size.

Minicolor Prints

A letter . . . a Minicolor Print . . . and he's back home again . . . walking a well-remembered street with a little daughter who can't take her eyes off him.

Bring *your* serviceman back home for a visit . . . send real-as-life Minicolor Prints made from your Kodak Bantam or 35-mm. Kodachrome Film transparencies. Minicolor Prints, full-color photographic enlargements, reproduce all the natural beauty of your original transparencies. Three sizes. Order through your Kodak dealer.

Kodacolor Snapshots

Or send Kodacolor snapshots. With Kodacolor Film, anyone—in bright sunlight—can take these beautiful color snapshots with an ordinary Kodak or Brownie. From the negatives, the Kodak Company makes Kodacolor Prints—full-color snapshot prints on paper . . . Kodacolor Film, like all film, is scarce; but there's a little to be had. Ask your Kodak dealer . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

THE MARCH OF COLOR

IN 1928 Kodak brought out a film for making home movies in full color.

IN 1935 Kodak introduced full-color Kodachrome Film—making color movies available to every American home.

IN 1936 Kodachrome "still pictures," shot with a Kodak Bantam or 35-mm. camera, became the joy of tens of thousands.

IN 1938 Kodachrome sheet film led to full-color photographs as magazine and newspaper illustrations.

IN 1941 Kodak introduced Minicolor Prints from miniature Kodachrome Film transparencies—the first direct full-color photographic prints.

IN 1942 Kodacolor Film fulfilled the dream of generations—color snapshots, full-color prints made from color negatives in an ordinary roll-film camera.

Kodak Research HAS MADE COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY A PART OF EVERYONE'S LIFE

"My beer is
RHEINGOLD
—the DRY beer!"
says JANE HOUSE,
MISS RHEINGOLD 1944

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL HESSE

Rheingold
EXTRA DRY
Lager Beer

BREWED BY *Liebmann Breweries,*
BREWERS FOR OVER 100 YEARS EST. 1837-IN NEW YORK 1855

It's beer as beer should taste!

DRY tells you WHY!

- Rheingold is light and hearty—not sweet. Its quality of DRYNESS lets the clean, clear, real-beer flavor come through.

Due to the ever-increasing demand for Rheingold, your dealer may not always have enough to supply you.

But to up the quantity, we'd have to cut the quality. And that is something we'll never do. You can be sure that Rheingold will always be beer as beer should taste.

Copr. 1944 Liebmann Breweries, Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Buy War Bonds! Keep on Buying! Keep 'em Flying!

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS
THE MUSICAL HIT
OKLAHOMA!
Based on LYNN RIGGS' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
Betty GARDE Harry STOCKWELL Joseph BULOFF Evelyn WYCKOFF
ST. JAMES. W. 44th. Evgs. 8:30 Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

(in association with Jack H. Skirball)
JACOBOWSKY and the COLONEL
The FRANZ WERFEL - S. N. BEHRMAN COMEDY
Staged by ELIA KAZAN
LOUIS CALHERN • ANNABELLA • OSCAR KARLWEIS
MARTIN BECK Thea. 45th W. of 8th Ave.
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

"AN IRRESISTIBLE DELIGHT!"
—BARNES, Herald Trib.
ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr.
presents
Margaret SULLAVAN & Elliott NUGENT
in JOHN VAN DRUTEN'S Comedy
the Voice of the Turtle
with AUDREY CHRISTIE
MOROSCO, 45th St. W. of B'way.
Evenings 8:35 Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:35

"Hilarious, Irresistible."
—GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
CHICKEN EVERY SUNDAY
with SIDNEY BLACKMER • LOIS WILSON
PLYMOUTH Theatre, 45th St. West of B'way
Eves. 8:40. Matinees Saturday & October 12 at 2:40

"No. 1 on the Hit Parade."
Winchell, Mirror
EDWIN LESTER Presents
The New Operetta Triumph
SONG OF NORWAY
IMPERIAL Thea. 45th St., West of Broadway
CO. 5-2412. Evgs. 8:30 Sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"A gay comedy has come to town."
—Barnes, Her. Trib.
MAX GORDON presents The Hilarious Comedy Hit
WHILE THE SUN SHINES
by TERENCE RATTIGAN
with MELVILLE COOPER
Staged by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
LYCEUM THEA. 45th St. E. of B'way. CH 4-4256
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:40

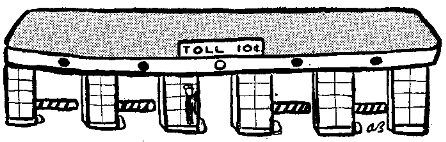
HERMAN SHUMLIN presents
LILLIAN HELLMAN'S New Play
CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER * DENNIS KING * DUDLEY DIGGES
IN The Searching Wind
with BARBARA O'NEIL
FULTON W. 46 St. Eves. 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"THRILLS, LAUGHS, SUSPENSE, EXCITEMENT." Rascoe, World-Tel.
AGATHA CHRISTIE'S
Mystery Comedy
10 LITTLE INDIANS
BROADHURST THEA. • W. 44th St.
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Sat. & Columbus Day 2:40

Additional Amusement Advertising on page 36

report. There was perhaps a certain amount of surprise that the Government was delivering the goods at last, since the general uninformed opinion on Sir William Beveridge's recent entrance into politics as Liberal candidate for Berwick has been that he was hoping to dive into Westminster to see if he couldn't stir up a few signs of life for some plan or other. After a probably lengthy period of cogitation and legislation, the new plan will presumably become finally a part of ordinary English lives. The press reception of the plan has been on the whole favorable. The Right hails it as being better than Beveridge, the Left as being better, if later, than it had expected. The plan differs from the Beveridge scheme at several important points. For instance, it is kinder to old age than to children, who are to get smaller allowances, helped out by free milk and meal services. Critics say that these services can't possibly be organized on a nationwide basis for some years, and cynics add that children can't vote. However, everybody agrees that it has been a sizable revolution simply to bring England to the point where the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady will stand side by side in the post office, licking identical insurance stamps, and, as Mr. Bevin admiringly pointed out last week, will even, if necessary, be ushered out of life with identical state-aided funerals.

The first, tentative demobilization proposals also got a good reception in the press and in general conversation, but there was some disappointment over the fact that foreign service would not be taken into account in determining the order in which men would be released. As for releases based on the soldier's trade, priority is to be given to the building trade, which is no surprise to anyone aware of the steadily mounting official concern for the health of the many Londoners who are going to have to see the winter through in a bomb-damaged house. People were recently reminded of another urgent priority—which the demobilization plan didn't mention but which is only too sadly evident in every country whose menfolk are away—when somebody issued an order that married men who had had more than three years' service in the Middle East would be granted leave to rush home and start a family. Who-



MICHAEL TODD PRODUCTIONS
MAE WEST
IN PERSON
Catherine was Great
Directed by ROY HARGRAVE
ROYALE THEATRE, 45th St. West of Broadway
Every Eve. (ex. Mon.) 8:40; Mats. Sat. & Sun. 2:40

BOBBY CLARK in
Mexican Hayride
Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
SONGS BY COLE PORTER
WINTER GARDEN, B'way & 50th St.
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30

Pick-Up Girl
with WILLIAM HARRIGAN
by ELSA SHELLEY
Directed by ROY HARGRAVE
48th STREET THEATRE, East of B'way
Eves. incl. Sun. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE OCT. 8-NOV. 5
S. HUROK'S
Fall Victory Season
RUSSIAN BALLET
BY THE Ballet Theatre
TICKETS NOW AT BOX OFFICE
Premiere: $1.20-$6. Eves. Thereafter: $1.20-$4.20. Mats. Oct. 14, 15, 21, 22, 28, Nov. 4, 5: $1.20-$3 (tax incl.) Mail orders
2000 SEATS $1 to 1.50 (plus tax) AT ALL PERFS.

"Newest MUST-SEE Comedy Drama"
—GARLAND, Jour.-Amer.
Anna Lucasta
MANSFIELD, 47 St. W. of B'way. CI 6-9056
Eves. 8:40. Matinees WED. & SAT. 2:40

GEORGE ABBOTT'S FUNNIEST COMEDY HIT — 2nd YEAR
KISS and TELL
By F. HUGH HERBERT
Jessie ROYCE LANDIS • Royal BEAL
BILTMORE THEA., W. 47 Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"BERGNER is MAGNIFICENT"
Life Magazine
Robert REUD & Paul CZINNER present
ELISABETH BERGNER
in The TWO MRS. CARROLLS
By Martin Vale
with ONSLOW STEVENS
2nd YEAR!
BOOTH Thea., W. 45 St. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed., Sat.

Bold and beautiful...La Cross' flamboyant Pirate Red... a shade that's dangerous as midnight...compelling as the lure of treasure. Like all La Cross polishes it's precision checked for lasting beauty, color trueness.

La Cross
America's finest Manicure Implements...Hand Beauty Aids

SCHNEFEL BROS. CORP. • 630 FIFTH AVE. • NEW YORK

ever thought up this idea, no doubt with an eye to Britain's laggard birthrate, apparently blundered, since an amendment was hastily announced confining the concession to husbands of wives over thirty-five. There were, of course, many heartaches for husbands who had already sent air-mail letters home to announce the glad news. It will probably turn out that a startlingly large number of wives have just celebrated their thirty-fifth birthday.

LONDON's biggest local disappointment in a long time was the change-over from the blackout to the dimout, which has turned out to be merely a washout. Since the Germans have from time to time repeated their first-night joke of sending over a stray robot or two, catching Londoners with their blackout down, most people now think it is easier to leave their windows blacked out as usual. The street lighting also looks much as it always did—that is, nonexistent—but the entrances to the corner pub and the local movie now throw a cautious welcoming glow into the gloom. Suburbanites who rashly leave their flashlights at home when they come into town to see the illumination are lucky if they only graze a knee in the blackness. With a winter ahead which may or may not bring with it permission for a real lighting up (or the return of the basic petrol ration for which the Beaverbrook press is yelling), the reaction of Londoners to tales of twinkling lamps in Manchester and other such fortunate cities is decidedly sour.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

REQUISITIONED

Pennies once were sure to glean
Peppermint and wintergreen.
Push the plunger in and click.
Out would pop the proper stick.
Every pillar box supplied
Savor for a subway ride.
Ruminant New Yorkers' jaws
Carried on without a pause.
Any flavor, any brand,
Plentifully came to hand.
Now it seems that Wrigley, too,
Has important work to do,
Has to eke and stretch and stint
Wintergreen and peppermint.
If our pennies draw a blank,
Well, I guess we're bound to thank
Gods of a machine who've got
More to serve than just a slot.

—LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

OPENS OCT. 12th
Maisonette
Songs by Dorothy Shay
Dances by Talia
Magic by Tommy Dowd
PAUL SPARR and LASZLO
Orchestras

NOW OPEN
IRIDIUM Room
Starring
PIERRE D'ANGELO & VANYA
premier dancers
BOB DUPONT, the juggler
Music by Fred Miller
and Theodora Brooks

The St. Regis
FIFTH AVE. AT 55th STREET • NEW YORK

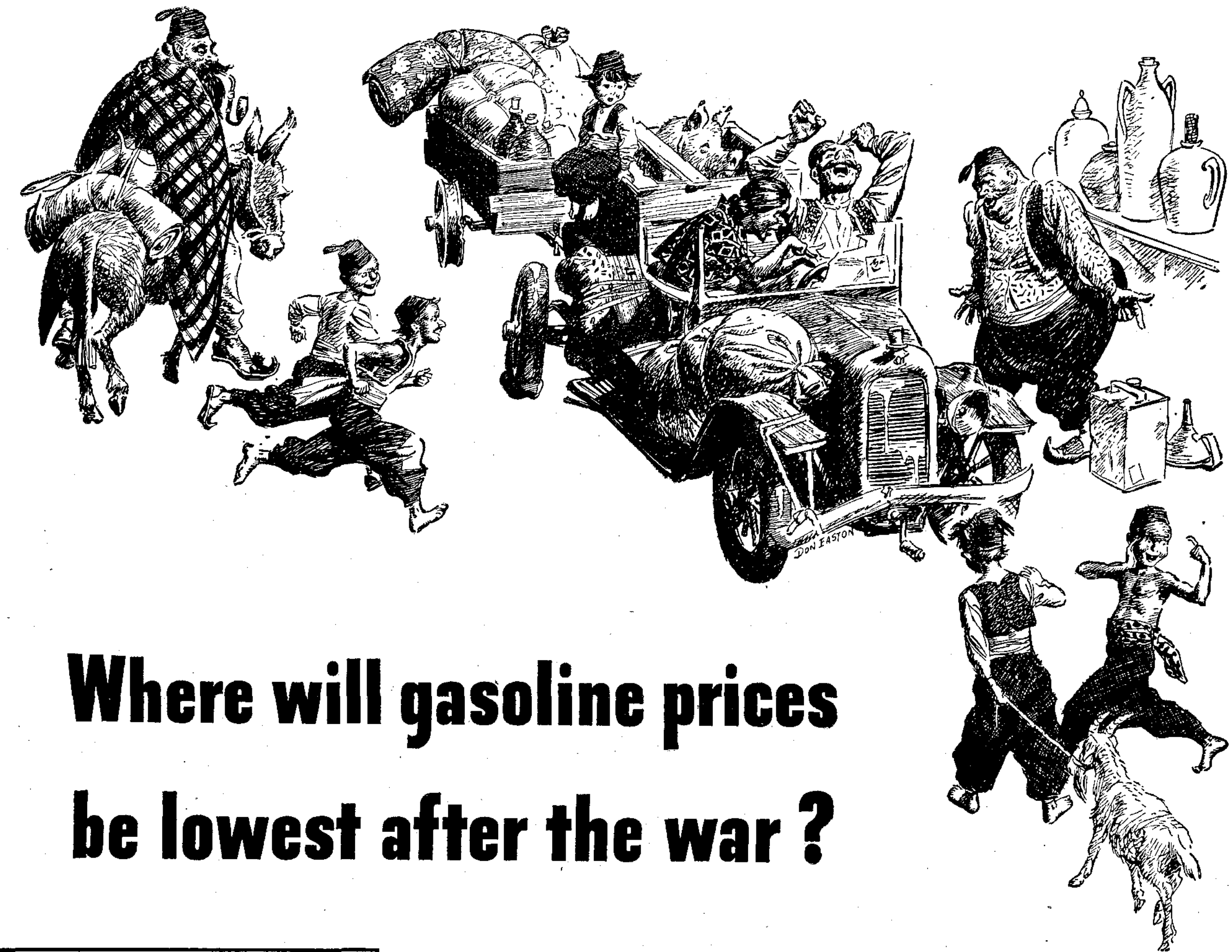
CHERYL CRAWFORD presents
MARY MARTIN
JOHN BOLES
One Touch of Venus
Music by KURT WEILL
Book by S. J. PERELMAN & OGDEN NASH ; Lyrics by OGDEN NASH
Staged by ELIA KAZAN
Dances by Agnes de Mille
Associate producer JOHN WILDBERG
46TH ST. Theatre, West of Broadway
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

ROSE FRANKEN'S New Comedy
"SOLDIER'S WIFE" GOLDEN THEATRE

FOLLOW THE GIRLS
with GERTRUDE NIESEN
Jackie GLEASON Irina BARONOVA Buster WEST Tim HERBERT
44th ST. THEATRE West of Broadway LA. 4-4337
Evgs. 8:30 Sharp. Matinees Wednesday & Saturday, 2:30 Sharp

MOTION PICTURE

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
50th St. & 6th Ave.
GARY COOPER • TERESA WRIGHT
in International Pictures'
"CASANOVA BROWN"
FRANK MORGAN ANITA LOUISE
Distributed through RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.
Spectacular Stage Presentation
1st Mezzanine Seats Reserved. Circle 6-4600

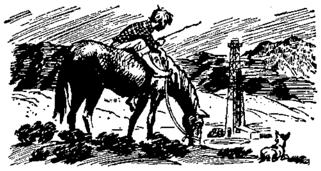


Where will gasoline prices be lowest after the war?

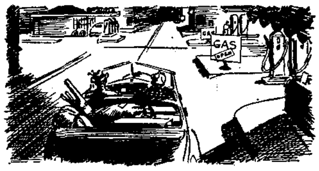
GASOLINE PRICES IN MAJOR CITIES*
(On or about Jan. 10, 1939)

Berlin . . . 59c	**Lisbon . 42c**	**Prague . . 41c**
Bombay . 30c	**London 31c**	**Rome . . . 81c**
Istanbul . 45c	**Paris. . . 30c**	**U.S.Av. 18¾c**

1 Well, in 1939, the last year *before* the war, gasoline cost less in the United States than in any other nation in the world. The average price throughout this country was 18¾c per gallon – including taxes. The average price throughout the rest of the world was 33.7c.

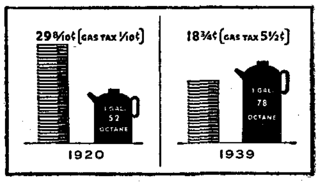


2 Of course, we had plenty of crude oil within our boundaries. But then, so did many other nations. We had the scientists, the equipment and the skilled labor to convert that crude oil into gasoline efficiently. But we weren't alone in that respect either.

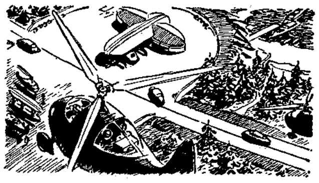


3 What did we have then that kept our prices almost twice as low as the rest of the world's? The answer can be given in one word–*competition.* No nation had as little governmental control of the oil industry. No nation had as many companies *competing* for the business.

4 In most countries, either prices are regulated by the government, or the industry is dominated by two or three big companies. Here, prices are allowed to find their own levels and the *biggest* single company has less than 13% of the country's business.



5 In fact, there are 8,267 *separate* oil companies in this nation *competing* for your patronage. As a result, the cost of "regular" gasoline to you (exclusive of taxes) dropped from 29.7c per gallon in 1920 to 13¼c in 1939. And the quality climbed from 52 octane to 78.



6 That's why we predict that gasoline prices after the war will be lowest *right here in America.* For our *competitive* Free Enterprise System has demonstrated time and again that it can bring better products to more people at lower prices than any system yet devised by man.

---

*Source: *Petroleum Facts & Figures,* 1939; *Authority:* U. S. Bureau of Mines.

UNION OIL COMPANY
OF CALIFORNIA

This series, sponsored by the people of Union Oil Company, is dedicated to a discussion of how and why American business functions. We hope you'll feel free to send in any suggestions or criticisms you have to offer. Write: The President, Union Oil Company, Union Oil Bldg., Los Angeles 14, Calif.

AMERICA'S FIFTH FREEDOM IS FREE ENTERPRISE

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

FIRST BOMB

IF ever the government sets up a marker on a certain spot back in the hills six miles east of the remote hamlet of Brookings, on the coast of southwest Oregon, it will be with good reason. Scarcely an American outside the West Coast states appears to remember, or even to have heard of, the extraordinary event that happened there, but the fact is that it is where the continental United States was bombed for the first—and thus far only—time from an enemy plane.

There is no question about the bomb or its parentage. In order to satisfy my curiosity about it, and since I live in the vicinity anyway, I not only went to see the bomb crater but I held parts of the bomb in my hands. I also talked with the men of the United States Forest Service who saw the plane from which the bomb was dropped, sighted the smoke from the blazes it started, and put the fires out before they had a chance to grow to dangerous proportions.

SHORTLY after six-fifteen on the morning of September 9, 1942, Howard Gardner, the Forest Service guard stationed on Mount Emily in the Siskiyou National Forest, near Brookings, heard a plane. The exhaust, Gardner thought, seemed labored; it had a sort of delayed-action sound, rather like an echo. Presently he sighted the plane. It was tiny, the smallest he had ever seen, and it had extremely short wings. It was flying eastward at a very low altitude—so low that Gardner could see its solitary occupant in the cockpit. Gardner picked up his telephone and called the forest ranger at Gold Beach, a small town north of Brookings, where there is a ranger station; it was then 6:24 A.M. "One plane, type unknown," he reported, "flying low, seen east two miles, now circling." A moment later, as he hung up, the little plane completed its circle and began flying west. It eventually disappeared in that direction.

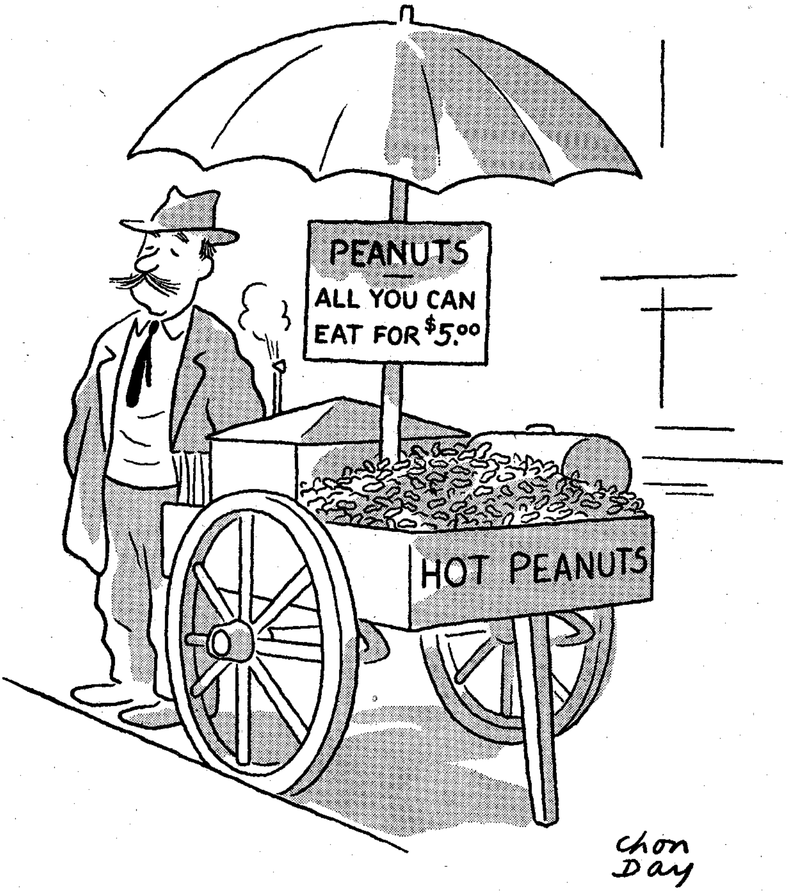
That was all, just then. Gardner, who lives in a small glass-sided cabin on the top of Mount Emily, went about his daily chores. He cooked and ate his breakfast, washed the dishes, tidied up his cabin, and returned to his job of watching the hundreds of square miles of dark-green forest that lie within the Siskiyou National Forest. He saw the fog banks gradually move out of the canyons and drift westward to the sea, six miles away. He took wind, temperature, and humidity readings, all part of his daily routine, and at times he wondered about the odd sound of the tiny plane.

At 12:20 P.M., six hours after Gardner had seen the plane, he noticed a plume of smoke in the east. This was not surprising. A brief but heavy thunderstorm had swept that part of Oregon the night before, and Gardner thought, not unreasonably, that the smoke was coming from a "sleeper fire." Sleepers are a very common sort of forest fire. They are caused most frequently by lightning, and they smolder for several hours in the wet woods before they start to burn in earnest, as the weather clears and the sun dries out the forest. Gardner sighted the smoke on his finder, calculated its position, and again called the ranger at Gold Beach. "A smoke," he said, using the customary Forest Service term. "Township 40 South, Range 12 West, Section 22. That's all."

The ranger at Gold Beach, a veteran named Ed Marshall, who is in charge of that district of the Siskiyou National Forest, immediately called another lookout and asked for what foresters call a cross shot at the smoke. Marshall got his cross shot and, now that the smoke had been sighted from two angles, he was able to locate the fire with absolute accuracy on a map by triangulation. He phoned Gardner back and told him to go to the fire. It was 12:25 P.M. Marshall then dispatched three other foresters to the fire—Keith Johnson, Bob Larson, and Freddie Flynn. Two of these men were stationed at Gold Beach; the third had a post in the forest not far from Mount Emily. They had a fairly good trail almost to the fire, but when they arrived, bringing fire-fighting equipment with them, Gardner was already there.

GARDNER'S trek to the fire was made with a speed that is considered remarkable even by his fellow-woodsmen. From his station on Mount Emily to Township 40 South, Range 12 West, Section 22 is approximately four and a half miles cross-country. This particular four and a half miles of cross-country, in this wild part of Oregon, has to be seen—and walked over—to be believed. It is a jungle, a trackless forest of Douglas fir with a ground of devil clubs, chinquapin, and other brush. The earth goes either uphill or down, the hills are high and the canyons deep, and there was not a trail of any kind that Gardner could use. Nevertheless, he made the four and a half miles in three hours and thirty minutes, which will probably stand as an all-time record for the course. At 3:55 P.M. he was at the fire. Instead of a single blaze, he found many, some of which were burning briskly.

Long before they reached the scene, Gardner and the three other men all noticed what one of them called an "ungodly stink." It was not, they agreed, the smoke of a forest fire, which is rather



Beauty in the American Tradition

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delighting in the Luxury of
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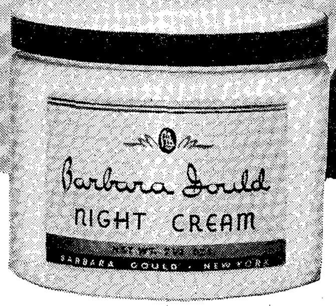
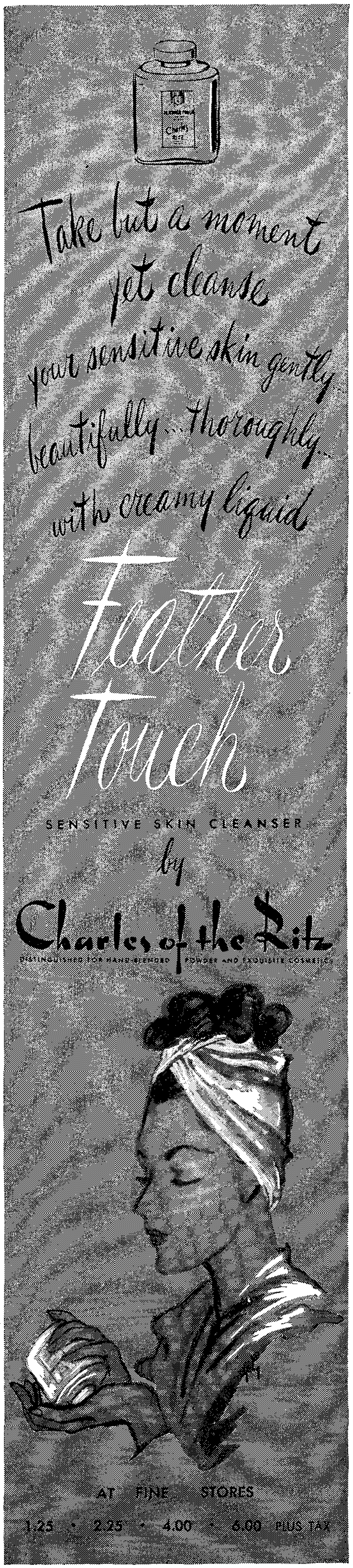
Smart and soignée . . . with a complexion of that brilliant clarity which is so often the result of immaculate skin care. Fitting so well this picture of perfection is Barbara Gould Night Cream . . . the lovely, snowy-white skin cream which so gently, lushly, fragrantly softens, smooths and freshens the skin . . . contributing immeasurably to the glorious natural beauty that is so typically American.



Barbara Gould Night Cream $1.00; $2.50
Barbara Gould Skin Freshener
85c; $1.75; $3.00
(All prices plus tax)

Barbara Gould

NEW YORK



Take but a moment
yet cleanse
your sensitive skin gently
beautifully... thoroughly...
with creamy liquid
Feather
Touch
SENSITIVE SKIN CLEANSER
by
Charles of the Ritz
DISTINGUISHED FOR HAND-BLENDED POWDER AND EXQUISITE COSMETICS
AT FINE STORES
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pleasant in its milder forms. Larson thought it smelled like burning rubber. Johnson said that the stench made him think of the odor from a carbide lamp. Flynn just didn't care.

When Gardner arrived, he noticed an oak tree which had been splintered and broken off as if by lightning. It was not burning. However, an old fir snag, dead and punky, was burning. The other fires were all within a radius of a hundred feet from the splintered oak. Gardner went to work with axe and shovel, removing wood and brush from around the flames and throwing soil over them. Johnson, Larson, and Flynn arrived twenty minutes after Gardner and they, too, set to work. A little later Johnson came across a large hole in the ground. He thought it looked like a crater made by an explosion. "Hey," he called out, "somebody dropped a bomb here!"

The others came over, thinking that Johnson must be imagining things. The hole, however, certainly looked as if it had been made by a bomb and the stench that came from it was terrific. Johnson immediately hiked to the top of a nearby ridge, unslung the five-pound high-frequency radio that foresters carry as part of their equipment, and called Marshall, back at Gold Beach. He reported the fantastic news that the fire was not a sleeper but had been caused by an incendiary bomb, and returned to the fire. Looking around, he found fragments of evil-smelling, rubberlike stuff scattered over the ground. These were shaped like pieces of pie and each one had a small hole in it. "By God," he said, "there's enough stuff here to have set the whole of Curry County on fire."

The men paused for a few moments to inspect the fragments, then went to work on the fires again. By 8:20 P.M. they had them mopped up—not out, but under control and rapidly dying. Flynn, Gardner, and Larson left. Johnson remained all night to watch the fires and see that the last spark was put out.

NEXT morning, Les Colvill, assistant supervisor of the Siskiyou National Forest, and Marshall arrived at the scene. The old fir snag was still smoking, but the other fires were out. Colvill began digging in the hole with a shovel. The depression measured three feet in diameter and was eighteen inches deep. Presently Colvill's shovel struck something hard—a piece of metal that the three men were convinced had come from the nose of a bomb. More digging uncovered a fuse head to which was attached a little fan that looked like a propeller. On the brass collar of the fuse head were some minute markings.

All told, forty pounds of fragments were removed from the crater and the area around it and taken to Brookings. An Army ballistics man examined them and said that reclaimed rubber—old American tires, perhaps—and thermite had been used in making the bomb. The propeller fan on the fuse head had activated a powder train which burned down into the bomb, firing its thermite-and-rubber centre. A charge in the nose of the bomb blew it apart when it hit the earth, scattering the fragments. The Army expert said that the bomb had not been more than forty-per-cent efficient, because it had been dropped from too low an altitude to permit the powder train to finish its work. The markings on the fuse head, he said, were those of a certain Japanese arsenal.

When I saw the bomb hole, it had been worked over, so I couldn't tell much about its original appearance. I could see, however, that the fires caused by the bomb had been so hot that in some places around the crater the red clay had been fused into lumps that looked like the flux from molten iron. The wedge-shaped fragments, which I also examined, were still smelly. After handling them, my hands kept on smelling like carbide, despite two good scrubbings.

A BRIEF Associated Press dispatch, describing the bombing, was sent from San Francisco on September 14th, five days after the event. Then, buried under an avalanche of other and more important news, the incident was forgotten.

Except for the fact that the bomb had been dropped, however, there was not much to get excited about, thanks to the men of the United States Forest Service. All that the Japanese did, really, was to put another feather in the Forest Service's cap and to give Township 40 South, Range 12 West, Section 22 the distinction of being the only piece of the continental United States which has ever felt the impact of an enemy bomb. It would do no harm for Americans to remember that Japan bombed the United States *first.*

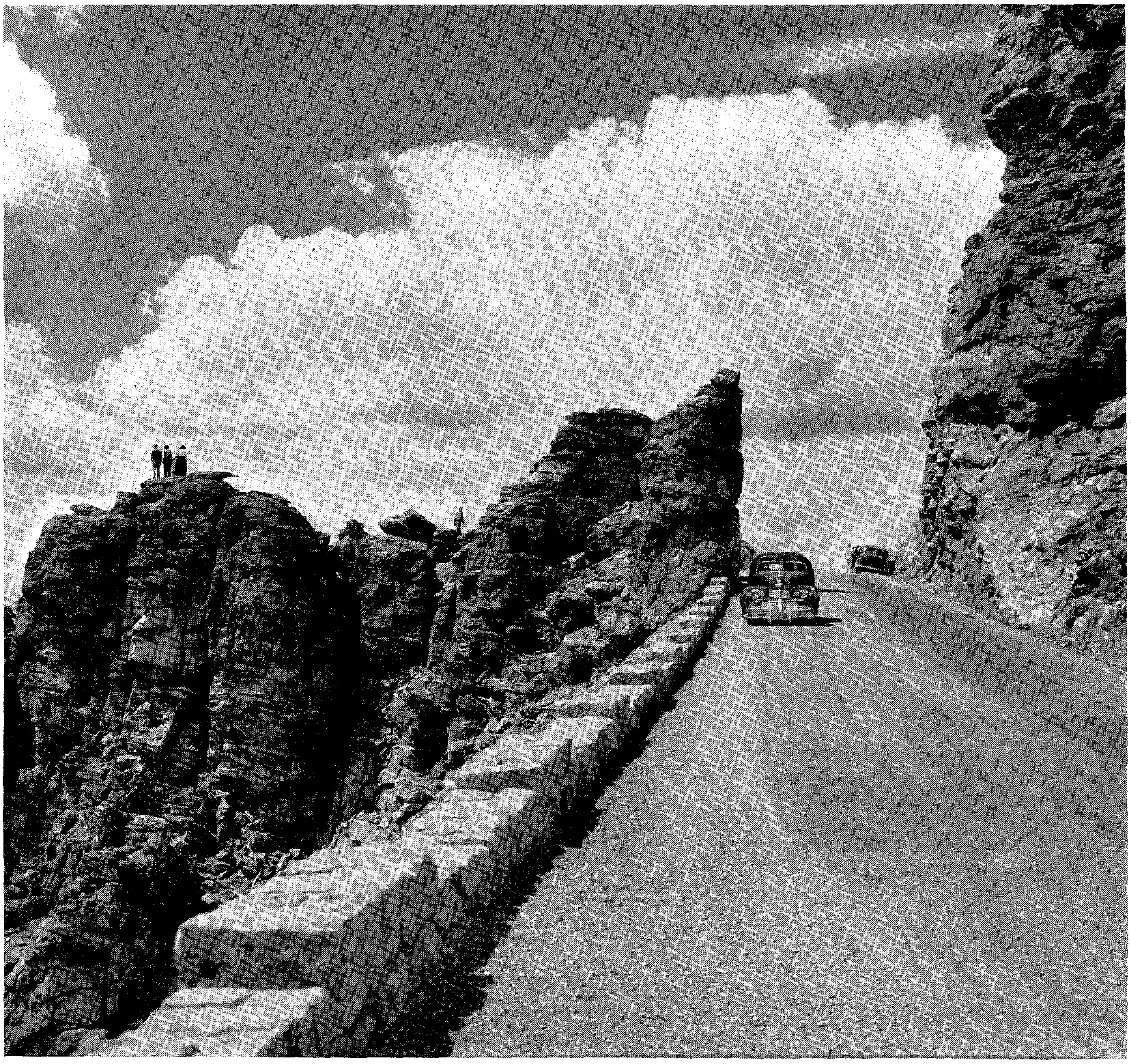
—STEWART HOLBROOK

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Radio program timetable in the Philadelphia Bulletin*]

10:00 P. M.	
WFIL	Raymond Gram Swing
WOR	Royal Arch Gunnison
10:15 P. M.	
WIBG	Anything But Swing



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THE ART GALLERIES

1776—1918

THE Museum of Modern Art has a tendency, which has often been commented on, to "glitter up" its shows occasionally, and you might think the new one, called "American Battle Painting: 1776-1918" would have struck the Museum as just the thing for that kind of treatment. I went there prepared to see a collection that put more emphasis on the spectacular or the merely humorous than it did on art or history and that gave the preponderance of its space to such chromos as "Custer's Last Stand," "The Spirit of '76," and "Washington Crossing the Delaware." The exhibition, however, was prepared in collaboration with the National Gallery of Art, in Washington, which may have been a steadying influence. Anyway, I found some unexpectedly honest painting there—not great, particularly, and very little of it spectacular, but for the most part sound and fairly interesting.

We have had no great martial tradition in this country, though we have had our fair share of wars. Not counting such minor skirmishes as the Indian campaigns and the affair with Villa in 1916, we have had six in the hundred-and-forty-two-year span the show covers—the Revolution, 1812, the war with Mexico, the Civil War, the Spanish-American, and the first World War. But since our traditions, or at least our attitudes, have always been peaceable, we have never developed any great body of battle painting. Even such men as Albert Bierstadt, James Walker, and, to a certain extent, Winslow Homer, who made their reputations with their Civil War paintings, hardly had the professional military approach to their material, and one of the interesting things about the show is the almost complete absence of any attempt to glamorize the subjects. There are exceptions, of course. There are traces of that old Meissonier touch in Walker's "Review of the Grand Army of the Republic," with its marching troops in impeccable alignment and every gun barrel highlighted, and Edward Lamson Henry's "City Point, Virginia, Headquarters of General Grant" and James Hope's "The Army of the Potomac, 1865" are fairly specious in their efforts to combine the panoramic with picturesque detail.

But for the most part, the approach is sober, conservative, and unexpectedly penetrating. It is as if war were so foreign to the artists' experience that they could not help but be intensely interested in other men's reactions to it. They painted soldiers as men, not as automatons in a parade, and in such pieces as "The Dispatch Rider," by an unknown artist; David G. Blythe's "Libby Prison," and Winslow Homer's "Officers at Camp Benton, Maryland" and his superb study of a soldier on a breastworks, half defiant, half involuntarily cringing, called "Defiance: Inviting a Shot Before Petersburg, Virginia, 1864," you get painting of a very high order indeed.

I have focussed on the Civil War so far because its section is the largest in the show and contains the best painting. There are some nice things in other sections, however. A good deal of the work in the earlier sections is naïve and its appeal has that slightly accidental quality of most such work. But there is charm in things like the painstakingly portentous "Battle of Bunker's Hill and Burning of Charlestown" and "Washington and Lafayette at the Battle of the Brandywine," both by unknown artists, as well as the quite un-naïve, indeed thoroughly grandiose "Naval Action off Spuyten Duyvil," by Dominique Serres the Elder. Toward the end the show sags a little. There are only a series of wash drawings, not bad, not good, by William Glackens, and a surprisingly effective oil of a file of soldiers taking cover under shellfire, called "The Scream of Shrapnel," by Frederic Remington, to cover the Spanish-American War. The first World War, for the most part, is left to the rather heavy-handed treatment of men like Harvey Dunn, Kerr Eby, and Ernest Peixotto. One gets the puzzling impression—and probably a just one—that from the Civil War to the second World War, wars just didn't interest artists very much.

THERE is a quality about Abraham Rattner's work—a Byzantine ornateness, high-keyed, rich in paint texture, dazzlingly repetitive in design, almost jewel-like in the brightness of its color—that I like and that I am sure he must like, since he keeps on producing it. My chief doubt about its effectiveness has to do with its application. There are

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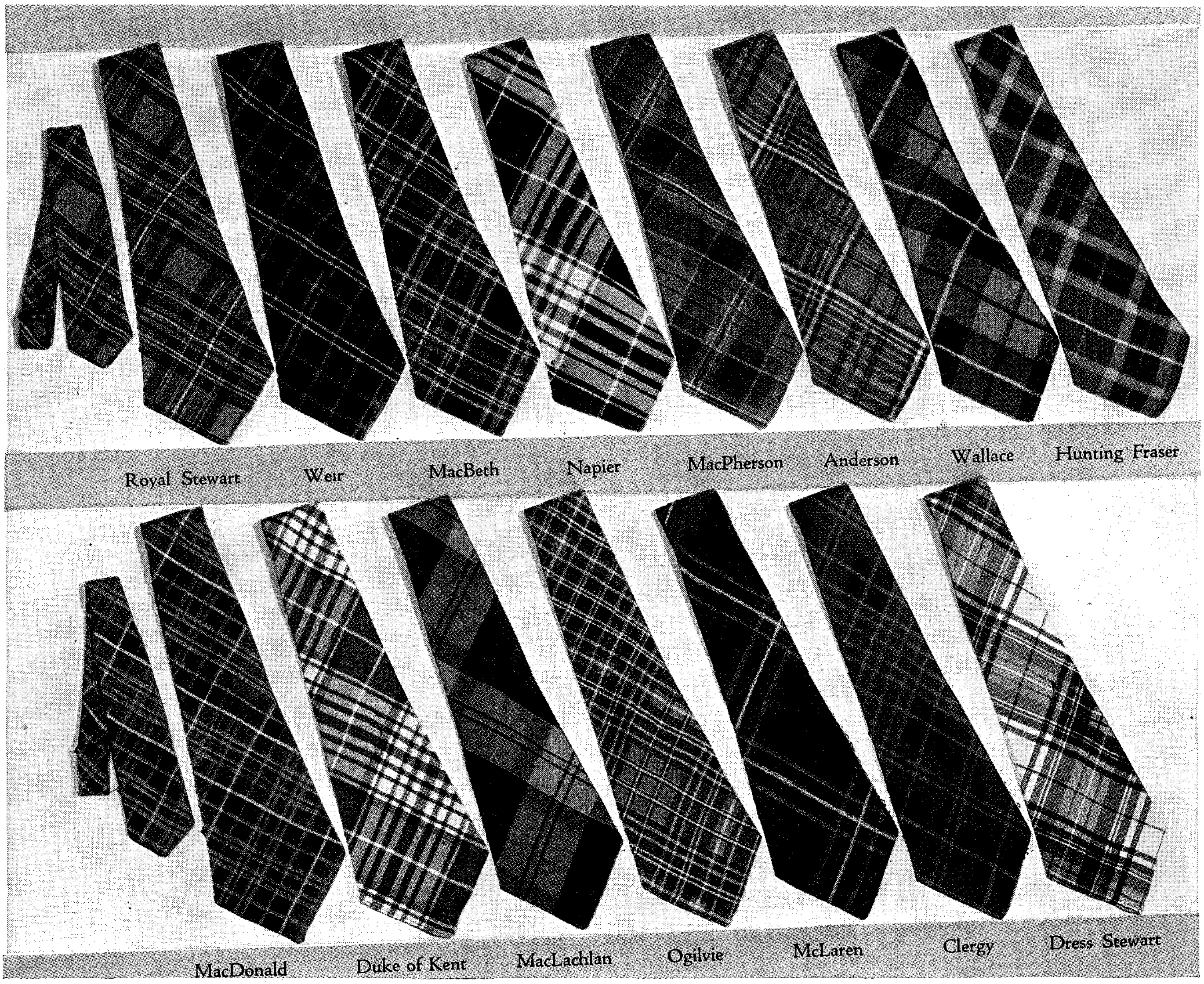
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certain fields—the Biblical, the mystical, and in general the unspecific—where it fits to perfection, and in his current show at the Paul Rosenberg, he has three paintings in which subject and style are beautifully coördinated. These are "Fisherboy," a warm, sun-suffused canvas whose subject might equally well have been found this summer at Peconic Bay or at Galilee a thousand years ago, for its atmosphere is oddly ageless; "The Judges," a Biblical scene, very tense in design; and, most ambitious and in some ways the most successful of the lot, "Clowns and Kings," a fantasy on the artistic life and its trials, in which Mr. Rattner himself is seen in his studio, in the midst of an abstractly patterned mélange of paintings and partying people. It's when he turns to contemporary subjects, as in such pieces as "People on Sixth Avenue," "Butcher Shop," and the picture of a newsstand called "Kiosk," that he goes astray. Primarily, I think, it's the archaic flavor of his style that is at fault, but a question of impulse arises, too. Mr. Rattner's whole feeling is pretty much Old Testament and his slightest commentaries have a way of turning into artistic jeremiads. Since he is a sensitive man, it is only natural for him to want to deal with the life around him, but his attack is so far too ponderous and, in a way, awe-inspiring for such matters.

—Robert M. Coates

•

1047. **Bergler, E. On a clinical approach to the psychoanalysis of writers.** *Psychoanal. Rev.*, 1944, 31, 40–70.—The theories of Freud, Rank and Brill *in re* the psychology of the writer are reviewed. Then the author discusses and illustrates his own theory. He considers (1) that the writer expresses, not his unconscious wishes, but his unconscious defenses against these wishes, (2) that the writer's apparent exhibitionism is a defense against his voyeurism, and (3) that the outstanding characteristic of the writer is his aggressive orality—he provokes denial from those persons he identifies with the phallic mother in order to be justifiably aggressive towards the mother symbol and in order to derive some masochistic enjoyment. The writer becomes unproductive when his unconscious defenses fail him. —L. B. Heathers (Smith).—*Psychological Abstracts.*

Well, it's a living.

•

BRAVE NEW WORLD DEPARTMENT

[*From the Sun*]

Columbia, Mo. (AP)—Major Harvey A. De Weerd, associate editor of the Infantry Journal, has been wired to teach history at the University of Missouri after the war, Dr. Frederick A. Middlebush, president, said today.

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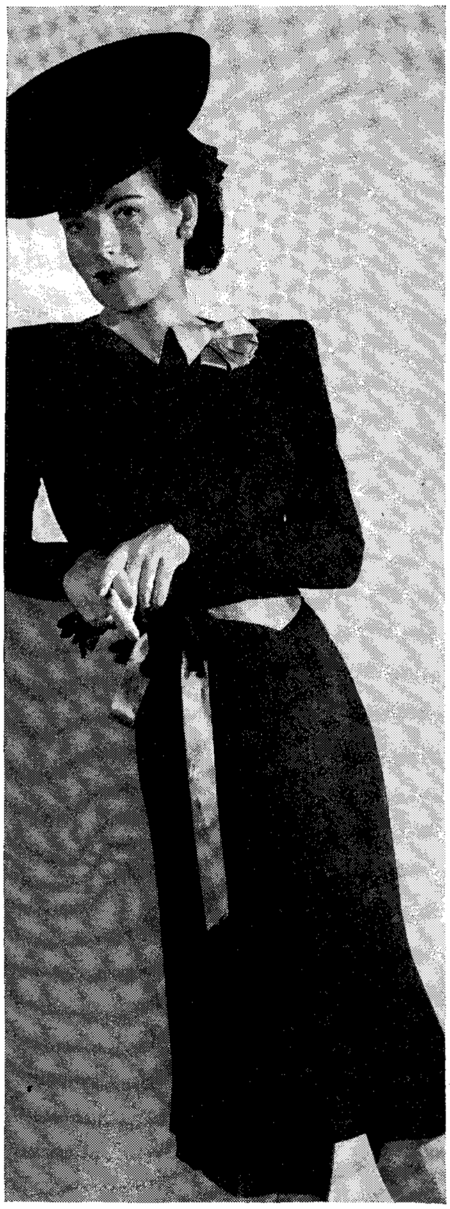

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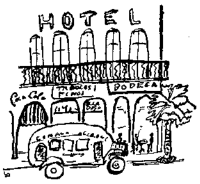
LETTER FROM HAVANA

SEPTEMBER 25



THE war has returned Havana to the Cubans. The pleasure liners from New York and New Orleans no longer ride at anchor in the harbor. Sans Souci, the big open-air night club where the $49.50-round-trip tourists used to roister until the midnight whistles recalled them to their departing ships, closed long ago. You still find some illusion of the old life in the lobby of the Hotel Nacional, but the few Americans you see there wear the insignia of the Army Air Forces or carry briefcases. Above the first two or three floors of the Nacional are empty reaches visited only by an occasional maid or porter, and whereas once a month-in-advance reservation was necessary to get a humble room at ten dollars a day, you can now have your pick for around three-fifty. Through the colonnades along the Prado, the maraca vendors wander in search of the vanished American. Now and then, out of the habit of years, a postcard peddler with his furtive little stock of photographs of bland, nude dowagers hovers momentarily at the door of Dirty Dick's or Sloppy Joe's. The fleet of lumbering 1920 Cadillacs that hauled the trippers out to La Concha, the public bathing beach, for which sand was imported from Florida, has disappeared. The beach is almost as crowded as ever, but the bathers are *habaneros*.

HAVANA is still prosperous, though, for sugar has replaced the American tourist in the Cuban economy. The cost of living has risen with the price of sugar, but the O. R. P. A., the Cuban equivalent of the O. P. A., has, after a certain amount of chivying from the newspapers, succeeded in preventing a runaway inflation. The usual charges of governmental graft and profiteering dominate street-corner and café conversations. Some people predict, of course, that when Dr. Ramón Grau San Martin, the new president, takes office next month, a few conditions will begin to improve. Everyone was appalled and incredulous not long ago when for a few weeks somebody managed to corner most of the small coins in the country and then dealt them out at a comfortable commission to business houses and others who needed change. Until recently,

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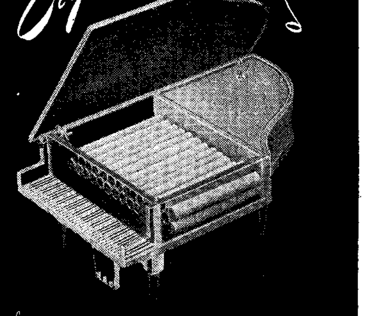

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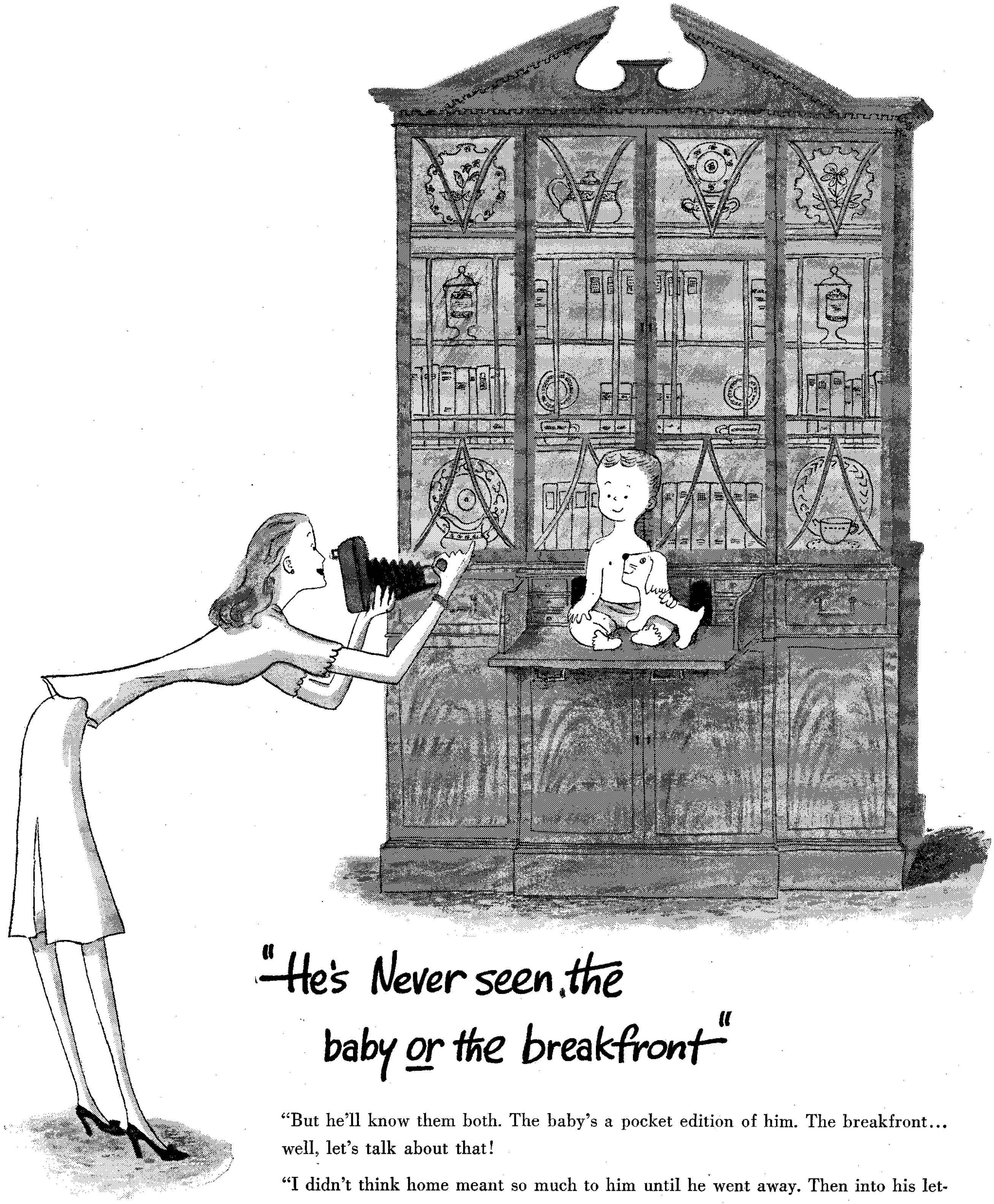

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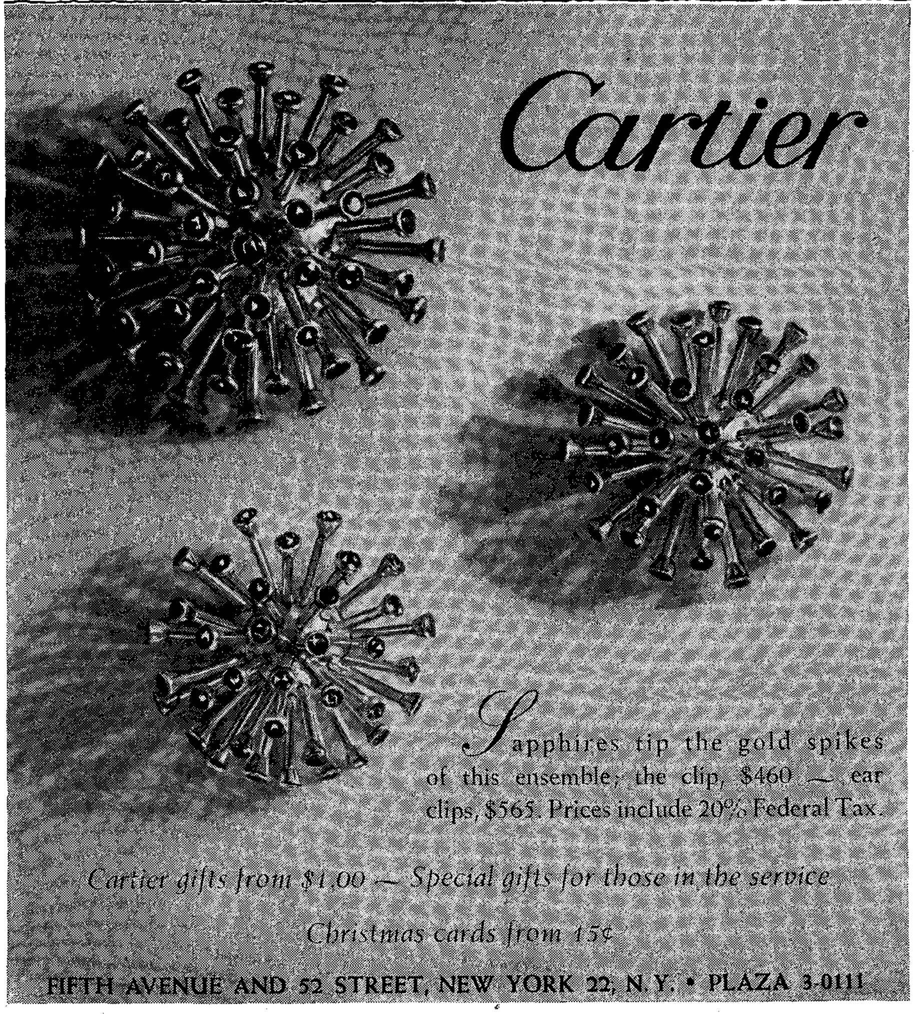
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meat was almost unobtainable outside the ubiquitous black market. There were rumors that Cuban beef was being loaded at night into refrigerator planes on makeshift airfields and flown to the United States for the benefit of the American black market. The only legal gasoline, which is strictly rationed by the government, is *carburante*, an evil and unsatisfactory synthetic. Real gasoline, when it can be found on the black market, sells for about ninety cents a gallon. The lack of automobile fuel has caused little grumbling, because few *habaneros* have ever enjoyed the luxury of owning a car. In Havana most people travel by street car or bus. The buses, which are apt to have neat floral designs painted on their sides, are staffed by men who are fond of suicidal speed and abrupt turns and who are erratic in their habits. *Habaneros* have become resigned to seeing an almost empty bus slow down at a stop only long enough for the conductor to shout encouragingly that an even emptier bus will be along in a minute. The next bus, as often as not, is so jammed that passengers are hanging three deep on the steps.

The troubles of the expensive tourist haunts do not disturb most *habaneros*. They gather, as they always did, at the modest corner bars, or *fritas*. There they can drink rum, which is still cheap (in the luxury bars Bacardi White Label is seldom more than fifteen cents a drink); and enjoy the kind of entertainment that only the most dogged, sin-seeking trippers ever saw. A *frita* is usually a small, whitewashed room with a solemn-faced drummer and a *santo* dancer, often a Negro girl and often brilliant. The tourists are not missed, either, at the Havana Country Club, the gathering place for the rich Cubans and the foreign diplomats, where "tea dances" continue to get under way every Sunday night at nine.

CUBA is, of course, one of the United Nations; she declared war on Germany, Italy, and Japan shortly after the United States did, but none of her troops have yet gone into battle and the draft seems to have affected only the unemployed. There is great enthusiasm for the war, but many of the well-educated *habaneros* dilute their enthusiasm with a dash of cynicism. They know that after the war the profitable American tourists will return, but they also feel certain that after the war the United States will again set a limit on the amount of Cuban sugar we can import and that our high tariff on sugar may return, too.

—ODEN and OLIVIA MEEKER

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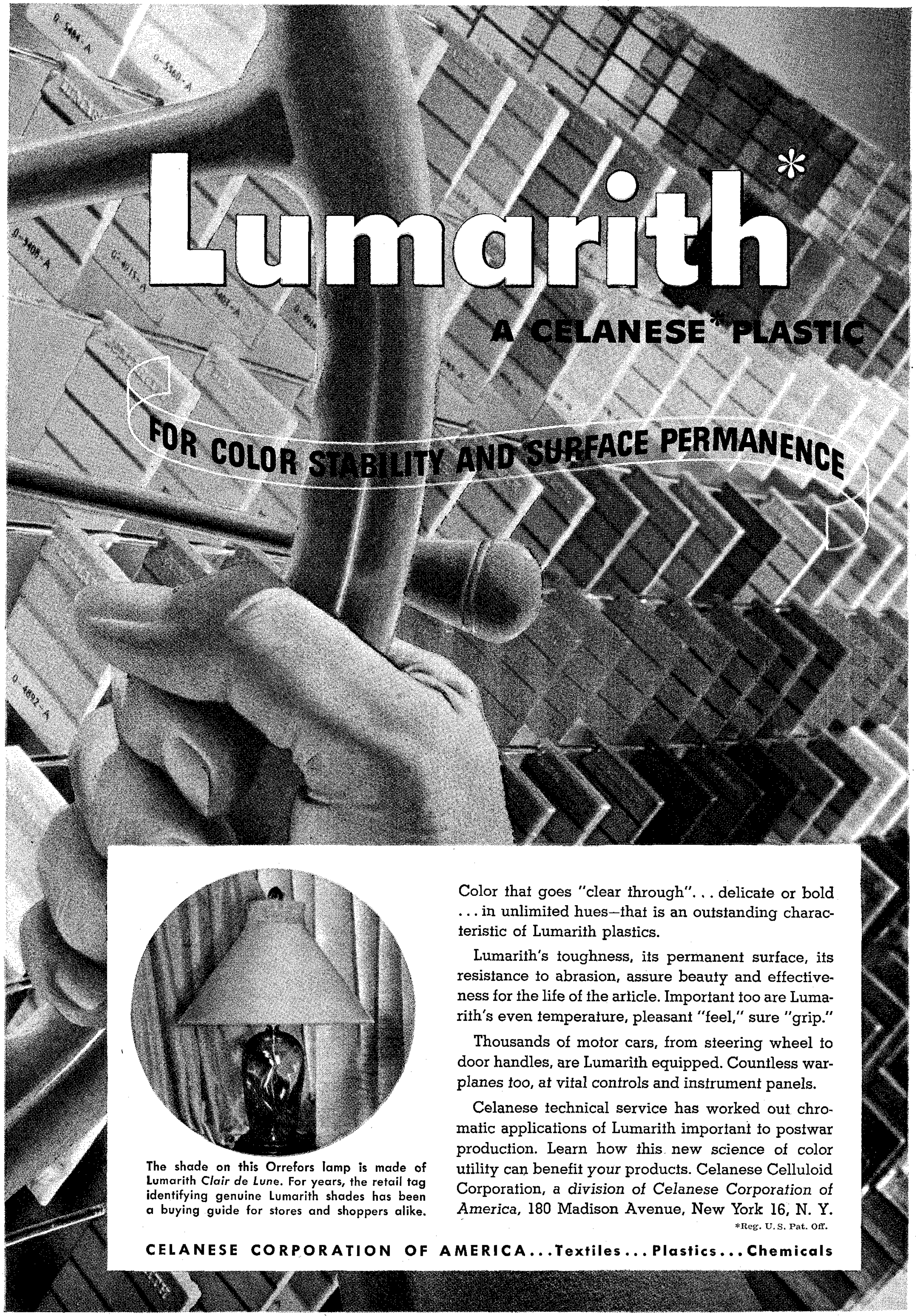

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FOOTBALL

All in the Family

THE football season of 1944 will be recorded in future histories as the one in which certain monopolistic tendencies, first observed the year before, began to bear fruit. It is, to be specific, the season in which people began to realize that (to coin a staggering metaphor) the long arm of the Navy had a finger in almost every pie. The Navy, in expanding its program of collecting and training young male Americans of the requisite mixture of brawn and wit, had acquired enough football players to put twenty teams on the field, and, having acquired them, *was* putting them on the field, even in such hitherto uncelebrated seaports as Iowa City, Iowa; Norman, Oklahoma; and Rapid City, South Dakota. A fortnight ago, the Navy's Iowa Pre-Flight School team walked on the field without any warm-up and trounced Minnesota, 19–13, and Great Lakes Naval Training Station beat Purdue, 27–18. That was just a warning. Last Saturday, Norman Naval Training Station beat Oklahoma, 28–14; Georgia Pre-Flight beat South Carolina, 20–14; Great Lakes tied Illinois, 26–26; and North Carolina Pre-Flight School beat what you might call the varsity (the Naval Academy, which a lot of people thought would not get beaten all year), 21–14. If Yale hadn't bobbed up to nose out the Coast Guard Academy, 7–3, life might no longer have seemed worth living to some of our more ardent viewers-with-alarm. These viewers-with-alarm are also ready to point out that the Navy, because of the V-5 and V-12 schools it is still operating in the universities, has a substantial investment in the personnel of a good many college teams. However, most college teams this fall would be no more than earnest-minded novices if the Navy weren't willing to share some of its vast pool of manpower.

This department went down to Annapolis last Saturday, along with the wind and the rain and a number of handsome young ladies whose minds seemed more intent on the first dance of the season at the Naval Academy than on the game which preceded it, to have a look at Navy and North Carolina Pre-Flight in action. I had heard about Pre-Flight's Graham and Anderson and Flick and Partington and all its

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other fine ex-college players, who seemed a formidable lot for even this year's Navy team to open its season with, but I remembered what usually happens when a more or less thrown-together collection of athletes goes up against a collection of men who have been working together for some time, and I thought I knew the answer. The surprises weren't long in coming. The first was the appearance, in the Pre-Flight backfield, of a character wearing a number not listed in the program. He turned out to be Stan Koslowski, the best man on last season's Holy Cross squad, and what had looked like an excellent Pre-Flight backfield was now obviously a superlative one. From then on it was a case of vast mechanical skill (Navy) against brilliant opportunism (Pre-Flight). Pre-Flight's opportunists being the sort who await the knock on the door with a tommygun in each hand, they scored touchdowns on three of the five chances given them. They might well have scored on the two other occasions if Navy's Ben Martin weren't an opportunist himself. Martin stole a Pre-Flight pass from under the noses of two opponents on Navy's five-yard line and later dived under a dozen players to recover a Pre-Flight fumble on Navy's three-yard line. To Pre-Flight: regrets that it won't be up North again this year. To Navy: congratulations on the midseason quality of its ground attack and a suggestion that it brush up some on its passing.

THERE are dozens of coaches who would like to find the entrance to Pennsylvania's secret talent mine. With the aid of scarcely a man from last year's powerful Penn squad, the team's new assortment of infants overturned Duke with the greatest of ease last Saturday. . . . For makers of invidious comparisons, North Carolina's Navy squad beat Navy, 21–14; North Carolina's civilian squad was butchered by Army, 46–0. . . . Straw in the wind: The envelopes in which the Navy Athletic Association mails its tickets bear a list of the season's games. In the bottom line, which reads, "Army at Annapolis . . . December 2," the phrase "at Annapolis" has been blanked out.

—J. W. L.

•

Corp. George Gebhardt with the army air forces in Italy has written home for fifty lipsticks. Corporal Gebhardt claims this feminine necessity is so scarce women will exchange valuable souvenirs for them. souvenirs.—*Kansas City Star.*

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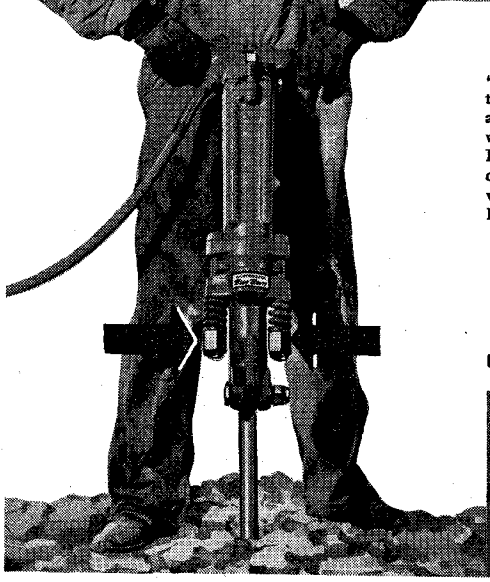
All kinds of products — all kinds of equipment — will be better with Elastic Stop Nuts. When you see the familiar Esna red collar on what you buy, you'll know — whether it is a refrigerator, radio, car, or what not — that it will last longer, stay tighter and quieter, and require less attention.

LOCKED ON THE BOLT BY THE ACTION OF THE GRIPPING RED COLLAR.
THE COLLAR IS ELASTIC, THE NUT CAN BE USED TIME AND TIME AGAIN.
MADE IN ALL SIZES AND TYPES — WITH THREADS TO FIT ANY STANDARD TYPES OF BOLTS.



O.K.'D FOR THE RESPONSIBLE JOBS

"Blue Brutes," the Worthington Pump and Machinery Corporation calls them. They're the line of rock drills, paving breakers and other construction air tools, and portable air compressors. The work they do is as tough and shattering as any found in industry. Fastening such equipment is no job for ordinary nuts. They couldn't last. But Elastic Stop Nuts are O.K. They stay put, come what may in the line of socks and vibration. That's why "Blue Brutes" are fastened with them.

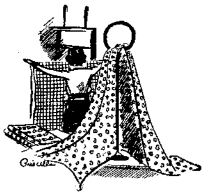
ESNA

TRADE MARK OF
ELASTIC STOP NUT CORPORATION OF AMERICA

ELASTIC STOP NUTS
Lock fast to make things last
UNION, NEW JERSEY AND
LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

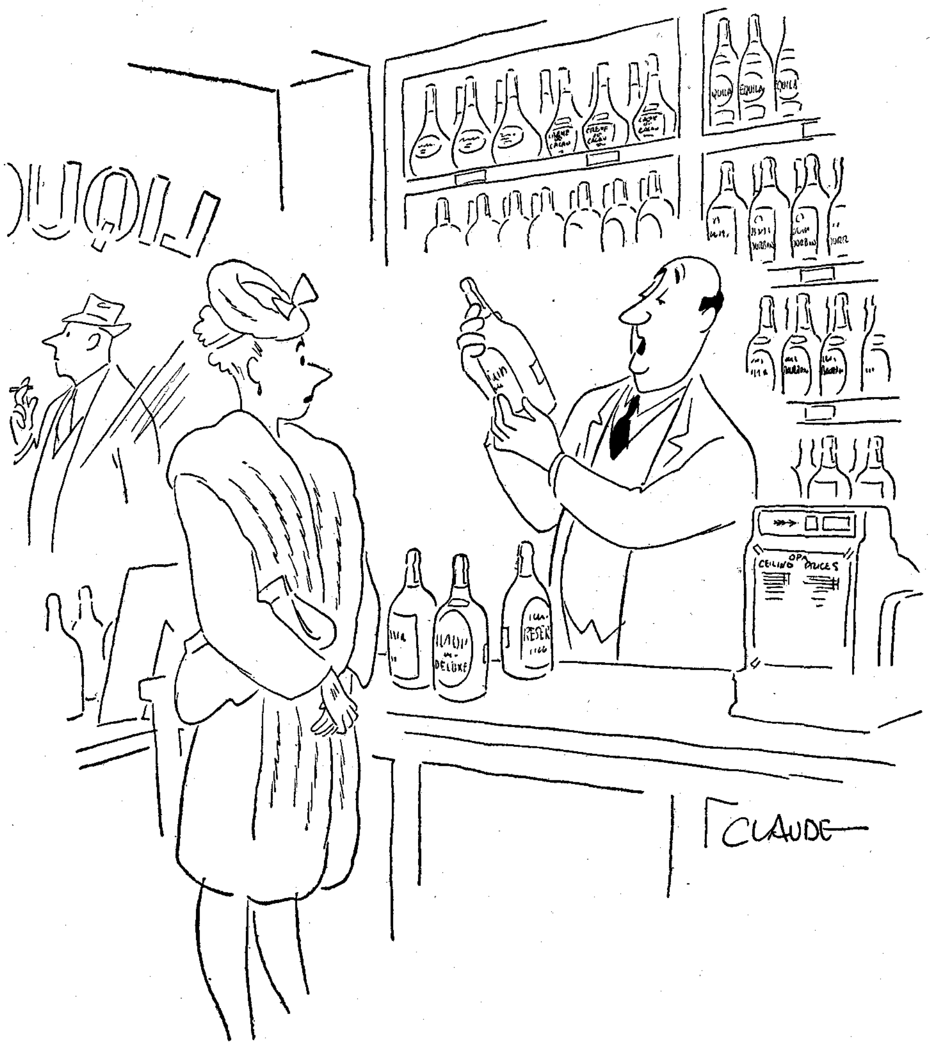
FEMININE FASHIONS



WHILE the ostrich-plumed and Persian-draped prestige fashions of the more elegant designers have presumably been dazzling everyone into reaching for her smoked glasses, some of the shops—Mary Lewis, De Pinna, and Jaeckel, to be specific—have been prosaically but enterprisingly enlarging this or that department or starting a brand-new one. In these establishments, there are plenty of things for women who like their clothes tailored, simple, and practical, but without any dreary functional look.

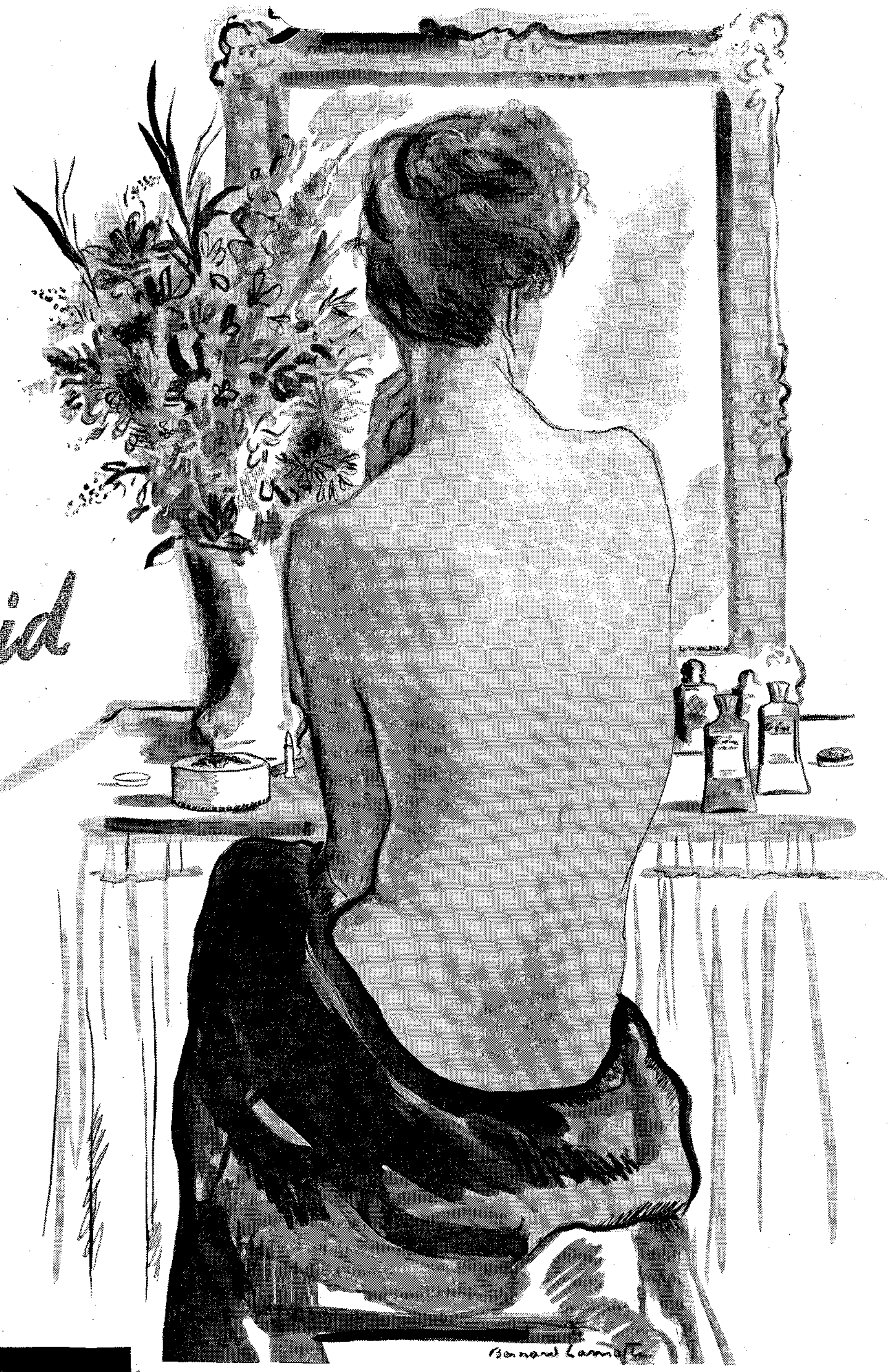
I might as well start with Mary Lewis, at 746 Fifth Avenue (57th). She has, in her ground-floor sports shop, short-sleeved dresses, buttoned down the front and made of Botany flannel in nice colors, at $25; wool gabardine suits with turnover collars and kick-pleat skirts, at $59.95; and wool suits in muted checks, with matching topcoats, at $39.95 each. There's also a frontiersman jacket, complete with fringe on the yoke and fashioned of light- or dark-brown suède, that country dwellers will love. Up on the fourth floor, you will find good winter coats, most of them three-quarter length. Among them are such things as navy or gray belted wools with tipped Australian opossum collars, lime-green or gray suède cloth double-breasted box coats lined with white curly lamb, and (to give you a real polar-bear look) a creamy, sheared lamb made into a collarless greatcoat with loose sleeves that, if you like, can be rolled back to produce mammoth cuffs. Miss Lewis hasn't forgotten the growing girl (or boy), either. Up another flight, in a department which now takes up the whole fifth floor, there are children's clothes for ages nine months to twelve years that should give the most graceless tomboy poise. For ages up to six, there are corduroy overalls in various colors. Reversible rain-or-shine coats (plaid wool on one side, cotton gabardine on the other) come in sizes three to fourteen; Red Riding Hood gabardine rain capes in sizes three to six are $5.95. Little boys' Eton suits, sizes two to six, appear in blue or tan herringbone tweed and in navy or coffee-colored Shetland or navy flannel ($12.95), and there are brother-and-sister woollen coats for tiny children, to be worn with zippered leggings. The girls' have nutria balls dangling from the tie at the throat and cost, with the leggings, $19.95; the boys' are very masculine, with fly fronts and slit pockets, and cost $17.95. And there are furred bonnets or caps with ear laps to match. Whatever you see on this floor is, in fact, the polite, circumspect sort of children's things not easy to find today at reasonable prices.

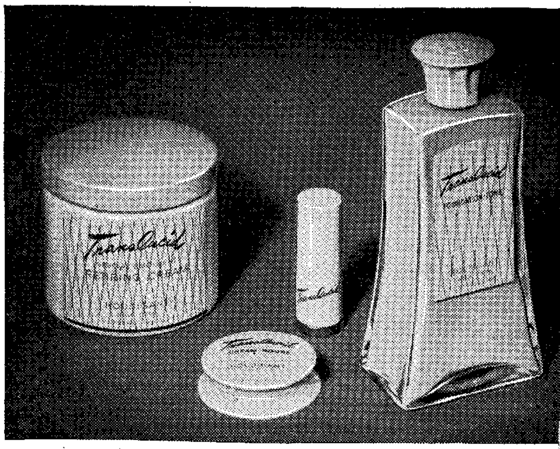
De Pinna's spectator-sports department has a lot to offer in the way of simple clothes softened with a bit of dressmaker detail. The dresses start at $29.95 and come in many colors. A swell cinnamon-brown that De Pinna calls Baba Rhum seems to be the favorite. There are gabardine dresses with surplice bodices, real snakeskin belts, and soft pleats down the fronts of the skirts. They are in, among other colors, banana, which is nice to wear with nutria. The wool dresses here may have heart-shaped necks and golden buttons from there to the hem. There are wonderful tailored suits, starting at $49.95, lots of them in bright colors, such as Kelly green or royal blue flecked with black. If you're after an expensive ensemble, you can have one with a short, fitted jacket (whose detail is worked out to give the illusion of revers), a simple skirt (also with detail at the waistline), and a long, fitted topcoat with pleats down the centre back. Ah! The shop likes this best in Baba Rhum wool with a gold jersey blouse. And, in case you have been homesick for Balmaccan coats, they are here—in wool, lined



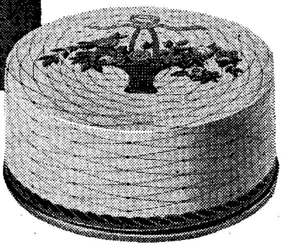
"Now, in this one, the straight whiskeys are five years or more old—forty per cent straight whiskeys, sixty per cent grain neutral spirits—twenty per cent straight whiskey five years old, fourteen per cent straight whiskey six years old, six per cent straight whiskey seven years old!"

HOUBIGANT Translucid





Translucid Face Powder, *Sheer-Sifted, Micro-Milled*—$1.50.
Foundation-tone, *tinted, gives a dewy-soft look*—$1.50.
Whipped Cream Rouge, *in seven rich, vibrant shades*—$1.25.
Lipstick to match—$1.00.
Special Emollient Retiring Cream, *blessing to dry skin*—$2.00.
(*plus tax*)



Sheer Make-up for Sheer Beauty

A new, "glowing through" beauty can be yours with Translucid—a diaphanous make-up specially created for women who wish to glorify, not to cover up, their own natural good looks.

YO! HO! IT'S UNDERWOOD'S
THE SANDWICH SPREAD WITH THE FAMOUS FLAVOR. GROCERS HAVE IT NOW!
UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM
WILLIAM UNDERWOOD COMPANY
WATERTOWN 72, MASSACHUSETTS

with contrasting flannel, in three-quarter length. Very fine they look, too. De Pinna's children's department has been famous since Groton was a pup. Now the shop has gone a step further (or a step downer) by adding a department for infants. It supplies everything from pillow slips at $1.95 (excellent small presents, come to think of it) on up to baby carriages. My own eye rested longest on the enchanting handmade cotton dresses, principally on the all-white ones trimmed only with fine drawnwork and minute lace edging.

Jaeckel apparently got sick and tired of people walking out of his place to look for some "bright wool dresses to wear under my fur coat," and the result is a new ready-to-wear department, right under his roof. What with pink and mirrored walls and other pinwheel décor, it is overwhelming at first, but in the midst of it all you can find clothes that are nice and quiet. The first thing I noticed was a very special blouse, a $10.95 tailored pastel wool jersey affair with a fan-shaped tab softening the high, round neckline. Among his wool jersey dresses, at from $29.95 to $39.95, are a winter-white tailored one with a turnover collar, three-quarter loose sleeves, and fullness down the front of the skirt, and a coffee-colored number with an oval yoke, a turnover collar, and turquoise threading through the belt to match the snap-on cravat. There are two-piece dresses as well, running mostly to roundish necklines. For suits, he likes plum color (goes well with sables, maybe?), and you'll also discover sportier clothes, such as good gray flannels with hand-stitched edgings.

British Tweeds, not content with life up at 727 Madison Avenue, which is around 64th Street, has gone so far as to open not just a brand-new department but a brand-new branch, at 17 West 57th Street. Both shops have beautiful imported tweeds, at $10.50 a yard and upward, that have both swank and character, even when the plaids and checks are pastel. Only the British seem to be able to manage this. The Scotch tartans (including the Princess Elizabeth, which has a red ground and black, yellow, and blue overchecks, to mention only a few of the colors in it) are $9.50. Most of these fabrics are, by the way, a gaudy fifty-four inches wide. The place will make up custom town or country suits at prices that start at $155, in case you haven't a Clever Little Tailor in the palm of your hand. The reefers are something. They are often lined with plaid wool and adorned with lizard buttons. Also, you can get woollen scarfs, ranging in heft from one called Beeswing (it weighs not much more) up to sturdy plaid woollen fabric affairs; $4.50 to $7.50. Furthermore, there are deep V-necked cashmere cardigans, which the figures of our more upholstered ladies cry out for. This is likewise a good place to get English camel's-hair-and-wool polo coats with loose backs and patch pockets. There isn't an ostrich plume or a Persian drape in the joint, and everything looks the healthier for it.

Delman, at Bergdorf Goodman, is not devoting his life these days to thinking up shoes so tricky that you quickly tire of them or so fragile that you can wear them only a few times. The combination of black and brown, of which he is justly fond and which you'll see a lot of in what he is turning out now, looks best in his black suède sandals and pumps trimmed with imitation tortoise shell. On several of the shoes, the tortoise shell is shaped into pump bows. He has some bronze kid slippers, which are heavenly if you're the type that wears black clothes with brown furs. And he still has colored shoes—tailored lizards in navy, wine, and green. For women who like sports clothes but never go in for strenuous exercise, there are moccasin sandals of brown calf with heels about an inch and a half high and (no matter what I say, the shoemakers *will* do it) a back strap. Frivolity is not entirely forgotten, as witness Delman's black or brown cocktail sandals with filagree cutouts as their sole adornment. . . . Saks-Fifth Avenue has some simple, unlined, black or brown suède shoes called the Fenton Ficelle, as light in weight and as comfortable as bedroom slippers but a lot handsomer. One has a moccasin front, a strap back, and a medium heel, with stitching to match as the only trimming. Others are plain pumps with wedge heels (over my dead body) and still others are plain or perforated d'Orsay-cut pumps with high heels. They're all $16.95. . . . Footwear footnote: B. Nelson, at 10 East 39th Street, has finally put his own shoe polishes on the market. Among them are a liquid cleaner, for burnishing up all kinds of leather shoes, even the reptiles, and something called Scuff Renew. (Don't try to tell me that only children scuff their shoes.) There are shoe creams for whatever colored shoes you still possess, and the Super White Cleaner is one of the best for white shoes of any type I've ever tried.

All of them are thirty-five cents a bottle at his shop.

VANITY, vanity, all is vanity: John-Frederics are busy with a new lot of cosmetics. There is a cleansing cream, of the type that liquefies after it is applied; a night cream, rich and smooth; and a lipstick, luscious and very creamy. While I'm about it, I might remind you of John-Frederics' old favorites—their body sachet and toilet water, both of which have a scent that I *think* is produced by a liberal dosage of jasmine. The scent is really a feminine version of their wonderful For Men Only, which many men spurn and many more women love with sports or tailored clothes. At the John-Frederics shop. . . . Prince Matchabelli is around with an assortment of new makeup aids, including a suave face powder, a fine liquid foundation which really pours over the skin and smooths in very easily, and a cream foundation, every one of them flavored with the Duchess of York scent, which is a Matchabelli standby. There are both cream and dry rouges, a lipstick, and eyeshadows, all of them in such a collection of shades that you will have to experiment for yourself. Everything smells nice and has a lovely consistency. . . . Bendel's newest perfume, matter-of-factly named 10 West and promising *nothing* about your not being able to keep the men away from you, is a rich blend with a lot of gaiety. . . . For people who mourn the passing of the bubble-bath frenzy, Jean Naté has brought out a little darling of a bubble producer. This stuff froths up with great vigor and fills your bathroom with the pungent, clean smell of her Friction after-bath lotion and her soaps. It's $3.50 for a fifteen-ounce bottle, which I am told will fix up no less than thirty baths. You get it at Saks-Fifth Avenue, Franklin Simon, and so on, and so on.

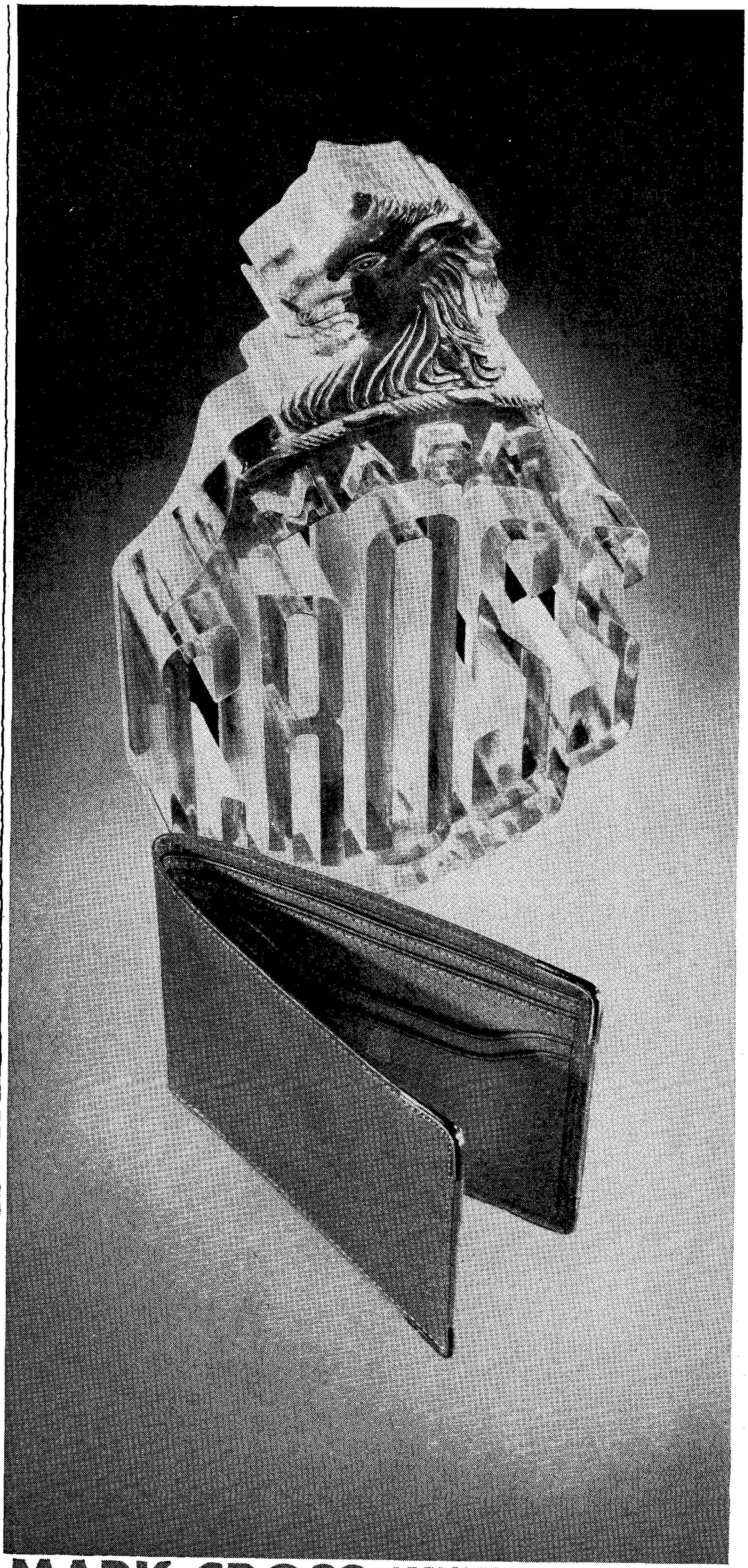
—L. L.

•

WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

Scientists have known that the horrors of this war are only a curtain-raiser to the certain horrors of any next one. So far this war has been relatively conservative. Weapons have been made vastly more powerful—but they are the conventional weapons. Airplanes were used in the last war. Tanks decided the last war. —*Dorothy Thompson in the Washington Star.*

These flying bombs are the prototypes of the weapons of the next war, as were the bomber and the tank in the other war, though they made their appearance too late to play a deciding part.—*Walter Lippmann in the Washington Post.*



MARK CROSS ARTICLES OF FINE LEATHER
FIFTH AVENUE AT 52ND, NEW YORK

IVORY TIPPED
MARLBORO
CIGARETTES
PM & Co
THE MILDNESS OF AMERICA'S BEST
THE RICHNESS OF THE ORIENT LEAF
PHILIP MORRIS & Co LTD INC
MADE IN U.S.A.
Give a Fighter a Future
WAR BONDS
to have and to hold

Marlboro
The Cigarette of Distinction

With pleasures fewer, "keen-up" your smoking! . . Add new zest, creamy richness, with smooth, distinguished MARLBOROS. Blended of superbly pleasurable tobaccos. Yet merely a penny or two more!

For Him or Her { PLAIN ENDS
IVORY TIPS

Specially for Her { BEAUTY TIPS
(red)

Cigarette of successful men and lovely women

THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Camera Helps

GIVEN a work of fiction of ordinary quality, in which the people do not come fully alive and the story fails to impress the reader with its truth or power or humor, the movies can and often do work sharp improvements upon the text simply through thoughtful casting and direction and the inherent mechanical resources of the medium. In the case of Anna Seghers' novel of a German prison break in 1936, "The Seventh Cross," it is helpful just to have such a man as the fugitive George Heisler embodied by a living actor, Spencer Tracy. It is easier to believe in a nebulous, symbolic, or not fully realized character if you see him breathing, eating, running, and speaking. Also, when the story is one of suspense and swift action, the movies can do pictorially what none but exactly the right words will accomplish.

In picture form, "The Seventh Cross" is a good and well-acted melodrama. Its subject matter is not very fresh, but the theme of underground anti-Nazi activity in Germany eight years ago seems to suffer less from the passage of time than war events of 1942 or 1943. The film does not shirk Miss Seghers' theory, shared in many quarters, that there is a certain amount of good in human nature, even among subscribers to National Socialism. "The Seventh Cross" hustles this point home by a dodge very popular with picture makers lately, and I wish it weren't: snatches of monologue by a discarnate voice apparently situated behind a bank of cumulus clouds near the top of the screen. Miss Seghers attempted a rather more psychological study of Nazi jailer types than the picture finds time for, and she dwelt more extensively on the bitterness and cynicism of Heisler, a state of mind which the picture barely brushes in. But the compensations of acting, speed, and clarity offset this with something to spare. Mr. Tracy, Hume Cronyn, Jessica Tandy, Signe Hasso, and several other performers have put Miss Seghers in their debt.

EVERY bit as respectable as "The Seventh Cross's" idea that human beings are superior to livestock, but somewhat less conventionally presented, is the notion of "Thunder Rock"—that the past teaches us never to give up on the world, no matter how dirty it looks to us. I understand that "Thunder Rock" had a cold reception when it appeared here as a stage play, the feeling being that its fantasy was much too cockeyed, sloppy, and weak. If so, the English makers of the film version have bettered the play considerably. Their construction is smooth, their approach is honest, and the players, led by Michael Redgrave, are fine throughout. I grant you that fantasies, especially when they bring dead people to life, and more than ever when they bring them to varying degrees of animation, call for brisk mental leaps by the spectator. Here again the movies have mechanical advantages. There is no creaking of scenery, no surtax on the customer's imagination. The camera and the film editor are equipped to melt one world into another without stripping the gears. Certainly "Thunder Rock" puts its disillusioned British journalist, Mr. Redgrave, in a peculiar spot for his reveries—a lighthouse in the middle of Lake Michigan—but once you accept this geographical whim and the rather specious account of how Mr. Redgrave came to forsake the world, you may find a good deal of modest sincerity in the scenes of his dream association with fellow-quitters of a bygone day.

IT'S an article of faith in Hollywood that Wallace Beery must be shown in rôles that are one part rough to two parts lovable. His assignment in "Barbary Coast Gent" assays about that way. There is a faintly droll passage in the picture when Mr. Beery holds up stage coaches in order to defray gold-mining expenses, but aside from that he is merely going through his standard motions in a ravel-edged synthetic Western. . . . "32 Rue de Montmartre," which dates from well before the war, is a docile French mystery film. . . . Ann Sothern, in "Maisie Goes to Reno," one of a series, works hard and gamely in an unworthy cause.

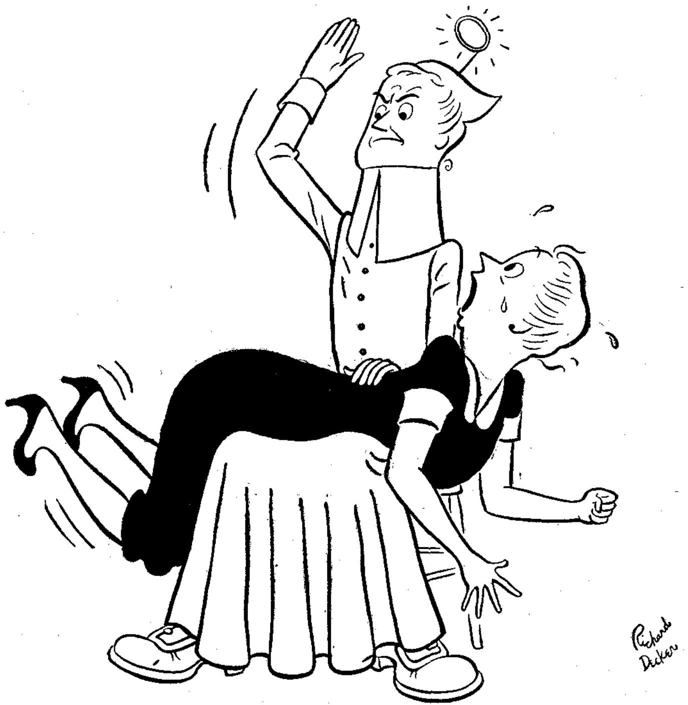
—JOHN LARDNER

•

It appears that far more persons live after being struck by lightning than are killed and many get only a minor shock rather than serious injuries.

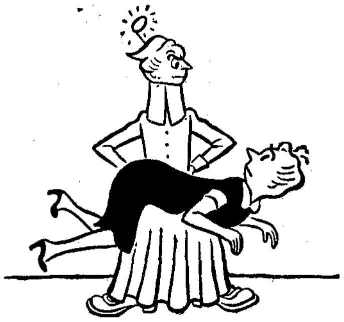
Just what treatment might be helpful to lightning victims the medical profession does not know. Too few persons have been struck and lived for doctors to find out.—*Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer.*

Relax. The storm's almost over.



"YOU CAN'T DO THIS!"

War Conscience: Can't huh? Well paste this in your hat, Bright Eyes. I'm your Wartime Conscience and I can do *anything.* And this little meeting is on account of all that precious waste paper you burned last week.



Woman: Ouch! *Please* . . . that *hurt!*

War Conscience: Hurt! Why you little parlor patriot, when I think of how much the U.S. needs waste paper to make shipping containers for blood plasma, K rations, millions of things. And then you go and burn . . . Why I ought to . . .

Woman: Ow! *Please!* I know I should have saved it for salvage, but I—Ow! . . . just get so tired when I—*Ow!* . . . can't sleep after my coffee at night that I—*Ow!*

War Conscience: Sis, you can drop dead from tiredness. But if you don't turn in every last paper box, bag, newspaper, or carton for salvage, Auntie's going to make dropping dead look like a pleasure! And haven't you ever heard of Sanka Coffee?

Woman: Sanka?

War Conscience: Baby, if it's coffee keeps you awake nights, drink Sanka and *sleep!* It's 97% caffein-free. It not only lets you sleep, it practically snores for you! And flavor! Madam, Sanka's the coffee that makes breakfast as good as a banquet! Get some!

SANKA COFFEE

Woman: Well thank you. I—

War Conscience: Skip it, dearie. Just remember: You can drink Sanka Coffee. You can sleep. But, baby, if you burn up any more precious waste paper, you'll do 'em both standing up. *Get it?*

SANKA COFFEE
97% CAFFEIN-FREE . . . DRINK IT AND SLEEP
A product of General Foods

TUNE IN THE
New Kate Smith Hour
NOW ON SUNDAY EVENING
CBS Network, 7 p.m. EWT
Check your local paper for time and station.

She's young...she's lovely...and so very wise. She knows that her youthful and near-perfect figure needs Gossard's uplift and pantie girdle to achieve that super-smooth look.

The GOSSARD Line of Beauty
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THE H. W. GOSSARD CO., Chicago • New York • San Francisco
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Largest Stock of Fine China and Crystal in New York!

Swedish style, Optic Lead Crystal makes the kind of gift men like. The Hiballs are heavy with a weighty base and the optic construction adds an appetizing sparkle to the drink. Holds 14 ozs. . . . . 8 for $10.00

Straight Scotch or measuring glass holds 2½ ozs. . . . . Each $1.00

Handsome, heavy, Optic Lead Crystal Decanter to match. Holds 1 quart. . . . . Each $5.00

Smart, modern Serving Tray of heavy clear Crystal with handles and frame of gleaming Chrome. Measures 16 x 10 ins. . . . Each $7.50

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ONE FOR ALL

THE air inside the little anteroom of the classification office was heavy with heat and dust. A fan swung slowly from side to side on a cabinet behind the desk, where a staff sergeant sat typing out yellow forms, and two big camouflage posters on the wall rattled and flapped in the breeze.

Sergeant Kenneth Longcope and Corporal Joe Catanese sat stiffly on the scarred wooden bench facing the desk. They were dressed in faded green fatigue suits and dusty G.I. boots. They held their caps in their hands and watched the staff sergeant type. From the white glare of the parade ground outside the screen door came the distant sound of men counting cadence as they drilled.

Corporal Catanese took a cigarette out of his breast pocket and stuck it in his mouth. He felt in his pants pocket for a match, then, seeing the "No Smoking" sign over the door, took the cigarette out of his mouth and held it in his hand.

Sergeant Longcope bent forward and loosened the laces of his left boot. Gently he moved his foot up and down inside the shoe. "Goddam blisters," he said under his breath. He straightened up and looked at Catanese. "That's quite a system they've got here, Joe. First they take you on a lousy all-day hike with a full field pack and march you until your feet are ready to drop off, and then you can't go on sick call and get the blisters treated, because if you do, you can't get a pass to go off the post for three days. You just can't win."

Catanese smiled. "I guess it keeps the guys from goofing off," he said, "but it sure don't help morale none. But what the hell, I guess now that we're going overseas they don't worry about morale much—just marching and training."

"Yes," Longcope said, "but why do a clerk and a cook in the Air Corps need to march in order to do overseas service? And even if this captain gets us what we want, we still won't be in the infantry, will we? But don't think they won't march us every day until we get on that old boat." He leaned forward to lace up his shoe, shaking his head slowly.

Joe was bending over, his elbows on his knees. He stared at the cigarette in his fingers. "Say, Kenny," he said slowly, "I still think I got no business seeing this guy. He can't do nothing for me."

"I thought we argued that out last night," Longcope said.

"Yeah, but I don't feel so good about it now," Joe said. "You got a good reason to see this guy, but he ain't going to listen to me."

"Look, Joe," Longcope said. He spoke slowly and wearily in a tone that showed that this was an old argument. "You have just as much business here as I have. Just tell this captain that you used to be a mechanic and a good one, and you think you can do more for the Air Corps if you get sent to a mechanics' school. Tell him you've been a cook for a year and a half, and you still think you can do better as an A.M. After all, he can't do anything worse than say no."

"Yeah, but—"

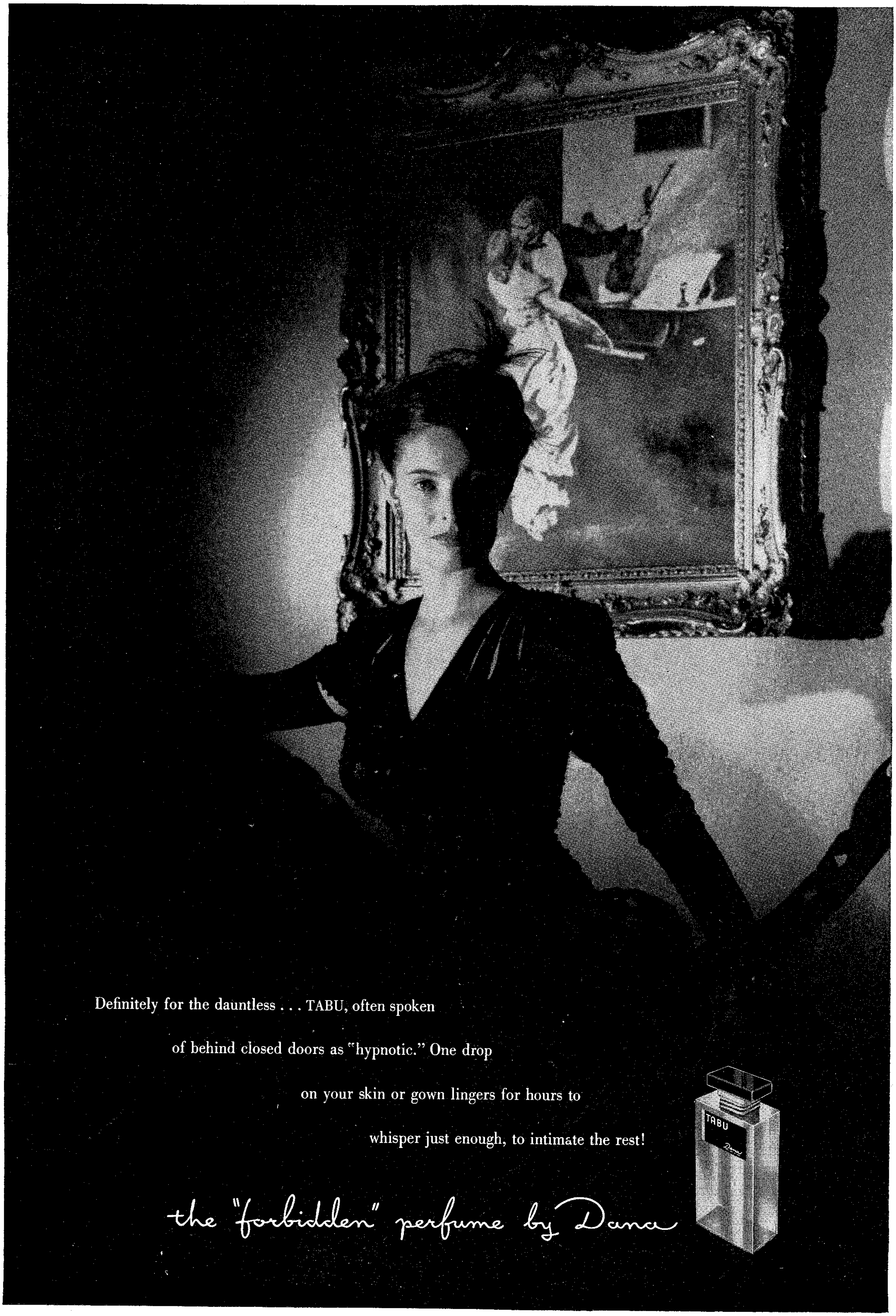
"I know, I know," Longcope said, and mimicked Joe's manner of speaking. "I've had a college education and you never finished high school. You're just a grease monkey and I'm a smart guy. Baloney. You've got a better background to be an A.M. than I have for any Army job. Just tell him—"

The buzzer on the staff sergeant's desk sounded loudly, and the soldiers on the bench looked up as the sergeant picked up the telephone. He said, "Yes, sir," and replaced the receiver. He looked over at them. "He'll see you first, Sergeant. You can go in now. Third door on the right down the hall. Captain Hendricks."

"You stay here, guy," Longcope said as he stood up, "and I'll warm him up for you. O.K.?"

"O.K., Kenny," Joe said, smiling. "Good luck, kid."

THE Captain returned Longcope's salute without looking up. Longcope stood at attention in front of the desk while the Captain signed three letters, tossed them in a wooden basket at the front of the desk, and capped his fountain pen. He rolled his chair back about a foot and pulled the middle desk drawer out toward him, placed the pen in a tray of pencils, hesitated for a sec-



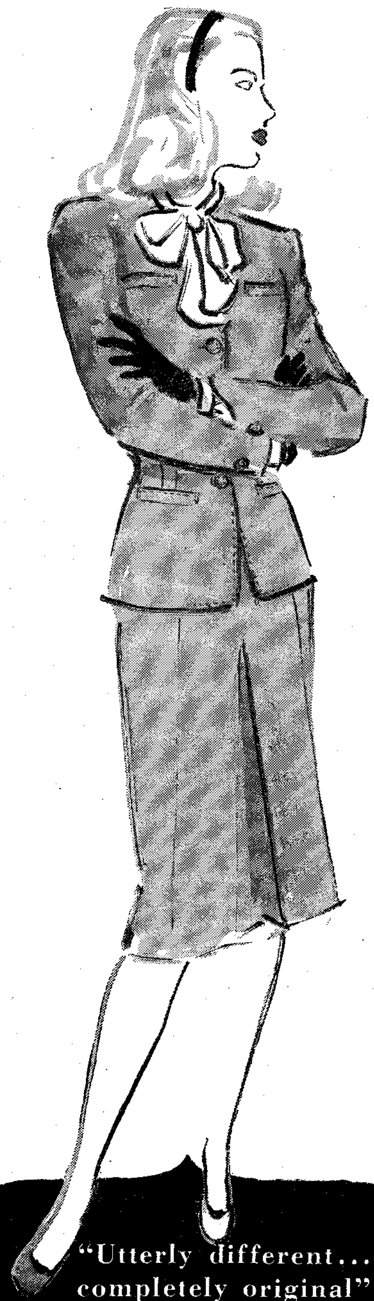
Definitely for the dauntless . . . TABU, often spoken
of behind closed doors as "hypnotic." One drop
on your skin or gown lingers for hours to
whisper just enough, to intimate the rest!

the "forbidden" perfume by Dana
TABU
Dana

Jaeckel Creates...

a news-making shop for

FASHIONS IN CLOTH



"Utterly different... completely original" say the rave notices describing this new shop. Jaeckel gives a charming and highly original interpretation to fashions in cloth.

Hand-stitching emphasizes the smooth, young lines of this wide-shoulder suit. Sizes 10 to 20. Hunter green, gold, coffee, or natural. $45

Jaeckel
10 EAST 57th STREET
Major H. F. Jaeckel • Walter F. Jaeckel
Tracy Jaeckel • Murray Jaeckel

ond, and then selected a newly sharpened pencil from the pile. He slammed the drawer shut, rolled the chair forward until his plump stomach hit the edge of the desk, and drew a fresh sheet of paper from a neat stack in front of the blotter. Longcope noticed that he wore a small diamond ring on the little finger of his right hand.

"*All* right, uh, Sergeant," the Captain said, looking up at last. "Let me have your name and serial number first; then we'll see what I can do for you. Last name first, first name and middle initial, and then serial number, please." He waited, his pencil poised, and then carefully wrote out Longcope's name and serial number in a straight line across the top of the paper as Longcope recited the letters and numbers. "Now." The Captain put the pencil down and leaned back in his swivel chair, suddenly smiling. "What seems to be your problem? Stand at ease, Sergeant, stand at ease."

Longcope moved his feet and said, "Thank you, sir."

"Of course," the Captain said suddenly, the smile gone, "you understand that this isn't the chaplain's office. I don't mend broken hearts or send men into the Coast Artillery because they like the sound of it, or send armorers to radio school and radio men to armorers' school because they think they'd be happier there. You understand that, don't you, Sergeant? Our job here at the Overseas Replacement Training Center is to do just that—train men for overseas. We're here to make soldiers ready, not necessarily to make them happy. Winning the war is the first thing with us. And my particular job is to find men who are wrongly classified and straighten them out, not to send a soldier to another outfit just because he doesn't get on with his first sergeant. Do you understand that, Sergeant?"

Longcope looked at his name upside down on the sheet of paper on the desk. "Yes, sir, I understand that," he said. He tried to speak slowly and clearly. "I came here to see you because I think there's been a mistake in my orders. I was told at my last station that I was to be reclassified and sent over as a public-relations man, but I saw my name this morning on a ready order and my specialty number is still for clerk. The first sergeant told me to see you about it."

"Public relations," the Captain said. "Who said you'd be in public relations? Some pfc at your station?"

"No, sir," Longcope said. "My C.O., Major Galbraith, arranged the transfer for me. He said it would go into effect as soon as I joined this project. He said that under certain circumstances and with the right background, a man could be changed."

"Well, I don't know about *that*," the Captain said quickly. "That's up to us, after all, isn't it? That's for the classification officer to say in the end, isn't it?" He leaned forward and picked up the telephone. "We'll find out now, though. Sergeant Hansen," he said into the telephone, "bring me the Form 20 on, uh"—he looked at the sheet of paper before him—"Longcope, Kenneth G. L-o-n-g-c-o-p-e. That's right." He replaced the receiver in its cradle and tilted back in his chair. Again he smiled suddenly at Longcope. "Just a minute's wait, Sergeant, and it will be here. All the facts on one form. You can smoke if you like, Sergeant."

"No, sir," said Longcope. "Thanks just the same."

THE wait was much more than a minute, but finally a sergeant came in with a paper and handed it to the Captain. Longcope stood with his hands clasped behind his back and watched the Captain study the yellow cardboard form with the holes punched out around the sides. He could see the straight part in the Captain's hair, leading up to the bald patch on the top of his head. The Captain was scratching a little mole on his smooth, full cheek as he read. Longcope looked away. The black glass sign beside the two wooden baskets on the front of the desk said, "HENDRICKS, J. R., CAPT., A.C."

"I see, I see," the Captain said quietly as he laid the form down. He looked at it for a second more and then up at Longcope. "You've had a pretty good education for a clerk, haven't you, Sergeant?"

"I don't know, sir," said Longcope. He paused. "But I think I might be more valuable in public relations. You

see, I worked on a newspaper for three summers while I was in college and I was on the college paper."

"I see that. It's all on the form. That's a pretty good paper they have there at Princeton, too. I remember it from my college days." He pushed back his chair and swivelled around so that he faced the window at the side of the room. Leaning back, he unbuttoned the left breast pocket of his well-pressed khaki shirt and took out a package of cigarettes. He shook two or three cigarettes loose and held out the pack to Longcope.

"No, thank you, sir," Longcope said.

The Captain lit a cigarette and blew a thin cloud of smoke toward the ceiling. "I wasn't Ivy League myself," he said, smiling. "That is, except by adoption. I was an undergraduate at a little place in the Middle West that you never heard of, but then I went to business school at Harvard. Graduate work, of course." He swung slowly around in his chair until he was facing Longcope again. "Still, we'll try not to let these old football rivalries creep into this, won't we? Part of the war effort—one for all and all for one until it's over, eh?" He laughed loudly and leaned forward to flick the ash into the ashtray beside the telephone. Confidently he placed his elbows on the desk and looked up at the Sergeant. "Longcope," he said, "you'll understand why I had to give you that little fight talk when you came in. I've found that it's necessary in this job. Not that I'm trying to pull rank or anything, but most of the men that come in here just need to be told what I can and can't do. Of course, I'm always interested in finding exceptional material—always. But most of the men seem to think that I'm some sort of a complaint department, and I just have to give them the old G.I. answer: see your chaplain."

The Captain grinned and Longcope smiled back at him.

"I'll tell you what I'm going to do, Longcope," the Captain said briskly. "I'm going to go to bat for you. You have me convinced that public relations is the right place for you. Now I can't promise to do anything for you here, but I'm going to try. And if we can't swing it, then I'll write a letter ahead to your P.O.E., recommending that you be changed there on the basis of previous education and experience."

He stubbed out his cigarette in the ashtray and picked up the pencil. Quickly he scribbled something across the sheet under Longcope's name and fastened the paper to the yellow form with

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a paper clip. He placed the two in the basket and looked up at Longcope again. "I'll know more about this tomorrow, Sergeant," he said. "So come and see me at"—he flicked the page of the engagement pad under his hand—"1330 tomorrow. And if you have to drill or something, tell your first sergeant that I sent for you."

"Yes, sir," Longcope said. "And thank you very much, sir. You've helped me out a lot." He stepped back a pace and came to attention.

"Oh, that's all right, Longcope," said the Captain. "Glad to do it. I'll look into it this afternoon. And by the way, Sergeant, don't let this training get you down. It's tough for an educated man, but for most of these roughnecks it's pretty damn useful. We just have to get it across to them that they aren't going on any picnic. You understand."

"Yes, sir," Longcope said. He saluted, did an about face, and walked out of the room.

IN the hall, Longcope stopped and looked at his wrist watch. He had been in the Captain's office for almost forty minutes. In the anteroom he could hear the sergeant's typewriter going. Longcope hoped that Joe would have given up and gone back to the barracks, but he knew that as soon as he turned the corner at the end of the hall he would see Joe still sitting on the bench waiting for him. —ROGER ANGELL

•

NOTICE: Sheep dipped 25c head, hogs washed 10c per 100 lbs. Will wrestle anyone in Elkins for $5. Robert D. Satterthwaite. —*Adv. in the Elkins (W. Va.) Daily Inter-Mountain.*

Another one of those moody 4-Fs.

•

So when you pick up this remarkable first novel . . . you will be stirred as poetry stirs you, in a way that makes you want to put the book down, saying, "Mine eyes dazzle." It is almost impossible to review this book without being extravagant too.—*Richard Church in John o'London's Weekly.*

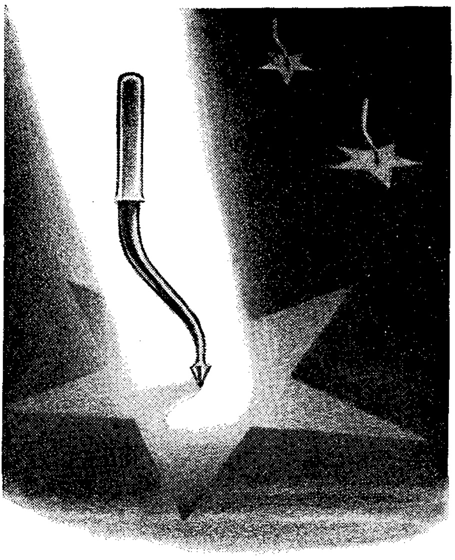
Well, just do the best you can.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the San Francisco Chronicle*]

LAWRENCE, KAN. (U.P.)—Betty Lou Perkins, student at the University of Kansas, wasn't expecting any miracles when she inserted a want-ad in the University Daily Kansan, student newspaper, recently.



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THE RACE TRACK

New Champion

PROBABLY it's superfluous to say that Pavot's performance in the Futurity at Belmont last Saturday was something special, for a particular glamour always seems to attach itself to any winner of this classic, along with the prize money and the trophy, which is a medal by Cartier in a pink leather box. Nevertheless, I can say without prejudice that I think Pavot, in this race, overcame handicaps enough to do in most colts. I watched the race from the roof of the stand, the best place to see what is going on. To begin with, the horse got away none too well. Woolf, who rode him, got a disconcerting bump coming out of the stall gate and shortly after that Pavot began to swerve from the middle of the track toward the rail. As he crossed over, one of the other runners accidentally spiked him. (An examination later showed that a deep gash had been cut on the coronet of one of Pavot's hind feet.) Halfway from home, Greek Warrior, Flood Town (who came out of retirement to run in this race), Errard, and something named Sir Bim were well up in the closely packed mass. Then, at about where the steeplechase course crosses the track, Pavot began to run. In a furlong he picked up the leaders. A bit farther along he passed them, and then went on to win easily. After it was all over, Woolf said, rather proudly, that he hadn't had to use his whip once.

You'll be glad to hear that Pavot's injury isn't serious and that he will have plenty of time to recover from it. Weeks ago, Walter Jeffords, who owns him, decided that the colt's last appearance in 1944 would be in the Futurity. Now, of course, there is no doubt about it. Pavot, a dark chocolate-brown fellow with a lordly bearing, has a smooth way of going. Even if you didn't know that he had won all of his starts, the chances are that you would vote him Most Likely to Succeed just on his looks. Racegoers who play numbers no doubt were sure that Pavot would win the Futurity because the number on his saddle cloth was 8, and this was his eighth start. A coincidence, of course, for those numbers are drawn by lot. Hunch player or not, you would hardly have made a fortune backing Pavot. He has been the favorite in all his races,

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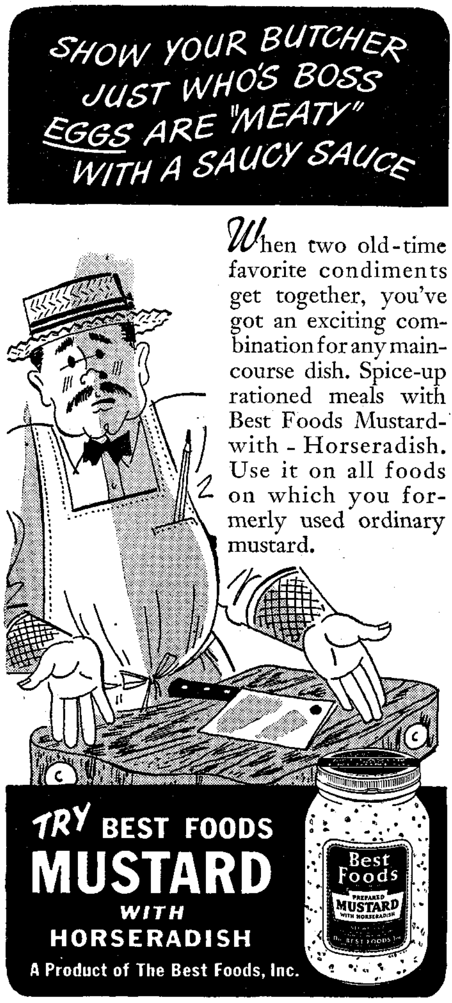
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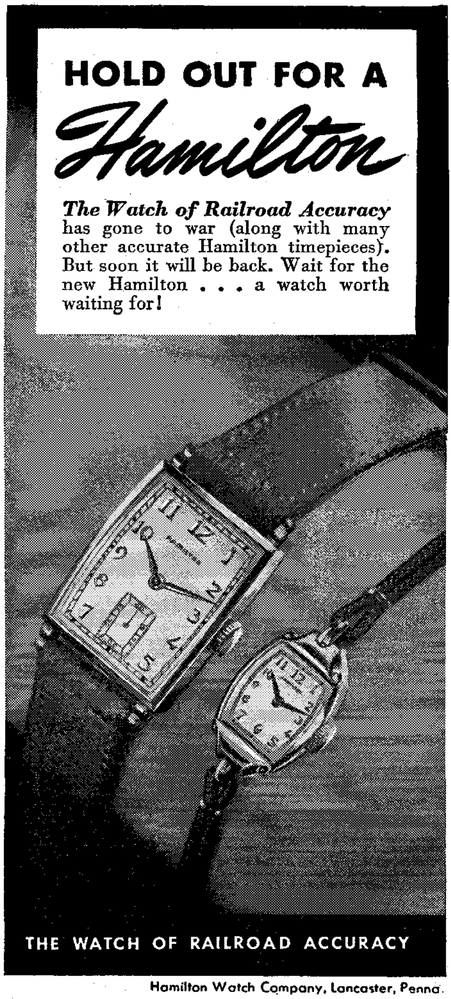
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The Watch of Railroad Accuracy has gone to war (along with many other accurate Hamilton timepieces). But soon it will be back. Wait for the new Hamilton . . . a watch worth waiting for!

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most of the time odds-on. If you had bet two dollars on him every time he ran, you would have won only $10.60. However, Mr. Jeffords, who never bets, has done all right as Pavot's owner. Pavot's purses add up to $180,350, $55,200 of which he earned last Saturday.

I always look for a horse in the Futurity that I believe is worth remembering for later on. This year I'll give you Alexis, who came up in the last breathless second of the race to beat Errard for second place. Errard is a good colt, too, and certainly a well-made one. Alexis, although he is a little fellow, is as game as anything. When he won the Futurity Trial earlier in the week, he finished with one eye almost closed, the result of being hit by a clod kicked up by one of the early leaders, and he went to the post on Saturday wearing a lovely shiner—the first, I guess, that I ever saw on a horse.

As everybody expected, the Jockey Club Gold Cup was more of a race than the Manhattan Handicap the week before. There was no dallying, even though the distance was half a mile farther, and while Devil Diver made a good try, it was obvious that there was a limit to his stamina. Bolingbroke won as he pleased, and I fancy he'll have quite as easy a time this Saturday in the New York Handicap, which is at two miles and a quarter.

So far as I'm concerned, the three-year-olds of 1944 are no great shakes. By Jimminy is probably the best; at any rate, he has won five stakes races and $162,680, which tops the efforts of anything else his age. He closed his campaign for this year by galloping around the track for a mile and five furlongs in front of Bounding Home, the only other starter, in the Lawrence Realization one day last week. Bounding Home, you may recall, won the Belmont last June, a feat that to me will always be one of racing's little enigmas.—Audax Minor

•

That day in the 1840's, when Jessie Benton said "I do," standing beside handsome John Fremont, she pledged herself to be sweetheart, partner, and co-dreamer . . . a promise that projected her a century ahead of her time and founded the beginnings of modern marriage and the American dream. John Fremont was destined to become the most famous explorer of his day; Jessie stood in the shadow of his fame and made it brighter.—*Doubleday, Doran adv. in the Publishers' Weekly.*

What a day, what a day!

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JUDICIARY PROBLEMS

A BRIEF SELECTION OF PECULIAR MATTERS RECENTLY PRESENTED TO OUR COURTS

THE suit brought against the election board of a Missouri town to compel it to move a polling place from a certain grocery store because so many voters in the precinct were in debt to the grocer that it was feared only a light vote would be cast.

The action by a body of New Jersey voters asking the dismissal of a polling-place official on the ground that his height of six and a half feet would enable him to peek over the voting-booth curtains.

The divorce suit brought in Tennessee against a civilian pilot who painted a large yellow spot on the top of his wife's car so that he could keep track of her when he was flying.

The Los Angeles divorce suit in which the wife testified that it was her husband's custom to leave her at a neighborhood movie house and then go on to a more expensive theatre by himself.

The divorce suit brought by a Michigan lady who charged that her husband had given each of her five stepchildren a saxophone.

The divorce suit brought by the wife of a retired Wisconsin naval officer who, making the complaint that her husband insisted that they sleep in a hammock, reported, "I've fallen to the floor many times during our twenty-three years of marriage and now I'm getting too old."

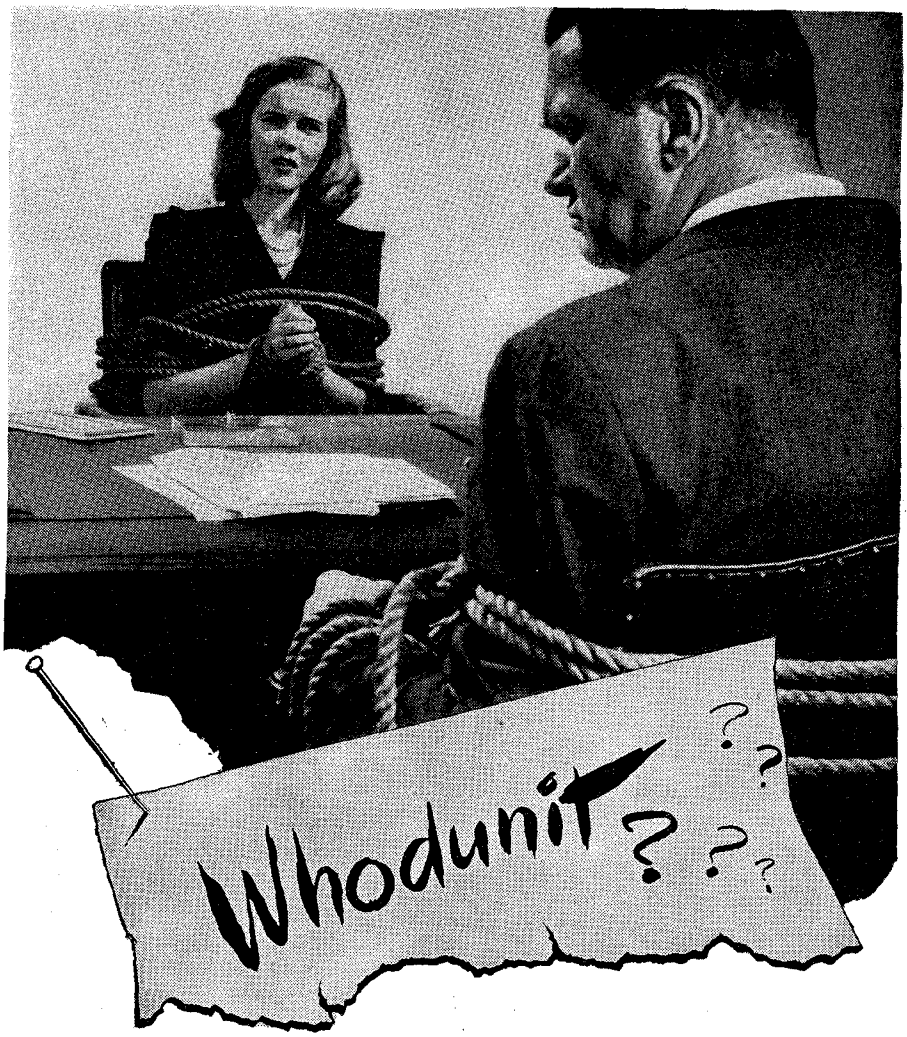
The injunction proceedings instituted by a group of Texas fire buffs to restrain the assistant fire chief of the town from driving a spare truck in the wrong direction every time the fire alarm went off in order to confuse and mislead them.

The suit for damages filed against a California gas station by a customer who alleged that an attendant had made him gnash his teeth so strenuously that he broke two of them.

The injunction sought by a Texas congressional candidate to prevent his wife from campaigning for the same office, on the ground that she should devote her time to the home.

The suit in which a Californian who sought to break the will of his wife on the ground that she had been of unsound mind testified that every night for over a year she had made him remove the wheels from their car and bring them into the house.

The countersuit brought by a Texas speeder who insisted that the city should pay his fine because certain side streets



In this hold-up the victims are also the culprits. **You** see, Mr. Peabody ties up Miss Finch, and vice versa. They sit by the hour trying to work together...when they should be working separately.

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had been so flooded by rain that he could not turn onto them and thus elude the pursuing police.

—Joseph P. Pollard

•

FASCINATION WITH THE IMPOTENCE OF ONE'S OWN CHARACTERS DEPARTMENT

[*From "The Final Hour," by Taylor Caldwell*]

When he began to lament for himself, bewail his impotence in a fretful voice... —*Page 18.*

"You, like all of us, are impotent..." —*Page 19.*

"No! I am not impotent!" —*Page 19.*

...the count was immediately imbued with impotent rage and hatred.—*Page 26.*

...an anguish and impotence of the mind. —*Page 28.*

A horrible impotence came over her... —*Page 44.*

...he could do nothing but look at Henri with impotent fear. —*Page 58.*

They are reducing you to ridiculous impotence. —*Page 74.*

"...he can always be kept impotent." —*Page 77.*

Henri had dissipated that impotence. —*Page 79.*

...impotent and tragic, like the hands of the blind. —*Page 91.*

...and his face became evil with his rage and impotence. —*Page 109.*

She paused, smothering her impotence and rage... —*Page 120.*

But even in that impotence and rage... —*Page 120.*

...feeling the final deathly humiliation and impotence. —*Page 125.*

...he realized the full extent of his degradation and impotence. —*Page 149.*

...he was seized with a sense of impotent suffocation... —*Page 157.*

"Their vinegar indignations are impotent." —*Page 165.*

His impotence overwhelmed him. —*Page 170.*

Impotence would paralyze all his muscles. —*Page 226.*

How impotent he was! —*Page 236.*

How clearly Henri had shown him his impotence... —*Page 236.*

...full of impotence and fear and hopelessness. —*Page 240.*

Now he felt his impotence. —*Page 281.*

She saw his gloom and abstraction, and was impotent. —*Page 325.*

"I feel terribly impotent..." —*Page 329.*

Feeling her impotence, she flung out her hands in a gesture that was full of speechless desolation. —*Page 358.*

He, himself, was impotent until his father died... —*Page 446.*

"We blame others for our misery, and despair, and impotence." —*Page 476.*

...which they had been impotent to take in life. —*Page 479.*

But her reason was impotent against this ball of cold and iron weight in her throat and breast. —*Page 509.*

But he could feel a little surprise at the hint of impotence in Antoine's words. —*Page 555.*

It was strange that this most dangerous and elegant man should feel impotence. —*Page 555.*

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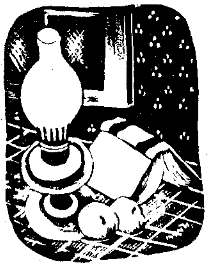
BOOKS

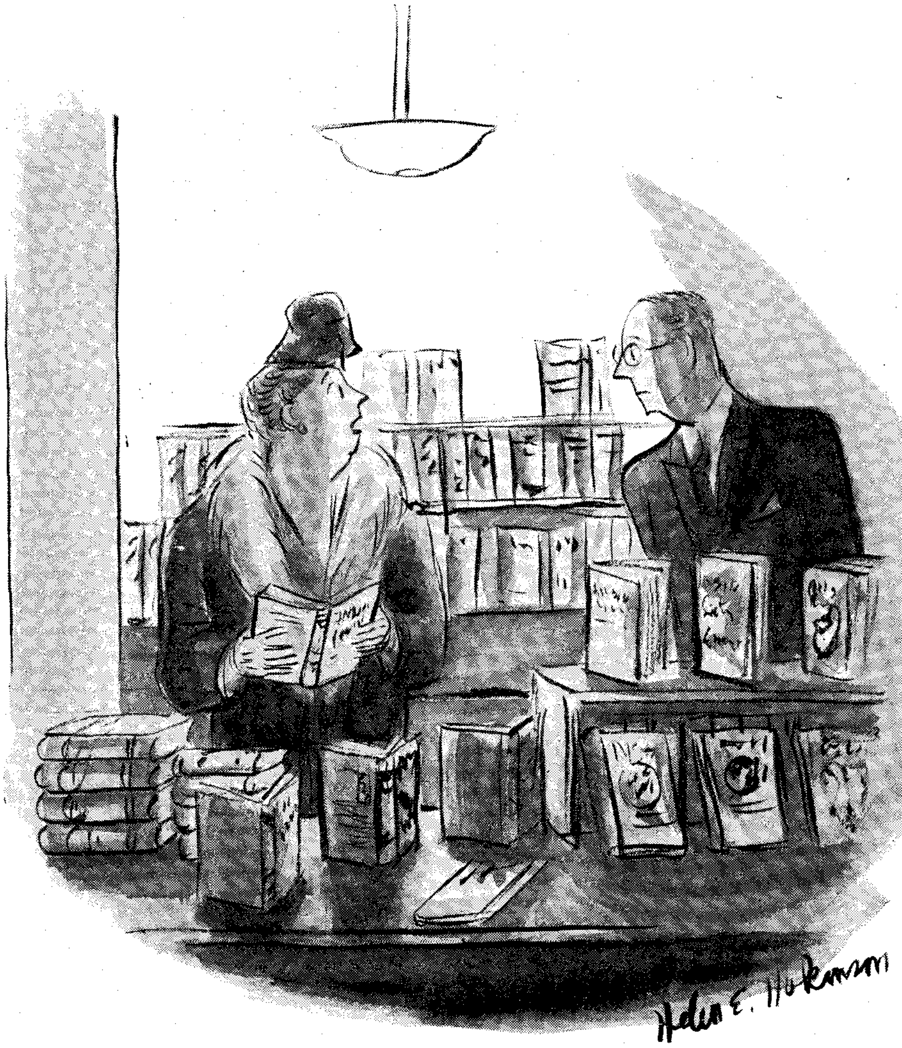
A Fine Picture to Hang in the Library: Brooks's Age of Irving



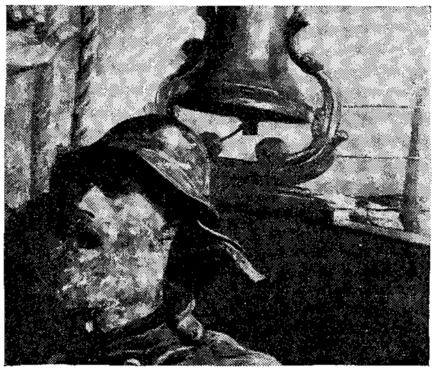
THE new volume of Van Wyck Brooks's literary history of the United States, "The World of Washington Irving" (Dutton), though the third in order of publication, is the first in chronological order. It covers the ground from 1800 to the early years of the forties, and treats at length Jefferson, Audubon, Cooper, Irving, Simms, Poe, Bryant, and Willis. It treats also dozens of minor figures and deals not only with literature proper but with political oratory, the reports of explorers and naturalists, the folklore of Davy Crockett and Mike Fink, and ethnological and archeological study; and it contains so much information about painting, music, landscape gardening, architecture, mechanical invention, and social manners that it might almost be more appropriately described by Mr. Brooks as a history of American culture.

These decades are enormously lively: the country was still uncommercialized; the Americans were still exhilarated by the success of the Revolution and the adventure of the new country; the great intellectual figures were many-sided in their interests and talents, and men of the great worlds of society, geography, and nature. There was a splendor of the Renaissance about figures like Jefferson and Audubon; Joel Barlow, diplomat, promoter, and poet; Samuel F. B. Morse, who was a painter as well as a mechanical genius; William Dunlap, who was a painter, a historian of painting, a dramatist, and a theatrical producer; and even Cooper, sailor, landowner, novelist, historian, and critic of society—though we remember only his Indian tales. Poe—whom we greatly wrong by reading mainly for his tales of horror—was also typical of the period in the variety of his curiosities and his virtuosity at literary form. It is a wonderful period to go back to, and Mr. Brooks has written about it what seems to me so far the most attractive volume of the series that began with "The Flowering of New England." The book is quite free from the cloggedness and overpainting that sometimes appeared in the earlier volumes. He has mastered his method so completely that we never get the effect of labor: style, narrative, and organization have been brought to a point of perfection seldom reached in our historical and critical writing. Yet he has had to assimilate vast masses of print, surveying the whole field afresh and reading all the books for himself, and he has accepted none of the conventional limits by which scholars simplify their tasks: his light overflows these limits and seems to penetrate every crevice, reveal every in-between phase, of the observing and imagining American mind of the early years of the Republic. For the reader who is curious about cultural phenomena, there is not a dull page or dull footnote in the book. Mr. Brooks has the answers to all the questions with which the conventional historians of literature will not help you. Why did the South—apart from the political writing that accompanied the Revolution—produce so little in the way of literature? Why did people set so much store by Bryant? Why did they devour Washington Irving? How and when did the piety and prudery which have so tended to stunt the national art and thought close down on the free-thinking, plain-speaking tradition of the realistic and cosmopolitan minds that presided at the birth of the Republic? What was the effect of the actual experience of the putting into practice of social equality and of the career open to the talents on the classically educated men of property who had defended the democratic ideal against the political tradition of Europe? How did they meet the age of Andrew Jackson?

To explain and dramatize all these matters is what Mr. Brooks can do as no one else in the United States has done it. In fact, rarely outside of France has the appetite for learning been united with intelligence and literary ability to the degree that we find it here. He has



"Isn't it about time another one of John Gunther's 'Insides' came out?"



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Author of AND SO—VICTORIA

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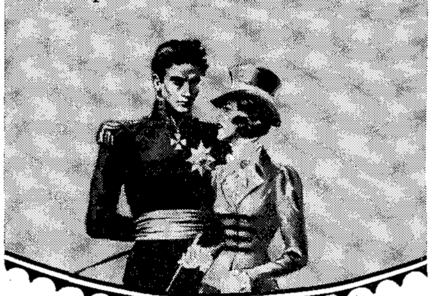

MAINSTAYS of MAINE

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

A famous poet celebrates with unabashed gusto his appreciation of the good food and the good life of New England. "Swell humor and grand cookery by a poet as handy with a skillet as with an iambic pentameter."—*Kenneth Roberts* $2.00

MACMILLAN

put on the whole picture a color, a finish, a glaze like those of the best paintings of the period: the portraits of the pupils of Benjamin West, the genre studies of Mount and Bingham, the landscapes of the Hudson River school. You can hang this new volume in your library uninhibited by the embarrassment that you may have felt over the fulsome treatment and too pink-and-blue palette of some of his New England portraits. You may occasionally pull yourself up with the reflection that the ripe and harmonious picture must still to some extent represent an idealization; but, after all, what Mr. Brooks is doing is not a sociological report but a presentation of the early nineteen-hundreds through the eyes of imaginative writers who brought to it their own color and excitement, and an account of these writers from the point of view of how they looked and what they meant to their contemporaries. (It is curious to contrast this volume with the bleak surveys of American civilization in 1800 and 1817 of Henry Adams' history. Though Adams is telling the same story of the birth of a national character and culture, an American intellectual of the end of the last century could not believe in them to the same extent as a man of Mr. Brooks's generation, and could not, therefore, find so much in our past.)

In this reliving of the visions of our fathers, the question of absolute values becomes, for Mr. Brooks's purpose, unimportant and almost irrelevant. But there is a common complaint against this series that, in neglecting to deal with such values, in failing to measure the American writers by the best that has been done in the world, he has been shirking the true business of the critic. The complaint has less force in the present case than it did in connection with the previous volumes because the author does not here overinflate the men of mediocre ability as he did in the earlier books. He does not mislead us by creating the impression that Cooper and Washington Irving, the two dominant writers of the era, were men of greater talent than they were. Yet the question has still to be dealt with. Between "The World of Washington Irving" and its immediate predecessor in the series, "New England: Indian Summer," he has published "Opinions of Oliver Allston," in which he has stigmatized as "coterie-literature" a number of the most excellent contemporary writers and revealed that his standards of high excellence are more or less those of an enthusiastic young man in his twenties in the heyday of H. G. Wells, for whom Tolstoy and Ibsen, on the one hand, and Victor Hugo and Browning, on the other, all inhabit the same empyrean of greatness. But the paradox of Brooks's career is that he has himself been able to develop into one of the first-rate American writers of his time without achieving any commensurate development of his appreciation of other writers save as material for cultural history. He has, in the present volume, one case of an artist—Poe—who takes his place in a company far higher than that of his literary companions in this book. One looked forward with interest to his handling of Poe as a test case of his literary judgment, and since Poe is a great pet of mine, I watched Mr. Brooks like a hawk during the chapters in which he deals with this subject, so peculiarly fraught with pitfalls—moral, social, aesthetic, and regional—which has probably given rise to more rubbishy and vulgar writing, both romantic and denunciatory, than any other American career with the exception of Abraham Lincoln's. Now Mr. Brooks has walked right through all these pitfalls with perfect delicacy, coolness, and sense, and he has brought to his presentation of Poe's pathological personality a touch of that psychological insight which, I believe, has not appeared in his work since "The Ordeal of Mark Twain." Van Wyck Brooks's interest in Poe is not the interest of Baudelaire or of Walter de la Mare, but from his own entirely different point of view he can indicate correctly Poe's importance: "With Poe another age had opened," he says, "intenser, profounder than this [Washington Irving's]; and this makes us see Poe in his historical perspective as we may not have done before."

In his attempts to evaluate literature, Mr. Brooks is still likely to fall back on rather vague and conventional phrases. He says of Bryant's poem "To a Waterfowl" that it is "the most intense of all his poems, in which for a moment he entered the realm of magic." Well, I know that Mr. Yvor Winters admires this poem of Bryant's, but I doubt whether it would be possible to find many modern poets who would agree with Mr. Brooks. If the magic he means is the magic that Matthew Arnold introduced into literary criticism with a famous discussion of such passages as Shakespeare's "daffodils,/ That come before the swallow dares, and take/ The winds of March with beauty," then Bryant's poor old waterfowl that guides through the boundless air his certain flight and brings to the poet the conviction that God will lead his steps aright

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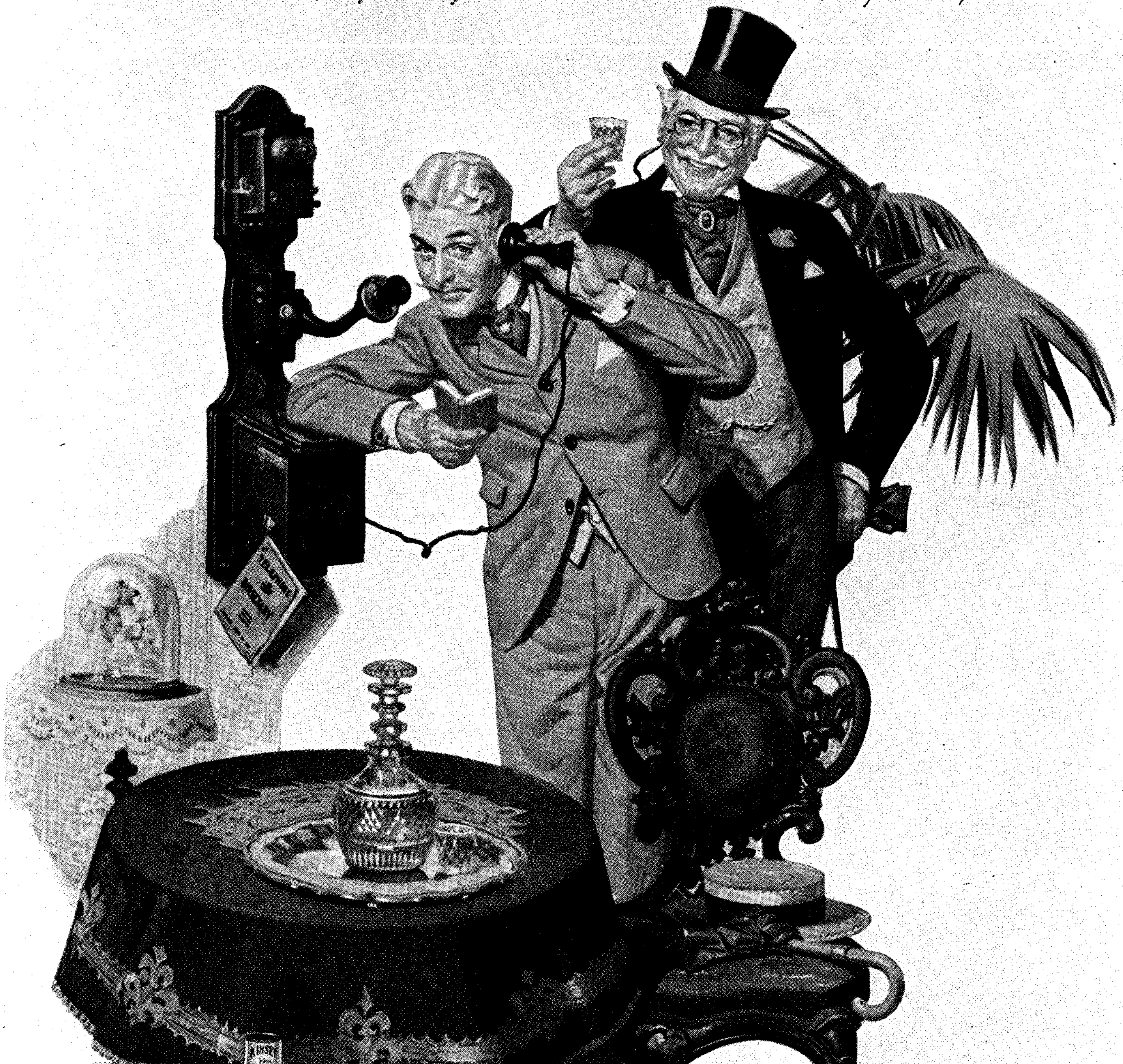

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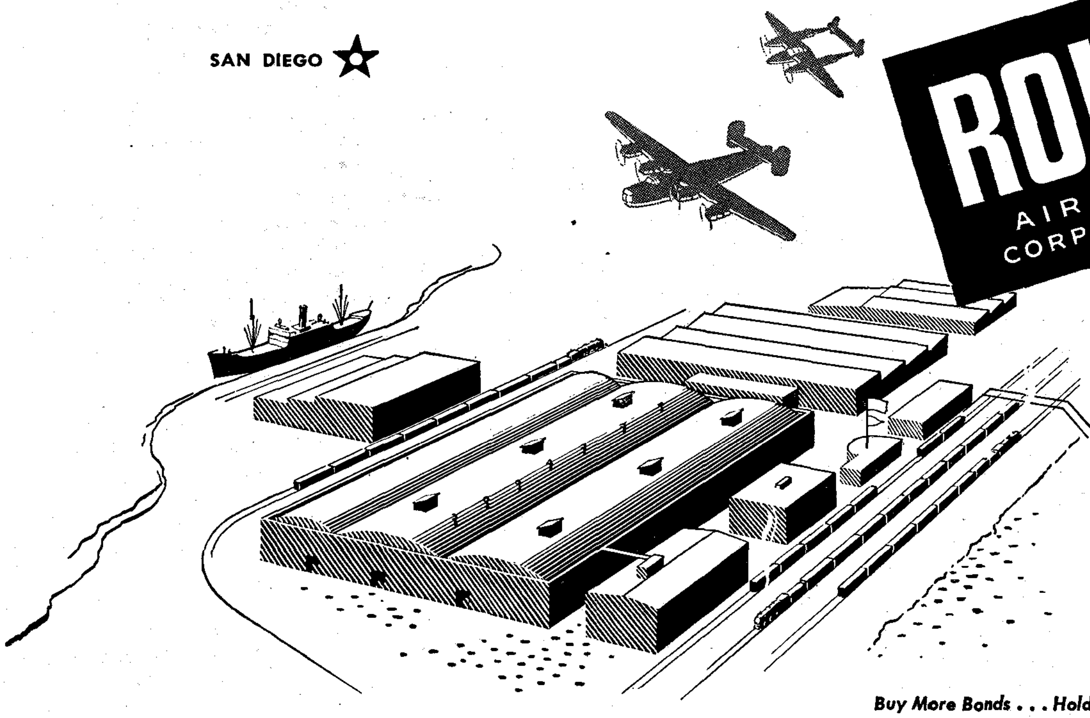

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ROHR AIRCRAFT CORPORATION, CHULA VISTA, CALIF. ● HELPING TO WRITE THE STORY OF TOMORROW is scarcely qualified to deserve that description.

And here is a passage on the prose of Cooper: "With his marked feeling for the sublime, he rose moreover now and then to moments of the noblest and most eloquent prose. Such were the descriptions of the icefields in 'The Sea Lions'—a tale of American sealers in antarctic waters—the vast mass of floating mountains, generally of a spectral white, through which the mariners moved in an unknown sea. The walls, like ridges of the Alps, bowed and rocked and ground one another, stirred by the restless ocean, with a rushing sound, and sometimes a prodigious plunge as of a planet falling tossed the water over the heaving ramparts. The cliffs, half a league in length, with their arches and pinnacles and towers and columns, suggested the streets of some fantastic city that was floating in the sunlight in the sea, black here and there in certain lights and orange on the summits, throwing out gleams and hues of emerald and gold." Now if someone were to speak to you suddenly of "the noblest and most eloquent prose" in connection with a work of fiction, you might think of Melville, you might think of Flaubert, you might think of D. H. Lawrence; but you would not be at all likely to think of anything you had ever read in Cooper, where an occasional poetry of atmosphere seems barely to manage to seep through the verbose and clumsy writing. If there is something in Cooper as good as Mr. Brooks seems here to suggest, then you feel that you ought to know about it. But when you look up the icebergs in "The Sea Lions," you find that Van Wyck Brooks has not merely been reflecting the glory of something that is much better in the original: he has put together his very pretty passage out of more or less undistinguished bits scattered through a great number of pages: "Each time, however, the sun's rays soon came to undeceive him; and that which had so lately been black and frowning, was, as by the touch of magic, suddenly illuminated, and became bright and gorgeous, throwing out its emerald hues, or perhaps a virgin white, that filled the beholder with delight, even amid the terrors and dangers by which, in very truth, he was surrounded. The glorious Alps themselves, those wonders of the earth, could scarcely compete in scenery with the views that nature lavished, in that remote sea, on a seeming void. . . . The passages between the bergs, or what might be termed the streets and lanes of this mysterious-look-

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WHEN war activity jumps a city's population 30% ... increases monthly industrial payrolls from $5,175,999 to $34,247,504 ... it is imperative that its business people look ahead and plan for the future of such a market.

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The latest available data of this nature were in the 1941 consumer study of Portland made for The Journal by R. L. Polk & Co. This was the third such study sponsored by The Journal. The first in 1932 and the second in 1934.

So valuable had these studies proved to Portland business that early this year the Retail Trade Bureau came to The Journal with an urgent request! Would The Journal make a fourth consumer study of Portland, and do it in 1944? Would The Journal find out what Portland consumers are currently thinking ... get a preview of their planning for the future?

The Journal would and did! It immediately authorized the research department of R. L. Polk & Co. to undertake its fourth study of the Portland Consumer Market. October, 1944 saw the completion of this comprehensive census of consumers ... 125 pages containing hundreds of thousands of pertinent, timely facts about Portland families.

This material includes vital statistics of families, current home data and plans for future improvements, information about household appliances owned and wanted, data on automobiles, clothing, food brands and buying habits, hobbies, etc. Currently it is being released in a series of special presentations to Portland retailers.

If you are selling in the Portland market or are interested in selling here, whether it be cosmetics or furnaces, you will find much of interest and value in this study. It contains facts—not opinions—material available nowhere else. A note to the advertising director of The Journal, or Reynolds-Fitzgerald, Inc., its national representatives, will bring you the information you desire about the Portland, Oregon market, as revealed in this census of consumers.

In sponsoring four consumer studies during the past 12 years, The Journal has given to Portland business men an opportunity to compare facts about their customers ... has given them an insight on the growth and development of their market. That Portland retailers recognize the valuable and unusual public service rendered by these continuing studies is evidenced in their request to The Journal for this fourth study at this critical time! Little wonder that The Journal is Portland's favorite newspaper among retail advertisers and readers alike!

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We Ride a White Donkey

RUSSELL MALONEY calls this book about the Caparuta family of Mulberry Street "the funniest thing of its kind since Arthur Kober wrote his Proustian studies of life in the Bronx," and adds "I'll bet this turns out to be the funniest book of the season."

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By GEORGE PANETTA

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The Paris that was —the Paris that will live again

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By Harold Ettlinger

"Mr. Ettlinger learned to love the Paris of beauty and charm, of good food and copious drinks, of eccentric individualism and of magnificent loquacity, of art and letters, of impudent ribaldry and enthusiastic delight in the sins of the flesh . . . funny and charming
—Orville Prescott, *N. Y. Times.*

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ing, fantastical, yet sublime city of the ocean, were numerous, and of every variety," etc., etc.

The creation is not Cooper's but Brooks's: he has sifted out the images from "The Sea Lions" and made out of them something quite new. With the work of a Thoreau or a Hawthorne, this method does not succeed, because you cannot rewrite a good writer: you can only discolor and weaken. But with somebody like Cooper, Mr. Brooks has a field almost like that of the artist who deals directly with crude experience. And how many inferior or tedious writers he must have transmuted in this book! We cannot compare the art with the phenomena themselves so readily as we can in the novelist's case; but when we go to the trouble of doing so, we are amazed at the skill with which Brooks has been turning the old carriage springs, spectacle frames, and pickaxes of 1800-1840 into a fine-beaten kind of white gold.

—EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

GUERRILLA, by Lord Dunsany (Bobbs-Merrill). An imaginative allegory about the power of the human will to freedom, disguised as a misleadingly simple story of civilian resistance to the Germans in a small Near Eastern country. Lord Dunsany's prose is beautiful and vivid, and one cannot be reminded often enough of the heroism of those who have withstood oppression. It is not the author's fault that the daily papers have made us so familiar with oppression and heroism that we cannot be as moved by his tale of guerrilla patriots as we might be.

EARTH AND HIGH HEAVEN, by Gwethalyn Graham (Lippincott). Statutory as well as social discrimination against Jews in Montreal, according to Miss Graham, is surprisingly severe and makes for difficulties when the well-bred daughter of a conventional Canadian family falls in love with a Jewish lawyer of no family to speak of. The novel is ostensibly about the obstacles in the way of a marriage and presents the prejudices of the girl's family and friends intelligently, readably, and almost too smoothly. What is more interesting—in fact, what is almost first-rate—is the author's subtle exploration of the relationship between the heroine and her father, whose opposition to the marriage is based on something more than racial intolerance. Here Miss Graham seems a much more serious novelis than in the major portion of her book

DEEP RIVER, by Henrietta Buckmaste (Harcourt, Brace). The South—Georgia, to be exact—just before th Civil War. No stately mansions, n proud family tradition, no magnolias This time the heroine leaves he father's comfortable, middle-clas home to share with her husband th desperately rough life of Georgi mountain folk, who are bitterly antislavery. All this is merely a buildup fo the couple's fight, following their return to the lowlands, against the political power of the slaveholders. Thi involves the pair in the activities o the Underground Railway and affords an opportunity to bring into the picture a number of anti-slavery personalities of the period. In the end, the hero and heroine are driven back to their mountains, where, being possessed of visionary powers singular even for fiction, they have a dream of a beautifully democratic South. Miss Buckmaster writes pseudo-poetic prose with a touch of rhetoric, and the various parts of the book seem rather awkwardly glued together, yet some of her scenes, especially those of middle-class domestic life, are warm and vivid.

THIS MAN AND THIS WOMAN, by Katharine Brush (Blakiston). Four short novels, all considerably more concerned with woman than with man. Miss Brush offers no surprises, but she uses her considerable gift for smooth narrative effectively in stories which have the flavor of entertaining, high-class Manhattan gossip.

THE TOLLIVERS, by Mateel Howe Farnham (Dodd, Mead). The story of a not overly scrupulous family—three beautiful, gold-digging daughters and a complacent mother—who come to a small Susquehanna River town and set it by the ears. There is a long succession of ready-made misadventures (a comic funeral and that sort of thing), which the author tries hard to make hilarious and which are on the level of humor of a not very mature boarding-school girl. The picture of an intensely social small town thirty years ago is, however, rather cozily done.

GENERAL

SO SORRY, NO PEACE, by Royal Arch Gunnison (Viking). The author is a foreign correspondent who, with his wife, spent two years in the hands of the Japanese, first in the famous Santo Tomás concentration camp in

Manila, later in Shanghai. His book is in a now familiar pattern—nine parts personal experience, one part "serious thinking." The story of internment by the Japanese has been told before, but probably not with such thoroughness, for Mr. Gunnison was a member of the prisoners' committee in both camps and had daily dealings with Jap officials. His most interesting chapters give some insight into the mentality that can plan with a watchmaker's precision to make life in a prison camp as nasty and undignified as possible and then draft a list of rules with a preamble beginning, "This is your home. It must be loved and cherished . . ."

BRIDE IN THE SOLOMONS, by Osa Johnson (Houghton Mifflin). Mrs. Martin Johnson, who is gifted with something close to total recall, tells the story of her extended honeymoon in the Solomon Islands a good many years ago. Like her other books, this is breezy and unpretentious, and it may have a timely interest for Americans now that our soldiers are in those islands. The author discusses the sexual and dietary habits of the headhunters, some of which are fairly unusual, in a gingerly fashion; there are no horrors, merely a few pleasant gasps for the book-club ladies. Mrs. Johnson is handier with a camera than with a sentence, as the volume's illustrations attest. Among them is the picture the Martin Johnsons risked their heads to get—cannibals cooking a meal of "long pig," and a very drab and matter-of-fact scene it is, too.

TIMELESS MEXICO, by Hudson Strode (Harcourt, Brace). The history of Mexico from the days of Montezuma down to our own time. Mr. Strode is something of an authority on Latin America and, unlike most authorities, has some notion of how to write. His book is scholarly without being pedantic, factual without being dull, and readable without being superficial. In short, an excellent one-volume survey of Mexico.

VERSE

ALBUM OF DESTINY, by Jesse Stuart (Dutton). Hundreds of short verse monologues by many imaginary American characters and a few voices of Nature. Stuart is far from being another Robert Burns, but he is nevertheless an interesting phenomenon—a versifier who has tamed folk material to acceptable magazine-verse standards while retain-

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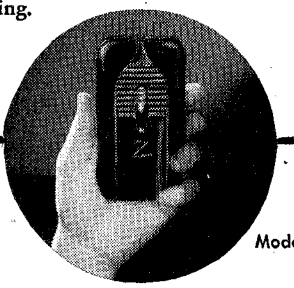

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ing a certain amount of folk energy.

PERENNIAL, by Oliver St. John Gogarty (Contemporary Poetry). Witty and well-made verse, by a friend and contemporary of Yeats and Joyce. Gogarty is too malicious to be large, but he keeps clear of the sentimentality he often approaches, by means of a constant underlying classic firmness of tone and a gaiety and freshness of observation.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

IF THIS BE TREASON, by Margaret Echard (Doubleday, Doran). Readers of current thrillers will not be surprised to find that a panic-stricken young woman named (in this case) Penelope is being followed up and down the West Coast by a mysterious stranger who wears a black patch over one eye, possibly to distinguish him from all the other men who are in pursuit of apprehensive young ladies these days. This particular couple end up in Oregon, near a prisoner-of-war camp full of Italians, where things get very tough indeed for Penelope, chiefly because she was once married to an Italian-American who dropped out of sight in Italy in the middle of the war. Some nice, shiny new Oregon scenery, but the rest is familiar material.

•

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[*Adv. in the Wilkes-Barre (Pa.) Sunday Independent*]

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And pray to get all back, that by rationing they so much miss.
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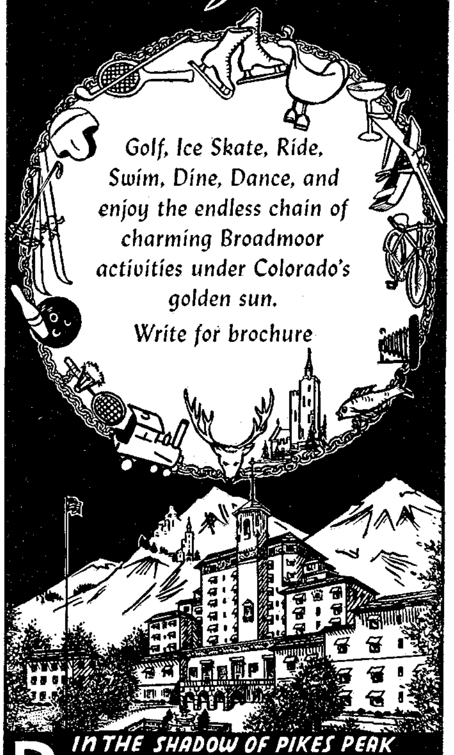

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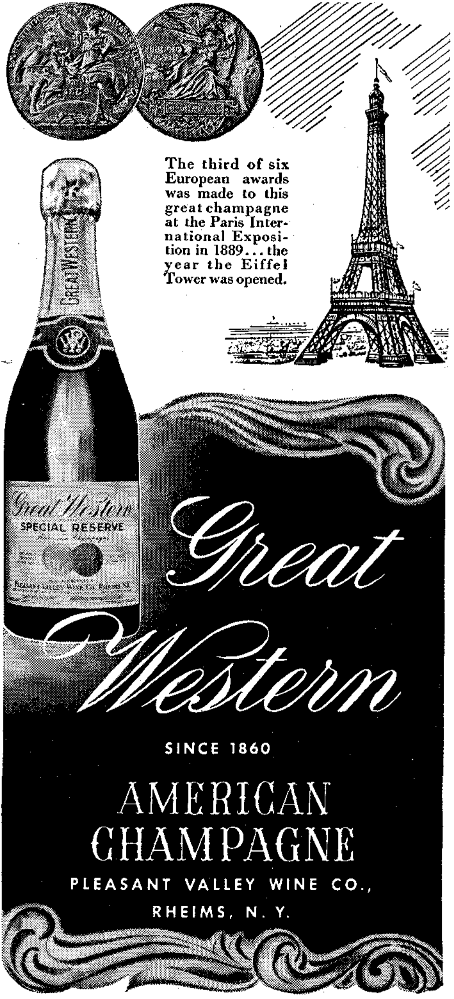

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Conventional radio cannot transmit *all* the tones and overtones in all their depth and beauty. But FM reception is amazingly lifelike and brilliant. For the first time in radio history, you hear music in its *original* "natural color."

Major Edwin H. Armstrong invented broad-band FM, and General Electric built the first FM receiving sets used by Major Armstrong in perfecting this new kind of radio broadcasting. No other manufacturer offers you so much FM experience.

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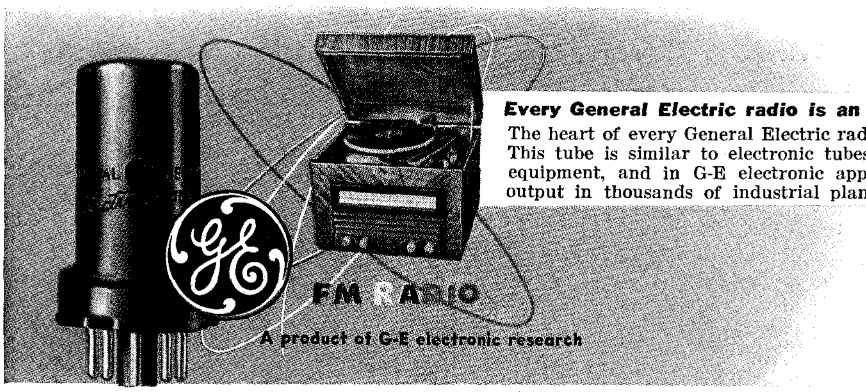

Every General Electric radio is an electronic instrument

The heart of every General Electric radio is the electronic tube. This tube is similar to electronic tubes used in G-E television equipment, and in G-E electronic apparatus that speeds war output in thousands of industrial plants across the continent.

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